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ADVANCED FRENCH COMPOSITION

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PREFACE

IN issuing in an enlarged and remodelled form our volume of *Advanced French Composition*, first published in 1904, we reprint the following passages from the original preface.

“This volume is designed to provide a text-book of French prose composition for students of university standing and for the highest forms in schools. The already existing manuals are for the most part suitable only for those who are still struggling with the grammatical difficulties of the language. The need for a volume of the kind we now offer has been borne in upon us by frequent inquiries for a book which shall help those who have mastered accidence and syntax to acquire a French style and give them an insight into French modes of thought and expression.”

“No graduation of pieces according to difficulty has been attempted. Each is difficult in its own way, and, had any such classification seemed desirable, it would have been a classification according to *kinds* of difficulty. The arrangement which has actually been carried out—namely, one according to subject-matter—amounts, indeed, almost to the same thing, since it brings together passages which have a common basis

of thought and style and therefore present similar problems in translation.

"An introduction containing hints on style and idiom immediately precedes the text. The collection of examples there given, though considerable, is designed to be nothing more than a foundation for the student himself to build upon, as suggesting the lines upon which his French reading should be conducted and what kind of notes he is to make in the course of it.

"Notes have been entirely excluded from the text, for the reason that they invariably tend to give either too much or too little help. Full treatment of crucial points, with variant renderings, will be found in a companion volume of 'fair copies,' which will be obtainable by teachers and on the written recommendation of teachers."

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OXFORD,
 February 1924.

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INTRODUCTION

It is taken for granted that those who are about to work with this book possess such a knowledge of French syntax and construction as is necessary for the writing of continuous prose. The student, therefore, will not find in this introduction any scheme of subordinate clauses or statements of the elementary principles of word-order. The following pages will deal solely with idiomatic expression and with style. Neither is it intended to provide an exhaustive treatment of these points—which would require a bulky volume to itself¹—but rather to outline a scheme of notes with illustrative examples, which the student will himself be able to fill up and amplify in the course of his reading of good modern authors.

SOME ESSENTIAL QUALITIES OF FRENCH STYLE

It is not possible for every one to become a master of artistic writing, but there are two qualities of style—clarity and rhythm—which all can endeavour to cultivate. These qualities are not exclusively French, but they are very generally found among French writers, and the assiduous practice of French composition is

¹ Students are referred to the following works by Antoine Albalat, in which the subject of style is treated systematically: *L'Art d'écrire enseigné en vingt leçons*, and *De la formation du style par l'assimilation des auteurs* (published by A. Colin, 5 rue de Mézières, Paris). They should also consult M. Lanson's suggestive book *L'Art de la prose* (Librairie des Annales, 1909)

one of the most direct means of acquiring them. "The adaptation of the language to the people," says De Quincey, "not perhaps more really prominent in this case than in others, is more conspicuously so, and it may be in a spirit of gratitude for this genial co-operation in their language that the French are in a memorable degree anxious to write it with elegance and correctness. . . . It is the rarest thing possible to find a French writer erring by sentences too long, too intricate, loaded with clauses, or too clumsy in their structure."

Let us consider in order the two qualities of clarity and rhythm to which we have referred. If we examine, for example, the following sentence, written at the close of the sixteenth century, we shall see that it is a confused mass of clauses laboriously linked together by conjunctions and relatives, without any provision made for repose either in thought or in utterance. It leaves no clear impression, and, when it is read aloud, we find that the pauses necessarily made by the voice are not correlated with those that are required to bring out the meaning.

Cependant la barque s'approcha *et* Septimus se leva le premier en pieds, *qui* salua Pompeius en langage romain du nom d'Imperator, *qui* est à dire souverain capitaine, *et* Achillas le salua aussi en langage grec, *et* lui dit *qu'il* passât en sa barque, *pour ce que* le long du rivage il y avait force vase *et* des bancs de sable, *tellement qu'il* n'y avait pas assez d'eau pour sa galère ; *mais en même temps* on voit de loin plusieurs galères de celles du roi *que* l'on armait en diligence *et* toute la côte couverte de gens de guerre, *tellement que quand* Pompeius *et* ceux de sa compagnie eussent voulu changer d'avis, ils n'eussent plus su se sauver, *et si* y avait davantage *qu'en* montrant de se défier, ils donnaient au meurtrier quelque couleur d'exécuter sa méchanceté (Amyot, *Vies des hommes illustres : Pompeius*).

Even as late as the seventeenth century, we find the famous Marquise de Rambouillet playfully chaffing her

friend the Comtesse de Maure in equally clumsy and involved language :

Si ce n'était, Madame, que je craindrais que vous croiriez peut-être que ce serait mon intérêt qui me ferait parler, sachant bien que je ne puis espérer au mariage que tant que vous ne serez point veuve, je vous conseillerais de faire bien prendre garde que l'on n'empoisonnât Monsieur votre mari (from V. Cousin, La Société française au XVII^e siècle, vol. ii. p. 336).

Look, on the other hand, at the picture presented by the following passage from another writer of the early years of the seventeenth century.

Les grands événements ne sont pas toujours produits par les grandes causes. Les ressorts sont cachés, et les machines paraissent ; et quand on vient à découvrir ces ressorts, on s'étonne de les voir si faibles et si petits. On a honte de la haute opinion qu'on en avait eu. Une jalousie d'amour entre des personnes particulières a été la matière d'une guerre générale. Le mot d'une devise, la façon d'une livrée, le rapport d'un domestique, un conte fait au couché du Roi, ne sont rien en apparence ; et par ce rien commencent les tragédies, dans lesquelles on versera tant de sang et on verra sauter tant de têtes. Ce n'est qu'un nuage qui passe, une tache en un coin de l'air, qui s'y perd plutôt qu'elle ne s'y arrête. Et néanmoins, c'est cette nuée presque imperceptible qui excitera les fatales tempêtes que les États sentiront et qui ébranlera le monde jusqu'aux fondements (Guez de Balzac, *Aristippe*, Discours troisième).

Here we have pauses for the voice corresponding to pauses in the progression of the thought ; we have the orderly arrangement of the members of the sentence contrived by means of the simplest possible machinery.

What is the secret of this momentous development in French style ? It is the realisation of the analytical character of the French language. The vocabulary of the French language, its morphology, its syntax, its

prosody, are derived from Latin. We should therefore expect French sentence-structure to be closely modelled upon the Latin. And so it was at first. But it must be remembered that, in the course of its evolution, French, like most other languages, has become more and more analytical, and this inevitably brought with it considerable modifications in the form of the sentence.

This point needs, perhaps, further elucidation. Latin is a synthetic language, that is to say, a language in which the functions of words are indicated by their flexions. One effect of this is that the order of the words is relatively immaterial. In whatever position the subject or object may be placed, we can for the most part identify them by means of their endings.

In analytical languages most of the case-flexions have disappeared. In French the cases of the Latin declension were reduced to two, and ultimately to one. The oblique-case relations are expressed by prepositions, e.g. *le livre de Pierre*, *le livre est à Pierre*. Word-order consequently becomes of paramount importance. In Latin we can say indifferently *Petrus verberat Paulum*, or *Paulum verberat Petrus*. Such inversion in French or English would reverse the functions of subject and object and therefore the meaning. We can say, then, that in an analytical language the functions of many words are indicated by *position* or by *prepositions*.

If we want to understand the importance of these elementary facts for the evolution of French prose style, we must examine the writings of the two men who first consciously applied this sense of the analytical character of the French language, Du Vair (1556-1621) and Guez de Balzac (1594-1654). Their method may be summarised as follows :

(i) *Isoler les idées*—disentangle the ideas ; for each idea a separate clause.

(ii) Within each clause, every word in its logical place—subject, attributes, verb, direct object, indirect object, adverbial adjuncts.

(iii) In the complex sentence, every clause in its proper place, the subordinate clauses grouped so as to show clearly their relation to the principal clause.

(iv) Within the paragraph, each sentence leading by a natural transition to the next.

The result was a pellucid style, demanding the minimum of effort from the reader or hearer. One obvious danger of such a style is that it may become rather mechanical in its precision, a kind of linguistic algebra, adequate as an instrument of analysis, but unfitted to express the profounder emotions.

This quality of French style is, we have seen, the necessary outcome of the analytical character of the language, which involved an essential departure from Latin. Its rhythmical structure, on the other hand, is directly formed on the Latin model. It must be remembered that Du Vair and Balzac were above all rhetoricians; they did not write only to please themselves, but to convince others; in this art of persuasion the model to which they would turn was naturally the great master of Latin oratory, Cicero. From him they derived the balance, the symmetry, the ample curves of the rhetorical period.

It will be seen from the example quoted that Balzac's sentence is not only clear but rhythmical. Yet it remains somewhat frigid, stilted, even pedantic; it lacks sonority; it is wanting in the musical and poetical qualities; it has not yet achieved "*la phrase large-ment orchestrée, qui force la voix à s'élever comme pour remplir le vaisseau d'une cathédrale,*" or even what the French call *la phrase nombreuse*.

What have the French in mind when they speak of *le nombre* and *la phrase nombreuse*—which correspond to the Latin *numerus (orationis)* and *numerosa oratio*? By French critics these phrases are interpreted with reference to the *number of syllables* which can easily be pronounced in one emission of the breath, that is to say, as a rule,

not more than seven or eight. The sentence is consequently divided into a certain number of rhythmical groups, as in poetry, the difference being that in a line of verse the number of these groups is fixed, while in prose it has no limits.

In describing Lamartine's verse, Gautier says, "Il y a un charme magique dans cette respiration du vers qui s'enfle et s'abaisse comme la poitrine de l'Océan." This is equally true of rhythmical prose, which rises and falls in undulating lines like the waves of the sea. To this height of perfection Balzac did not attain. It is in Bossuet that we find the earliest and perhaps the supreme examples of numerous prose. "Chez Bossuet," says M. Lanson, "on ne trouve pas seulement des mouvements *allegro* ou *largo*, *largo* surtout, ni de la cadence symétrique, on trouve de vrais rythmes, des rythmes mathématiques, dont la base est un groupement numérique des syllabes. Bossuet évite le vers alexandrin, ses douze syllabes et ses coupes régulières . . . il reçoit les mesures rares, impaires, sept, neuf, onze, treize. . . . *Mais la base du rythme est numérique.* . . . Ce sont les mêmes bases qu'aux vers ; mais, dans les vers, il y a une loi d'assemblage ou de succession, des retours périodiques qui manquent dans la prose. Le sens réunit ces bases, deux à deux, trois à trois, de façon à former, sans pause de la voix, des groupes de huit, neuf, dix, onze, douze, treize syllabes ; c'est par cette réunion que se fait sentir l'ampleur du mouvement" (*L'Art de la prose*, pp. 101-102).

The following analysis of a passage from Bossuet, showing the disposition of the rhythmical groups, exhibits the characteristics of this kind of composition, the appreciation of which must be tested by reading the passage aloud.

6	+	6	
Hélas !	On ne	parle	que de passer le temps.
	6	+	7
	Le temps	passe en	effet, et nous passons avec lui ;
	4	+	4
	et ce qui	passe	à mon égard, par le moyen du

⁶ temps | ³ qui s'écoule, || entre dans l'éternité | ⁷ qui ne
 passe pas. || O Dieu éternel, | ⁵ quel sera notre étonne-
 ment, || lorsque le juge sévère || ⁷ qui préside dans l'autre
 siècle, || où celui-ci nous conduit | ³ malgré nous, || nous
 représentant | ⁵ en un instant | ⁴ toute notre vie, || nous
 dira d'une voix terrible : || ⁶ Insensés que vous êtes, ||
 qui avez tant estimé | ⁷ les plaisirs qui passent, || et qui
 n'avez pas | ⁵ considéré la suite, || ⁵ qui ne passe pas
 (Bossuet, *Panegyrique de St Bernard*).

A last remark is necessary. Special care should be given to the end of each sentence, especially the final sentence of a paragraph. The concluding words should be in keeping with the character of the sentence. A sonorous period should not end with a succession of monosyllables or with words containing close vowels and harsh consonants, which would produce a staccato effect and destroy the rhythm. Take a hint from the practice of musicians. A piece of music is generally brought to a close with a full chord, whether *piano* or *forte*; the same principle may be applied to language. Choose a fairly full, substantial word, with long vowels, soft consonants, and if possible an *e* mute in the last syllable. Remember that the *e* mute is the only relief, the only flexible ending, the only *rebound* in the French language, a fact which explains its necessity in verse and the law that makes it compulsory for every alternate couplet. A final *e* mute lengthens the preceding vowel and gives elasticity to the cadence of the phrase, as when the hands of the pianist release the keys after the final chord.¹

In illustration of this point, we may instance the following:

¹ On the musical value of the *e* mute see E. Faguet, *Études sur le XIX^e siècle, le rythme chez Hugo*, p. 245.

- . . . et qui tombe en battant de l'ai-le.
- . . . la blancheur des nei-ges hiverna-les.
- . . . pour se perdre dans les profondeurs de l'om-bre.

Endings of this kind should of course be used judiciously and sparingly, so that they do not degenerate into a mere mechanical device. It is true that the passage from Bossuet quoted above ends with a dull monosyllable, *pas*. But if we read it aloud, we shall realise that the voice is slightly dropped on the *a* in *pas*, which becomes, as it were, a distant echo of that in *passe*, and fulfils the function of an *e* mute.

WORD-ORDER AND SENTENCE-BALANCE

The ordinary rules of word-order for the position of object pronouns, adverbs, etc. are to be found in books on French syntax. We shall treat here of word-order only as it affects **the balance of the sentence**. This resolves itself mainly into a question of the position of predicate nouns and adjectives, objects, and adverbial adjuncts (generally classified by French grammarians as *compléments circonstanciels*).

- A. The elements of the predicate must be arranged in accordance with the principles of French sentence-accent, which require that the shorter elements should precede the longer as far as possible in order of increasing length.
 1. Laissez venir | à moi | les petits enfants.
(two syll.) (five syll.)
 2. Il a passé | en revue | le dogme catholique.
 3. Dieu a donné | sa grâce | à toutes les créatures
humaines (*not* Dieu a donné | à toutes les créatures
humaines | sa grâce).
 4. Cette preuve a semblé | insuffisante | à tous les
philosophes. But: Cette preuve a semblé | à tous les
philosophes | insuffisante et mal présentée.
 5. Nous arrivâmes | à cet endroit | après une heure
de marche.

6. Un long diable de spahi en burnous rouge arrête | son cheval | net des quatre pieds | devant la tente.

7. La population de Turin manifesta | au cours de ce débat | une indifférence absolue.

8. Un orme immense couvrait | de son ombre | la moitié de la cour (*not* couvrait | la moitié de la cour | de son ombre).

9. Nous apercevons | devant nous | à travers la poussière | un immense développement de cavalerie ennemie.

B. It will often tend to clearness and force of expression to place adverbial adjuncts, and sometimes adjectival phrases, at the head of the sentence. Where there are several *compléments circonstanciels*, the predicate will be lightened by placing one or more of them in this position.

1. A ce spectacle || le peuple s'émut.

2. De sa vie || le moine n'avait entendu musique pareille.

3. Devant les menaces de la foule || quelques députés de la majorité ministérielle faiblissaient.

4. Alors, | juste en face de moi, | au-dessus de la crinière d'un cheval alezan, || je vois deux grands yeux bleus.

5. Cependant, | dans une cour de ferme, || un malheureux enfant d'une douzaine d'années, | debout dans un tombereau, | poussait des cris aigus.

6. Le soir, | après le coucher du soleil, | pendant ces longs crépuscules tièdes de fin de juin, || on se rassemblait sur la place publique pour fumer et causer.

7. Très aimé à Turin, || M. Bixio, qui était un homme de grand talent, laissait | en Piémont | les plus vifs regrets.

8. Une autre fois || Caton | en plein sénat | calomnia | sa conduite.

9. A onze heures un quart du matin, | par une chaleur vraiment torride, || je me dirige | sur le point indiqué,

| où nous arrivons | en bon ordre | à trois heures de l'après-midi.

Observe the effect of a recourse to the "head-position" of the adjunct in the following example.

Comment oser croire, après de pareilles menaces, qu'il revienne ?

This arrangement of words is bad, because the adjunct is in an illogical position.

We may improve it thus—

Comment oser croire qu'il revienne, après de pareilles menaces ?

But better still—

Après de pareilles menaces, comment oser croire qu'il revienne ?

C. The **inversion of the subject and its verb**, apart from its being in certain cases a grammatical necessity,¹ may be effectively used to give balance or harmony to a sentence, especially when the subject is longer than the verb.

(i) When a sentence or clause begins with an adverbial adjunct (or, occasionally, with a conjunction) :

1. Soudain || se répand | le bruit du départ de P.
2. C'est là que (*or simply* : Là) || furent imprimées | les proclamations de l'empereur. . . .
3. Sur les côtes || se succèdent | des tours à fanaux, | des clochers de la Renaissance, etc.
4. En cet instant, près de moi, || passe | le colonel.
5. Sur les fourneaux || cuisaient | deux grosses carpes du lac de Lauzet et une truite du lac d'Alloz.
6. Parfois de la lucarne d'un grenier || sort | tout à coup | un bouquet de géraniums.
7. De toutes les fenêtres, de toutes les crevasses, || pendaient | des touffes de ravenelles, de millepertuis, et de pariétaire.

¹ In questions, and when the sentence begins with *à peine*, *aussi* (therefore), *encore* (even then), *peut-être*, *toujours* (in any case).

8. Il s'attachait à ses pas comme || l'eût fait | le chien le plus dévoué.

9. Pendant que || se suivaient | les négociations si pénibles et si épineuses du traité de la paix, une Chambre nouvelle avait été élue. [French *could not tolerate* the postponement of the verb to the end of the clause, whereas in English "While the laborious and thorny negotiations for the treaty of peace were in progress" would be quite normal.]

10. Derrière || s'étendait | un jardin dans lequel || poussaient pêle-mêle | toutes les plantes de la création.

11. A cet amour paternel || se mêlait | une teinte d'admiration | pour mes actes en général.

12. Ces images m'attirèrent cette fois avec violence sans que || fût détruite en moi, | pourtant, | la conscience de mal faire.

The alternative would be unrhythmical and less forcible.

(ii) In relative clauses in which the relative is not the subject, and in indirect questions. (Cf. p. xl., N.B.)

1. Les haies au long desquelles || abondent | la fraise et la violette, sont décorées d'égantier.

2. Au moment où || commence | cette histoire. . .

3. Je marchai jusqu'au bord escarpé, au fond duquel || se creusent | les abîmes.

4. Pesez ce que || vaut | cette expression populaire : Donner sa parole d'honneur.

5. Quittons ces temps fabuleux || où nous ont peut-être trop retenus | les beaux vers de Virgile, et revenons de la légende à l'histoire.

6. Si l'on veut savoir quels || ont été | les résultats de la domination romaine en Afrique . . .

The improper use of inversion (*e.g.* when the subject is shorter than the verb with its accompanying adjunct) is as inelegant as its neglect where it may be appropriately employed ; *e.g.*—

xxviii ADVANCED FRENCH COMPOSITION

Le dernier mot que | doit ajouter avant de conclure
| l'auteur, c'est que. . . .

D. There are **two main faults** to be avoided in the arrangement of the parts of the predicate.

- (i) They must be so placed with respect to each other that no ambiguity or absurdity results as in the following English sentences, which are typical of a good deal of loose writing :

The two bodies were found in bed fully clothed by a servant girl.

A large flat-bottomed boat for landing cargoes with one mast, used on the Malabar coast.

To the memory of John Smith, accidentally killed on 2 Jan. 1823, as a mark of affection by his brother.

Even standard authors are occasionally guilty of such lapses. For instance, we have felt ourselves obliged to amend the order of a sentence in No. 23 (p. 17, l. 13-14) which originally read : swollen out by the current which runs along the coast into a deep bag.

This fault will be avoided if the principle of logical word-order is observed ; but as this principle is liable to be disregarded, especially in long sentences, we give here some examples in illustration.

Do not say :

Il faut ramener | un esprit égaré | par la douceur.

This connects "par la douceur" with "égaré," whereas it should be linked to "ramener."

Il faut ramener | par la douceur | un esprit égaré.

We shall not write :

Dans le monde | on rencontre | des hommes qui se parent des dehors de l'amitié | à chaque pas.

but :

Dans le monde | on rencontre | à chaque pas | des hommes qui se parent des dehors de l'amitié.

We shall not write :

Alors les soldats firent feu sur les citoyens sans défense. *Ils* ne purent ni riposter ni s'enfuir.

but :

Alors les soldats firent feu sur les citoyens sans défense, *qui* ne purent . . . etc. (To whom would *ils* refer, *soldats* or *citoyens* ?)

- (ii) The verb of the predicate must not be overloaded with *compléments circonstanciels* placed in succession one after another.

1. Que chacun d'eux découvre | à son tour | son cœur | au pied de ton trône | avec la même sincérité.

Here the principles of word-order are scrupulously observed, but the sentence lacks cohesion. Break up the long line of adjuncts by introducing another verb, thus :

Que chacun (d'eux) vienne | tour à tour | avec la même sincérité | découvrir | son cœur | au pied de ton trône.

2. Le général passa | rapidement | le fleuve | le 10 au soir | par un temps sombre | sur deux ponts de bateaux.

This sentence may be amended according to the rule laid down on p. xxv., B :

Le 10 au soir | par un temps sombre | le général passa | rapidement | le fleuve | sur deux ponts de bateaux.

3. Pendant les revues du colonel, | on remarquait le commandant, | immobile, | à la droite du bataillon des élèves, | la main ouverte et bien placée, | le port du sabre réglementaire, | sans un mouvement, | jusqu'à la fin de l'inspection.

The sentence is long and jerky ; break it up into two, and take out what is superfluous, viz. *sans un mouvement*, which simply repeats *immobile*.

Pendant les revues du colonel, | on remarquait le commandant | à la droite du bataillon des élèves. Jusqu'à la fin de l'inspection, | il restait | immobile, | la main ouverte et bien placée, | le port du sabre réglementaire.

CONCISENESS

A. Next in importance to the adjustment of the sentence-balance is the attainment of **conciseness** in expression—*la concision, c'est-à-dire, l'art de renfermer une pensée dans le moins de mots possibles*.¹ The student, therefore, having written the first draft of a "prose," will revise it with a view to cutting out every word which adds nothing to the meaning.

In the following examples the italicised words are mere lumber :

1. Sa structure mince le faisait paraître plus élevé de taille et plus jeune *qu'il n'était en réalité*.

2. Personne ne calomnia autant ses adversaires que *ne le fit* celui-là.

3. La grande route d'Artois et de Flandre est longue et triste. Au mois de mars, 1815, je passai sur cette route et je fis une rencontre que je n'ai plus oubliée *depuis*.

The following are given as indicating the line which the student must take and the kind of conciseness which should be aimed at. (The translator from English into French will often be necessarily limited by his original and therefore not at liberty to prune as extensively as is done here.)

On the left side are given passages selected from Mérimée, on the right the versions which M. Albalat would substitute for them.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1. <i>Toutes</i> ses idées étaient confuses et <i>se succédaient</i> avec tant de rapidité, qu'<i>elle</i> n'avait pas le temps des'arrêter à une seule.</p> <p>[Qui ? la rapidité ?]</p> | <p>Ses idées étaient si confuses et rapides, qu'elle n'avait pas le temps d'en retenir une.</p> |
|--|---|

¹ Albalat, *L'Art d'écrire*, p. 90.

2. Que Max l'aimât, elle n'en *pouvait douter*. Cet amour (*elle disait : cette affection*) datait de loin ; mais jusqu'alors *elle ne s'en était pas alarmée*.
3. *Bien qu'elle ne fût pas insensible au plaisir ou à la vanité d'inspirer un sentiment sérieux à un homme aussi léger que Max dans son opinion*, elle n'avait jamais pensé que cette affection pût devenir *un jour* dangereuse *pour son repos*.
4. Mais, de même qu'au milieu de *la course la plus impétueuse*, l'œil, qui n'aperçoit point tous les détails, *parvient cependant à saisir le caractère général des sites que l'on traverse*, de même au milieu de ce chaos de pensées *qui l'assiégeaient*, Mme de Piennes éprouvait *une impression d'effroi et se sentait comme entraînée sur une pente rapide au milieu de précipices affreux*.
- Que Max l'aimât, elle n'en doutait¹ pas. Cet amour datait de loin, mais ne l'avait pas alarmée jusqu'alors.
- Sensible au plaisir d'attirer sérieusement (de séduire, de conquérir) un homme aussi léger, elle n'avait jamais pensé que cette affection pût devenir dangereuse.
- Mais, de même qu'au milieu d'une course folle, l'œil n'aperçoit pas les détails et ne saisit que l'ensemble, de même au milieu de ce chaos de pensées, Mme de Piennes éprouvait l'effroi de se sentir entraînée vers un précipice.

B. Avoid as much as possible heavy dependent

¹ The idea of "can" is often unexpressed in French : e.g. "Just then a sound *could* be heard far away" = "En ce moment un bruit retentit au loin."

clauses (especially such as require the subjunctive mood). This may be done in various ways :

(i) By using a participle :

1. *Arrivé* au coin de la rue [instead of : quand il fut arrivé], il tourna à gauche.

2. *Rentré* en grâce vis-à-vis du roi, il occupait ses loisirs à des voyages et à des études historiques.

3. *Surpris*¹ par le mauvais temps, les voyageurs se hâtèrent de gagner le village.

4. Les vitres allumées par un grand rayon de soleil *venu* on ne sait d'où . . .

5. Qui ne travaille pas *étant* jeune [instead of : lorsqu'il est jeune], est obligé de travailler *étant* vieux.

6. Ce passage *cité* . . . [=qui est cité].

7. Cet usage *jugé* ridicule [=qu'on trouvait ridicule].

8. Un certain nombre de mots *sortis* depuis de l'usage.

9. L'honneur est une vertu tout humaine, que l'on peut croire *née* de la terre.

10. Je veux mon bonheur *dépourvu* d'incidents.

Compare the following :

He thought that *he* was certain of success. *Il se croyait sûr* du succès.

They said *they* were sent by him. *Ils se disaient envoyés* par lui.

(ii) By using an infinitive, provided that the subject of the dependent clause occurs also in the principal clause either as subject or as object :²

¹ Not *étant surpris* or *ayant été surpris*. Avoid such forms as these; thus *la chose faite* . . . (not: *la chose ayant été faite*); cf. English *this done*.

² In the latter case (viz. when the subject of the dependent clause occurs as the object in the principal clause) the infinitive can replace only a verb depending on *que* or *pour que*, but not one depending on any other conjunction. For instance, we can say :

Le fermier *leur* permit *d'entrer* (instead of *permit qu'ils entrassent*).

Le docteur *lui* donna de l'argent *pour acheter* du pain (instead of *pour qu'il achetât* . . .).

But we could not replace : *Elle l'avait vu entrer sans qu'il s'en doutât* by : *Elle l'avait vu entrer sans s'en douter*, which would mean that "She had seen him enter without being conscious of it herself."

1. J'espère *réussir* [instead of : que je réussirai].
2. L'avare croit *ne jamais mourir* ; il se fait pauvre dans la crainte *de le devenir*.
3. Il ne faut pas *se moquer* [for : qu'on se moque] des misérables ; qui peut se flatter d'*être* [for : qu'il sera] toujours heureux ?
4. Le malheureux Bonnicar croyait *rêver* [for : qu'il rêvait].
5. Elle prétend *avoir été* l'amie d'une foule de personnes du plus haut rang.
6. Il est aussi facile de se tromper soi-même *sans s'en apercevoir* [instead of : sans qu'on s'en aperçoive] qu'il est difficile de tromper les autres gens sans qu'ils s'en aperçoivent.

The dependent clauses in the following example are very cumbersome.

7. La même justesse d'esprit qui fait *que nous écrivions* de bonnes choses fait *que nous appréhendions* qu'elles ne le soient pas assez *pour qu'elles méritent qu'on les lise*.

Correct thus : La même justesse d'esprit qui nous fait *écrire* de bonnes choses nous porte à *craindre* qu'elles ne le soient pas assez *pour mériter d'être lues*.

Sentences involving clauses of this kind, if rendered literally, often result in an unwieldy succession of heavy verbal forms. The remedy will commonly be found in recasting so that the logical subject of the principal and of the dependent clauses is the same.

"He resolved to disclose everything, so that those who had formerly been his friends and had trusted him might not now misunderstand him, suspect him, or openly accuse him." Such a rendering as the following would be intolerable : "Il décida de tout révéler, afin que ceux qui avaient jadis été ses amis et qui avaient eu confiance en lui, ne le méconussent pas, ne le soupçonnassent pas ou ne l'accusassent pas maintenant ouvertement." A Frenchman would write : "Il décida de tout révéler, pour éviter de se voir [cf. p. xli.] aujourd'hui méconnu, soupçonné, ou ouvertement accusé par ceux dont il avait eu jadis l'amitié et la confiance."

The infinitive as a substitute for a clause should almost invariably be used with *après*, *avant*, etc., subject, of course, to the conditions stated on p. xxxii. (ii).

Après l'avoir fait, *avant de l'avoir fait*, *à moins de l'avoir fait*=after, before, unless he had done so.

(iii) By using—

(a) *en* with the gerund :

1. Vous ne réussirez pas *en agissant* ainsi [if you act thus].

2. Je l'ai vu *en passant* [as I passed].

3. Tout *en vaquant*¹ au service, le domestique causait avec mademoiselle B.

4. Tout *en allant et venant*, l'hôte considérait son voyageur.

5. En traversant la montagne . . . , à la montée . . . à la descente . . . As they went over the mountain . . . , as they climbed up . . . , as they came down.

6. Un fils obligé de réparer le mal qu'a fait son père (see p. xl. N.B.) tout *en respectant et honorant* sa mémoire.

(b) the absolute participial construction :

1. *Le jour du mariage arrivé*, elle dit que, *sa mère étant morte* à Gênes, elle n'aurait pas le courage de se marier dans cette ville.

2. *Son deuil ayant pris fin*, la cour se rendit à Gênes pour recevoir le roi de Naples.

3. *Une fois les prisonniers amenés dans ces montagnes* qu'on ne connaissait pas, il n'était pas facile de les aller reprendre.

The participle is sometimes omitted :

1. Cette forêt vierge me déplaisait, car, même (étant) *enfant*, j'avais un goût inné pour l'ordre.

2. Il ne me déplaît pas d'avoir connu, (étant) *jeune*

¹ *Tout en* — *ant* will often provide a neat rendering of the English “—ing the while”; e.g. “He went on with his work, humming the while”—*Il continua à travailler tout en chantonnant*.

filles, les vastes rêves, d'avoir senti la morsure des grandes douleurs.

(iv) Heavy subjunctive clauses may frequently be avoided by an entire change of construction :

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1. Though he was allied with the democratic party . . . | Malgré ses attaches avec le parti démocratique . . . |
| 2. Though strongly attached to . . . | En dépit de son attachement inébranlable pour . . . |
| 3. Though meanly descended, though ignorant of the alphabet . . . | En dépit de sa basse extraction et de son ignorance de l'alphabet . . . |
| 4. It is a principle which, though it may be grossly abused, can hardly be disputed. | C'est un principe qui est susceptible de grands abus, mais qu'on ne peut guère disputer. |
| 5. It was natural that the prince should be from time to time the object of intense hatred. | Le prince devait nécessairement devenir de temps en temps l'objet d'une haine acharnée. |
| 6. Widely as they differed in most points, they resembled each other in this, that . . . | S'ils différaient essentiellement sur la plupart des questions, ils se ressemblaient en ceci, que . . .
(This avoids <i>quelque</i> . . .
<i>que</i> .) |

C. When non-finite parts of a verb (participles, gerund, infinitive) are used in phrases equivalent to an adverbial clause, they must have a proper subject of reference. They should always refer to the subject of the sentence or clause in which they occur.

1. Les crimes commis pendant les guerres de religion font horreur *en les lisant*.

"En lisant" refers grammatically to the subject, "les crimes," which is absurd; we must say: *quand on les lit*.

2. Le pluriel des noms se forme *en ajoutant s* au singulier. [Qui ajoute *s* ?] Change the form entirely, thus :

Pour former le pluriel des noms on ajoute *s* au singulier.

3. Les défauts de l'esprit augmentent *en vieillissant* comme ceux du visage. ["As *one* grows old" is the meaning intended, but this form of the sentence can mean only "as *they* (*i.e.* mental defects) grow old."]

4. *En disant* ces mots, les larmes lui vinrent aux yeux.

Correct thus :

En disant ces mots, *il* avait les larmes aux yeux ; or : *il* sentit les larmes lui monter aux yeux.

5. *Après avoir eu* avec lui deux ou trois conversations, il m'honora de sa confiance.

Correct thus :

Après avoir eu avec *moi* deux ou trois conversations, *il* m'honora de sa confiance ;

or :

Après avoir eu avec *lui* deux ou trois conversations, *je* fus honoré de sa confiance.

Constructions like the following (which contain a "suspended" phrase) are found even in the best French writers, but the English student must avoid them, as he would avoid the common but illiterate "Hoping to hear from you soon, believe me, etc."

D'abord tout petit fermier, tout *lui* avait réussi.

Vives, agiles, légères, et sans cesse remuées, tous *leurs* mouvements ont l'air du sentiment, tous *leurs* accents ont le ton de la joie.

Brune, ses cheveux jadis noirs avaient été blanchis par d'affreuses migraines. (Balzac.)

Toujours vêtu de la même manière, qui *le* voyait aujourd'hui le voyait tel qu'il était depuis 1791. (Balzac.)

D. Avoid the unnecessary repetition of a word within the space of a few lines.

1. Il se défendit deux fois *contre* les attaques publiées *contre* lui dans la presse.

Correct thus :

Il se défendit deux fois contre les attaques dont il était l'objet dans la presse.

2. Le voilà qui enfile dans l'avenue. Bientôt il la *trouve* longue ; après, il va aux arbres, et n'en *trouve* plus ; il s'aperçoit qu'il a passé le but, et revient à tâtons chercher les arbres ; il les suit à l'estime, puis croise et ne *trouve* point sa maison ; il ne comprend pas cette aventure. (Saint-Simon.)

Here the repetition *may* be intentional ; but we cannot be sure ; in any case the English writer of French prose should refrain from taking such liberties.

3. Faisant le tour de *tout*, s'y incarnant au moment pour *tout* détruire, naturellement faux, insincère, cancanier. Amoureux du petit, capable de transformer pour pénétrer *tout*, incapable de rien saisir au cœur, d'*atteindre* le centre et l'essence de quoi que ce soit ; fin jusqu'à la supercherie ; *atteignant* une solidité apparente . . .

The repetition of *qui* and *que* is particularly ugly, especially when, as in the examples below, they are placed "en cascade," i.e. in successive dependence one upon the other.

1. Vous ne saisissez ce *que* c'est *que* bien écrire qu'après qu'on vous aura exposé ce *que* c'est *que* mal écrire.

Say simply :

Vous ne saisissez les qualités du bon style qu'après avoir compris les défauts du mauvais.

2. Il n'y a qu'une affliction *qui* dure, *qui* est celle *qui* vient de la perte des biens.

3. Le Corrège était si rempli de ce qu'il entendait dire de Raphaël, qu'il s'était imaginé qu'il fallait que l'artiste *qui* faisait une si grande fortune dans le monde fût d'un mérite supérieur.

4. Il faut se conduire par les lumières de la foi, *qui* nous apprennent que l'insensibilité est d'elle-même un très grand mal, *qui* nous doit faire appréhender cette

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menace terrible *que* Dieu fait aux âmes *qui* ne sont pas assez touchées de sa crainte.

THE PASSIVE AND THE REFLEXIVE

A. The passive voice is less common in French than in English.

(i) It is normally restricted to cases in which *state* is to be expressed (as opposed to *action*); *e.g.*—

1. Le camp *est établi* dans un site ravissant.

2. Pour restituer ce qui *est perdu*, il faut . . .

(ii) The passive, however, has obvious advantages where any other construction would produce an obscure or unwieldy sentence :

1. Ma lettre *a été interrompue* par un accident arrivé à un membre de la mission, que je suis en train de soigner dans une horrible case de Loango, décorée pompeusement du titre d'hôtel.

2. Quand Scipion, qui demandait à être édile, *fut nommé* consul par le peuple et *désigné* pour commander l'armée d'Afrique . . .

N.B.—If the student will test these sentences, he will find that no other arrangement is possible.

The **English Passive** should, as a rule, be turned into French in one of three ways :

(i) By *on* with the active verb :

1. He was instantly dismissed. On l'a congédié sur le champ.

2. Never was seen a merrier burial. On n'avait jamais vu un enterrement plus gai.

3. Les rochers, on les escalade en s'accrochant aux aspérités du sol, aux racines et aux lianes ; les montagnes, on les franchit par des escaliers ; les rivières, on les passe à gué, à la nage ou en pirogues. [The rocks are scaled . . . the mountains are climbed.]

(ii) By the reflexive :

- | | |
|---|--|
| 1. The sky was hidden by mist. | L'horizon se voilait de vapeurs. |
| 2. They are entitled to know all that is done. | Ils ont le droit de savoir tout ce qui se fait. |
| 3. This is the way in which my commercial transactions are performed. | Voici comment s'opèrent mes transactions commerciales. |

The *active* point of view is so natural to the French mind that the reflexive is sometimes employed where the passive would be more suitable as indicating a *state*. The following is an instance of this extension of use :

She *was persuaded* that . . . Elle *se persuadait* que . . . (instead of the normal : Elle *était persuadée* que . . .).

For further remarks on the reflexive, see pages xl. ff.

(iii) By an active construction, which is often simpler, and therefore better, than the reflexive :

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1. A sound was heard. | Un bruit retentit. |
| 2. The sky was hidden by mist. | Des vapeurs voilaient l'horizon. |
| 3. She felt that she was abandoned by Heaven. | Elle sentait que le ciel l'abandonnait. |
| 4. The foliage was pierced through and through by the sun's rays. | Les rayons du soleil criblaient le feuillage. |
| 5. The dangers to which public interests were exposed . . . | Les dangers qui menaçaient les intérêts publics . . . |
| 6. This campaign, in which the question of the succession was decided once and for all, . . . | Cette campagne, qui vit résoudre une fois pour toutes la question de la succession, . . . |

This construction *must* be used in such cases as the following, where either the French verb does not take

a direct object or the English verb has no simple equivalent in French.

1. He was distrusted by Tout le monde se défiait
 every one. de lui.
2. He was disbelieved by Personne ne le crut.
 all.

N.B.—Observe the following way of turning the English passive participle followed by *by* with the agent :

1. This town, made famous Cette ville qu'ont (qu'a-
 by so many great vaient) rendue célèbre
 men. tant de grands hommes.
2. The hardships endured Les privations qu'a souf-
 by the enemy . . . fertes l'ennemi . . .

For the inversion of subject and verb in the relative clause see page xxvii.

B. The scope of the **French reflexive** is very large, and its uses must be most carefully studied.

(i) It frequently corresponds to an English intransitive:

1. Tout cela *se fit* [happened] en moins de temps qu'il ne faut pour se le figurer.
2. Ces projets ne *se réalisèrent* pas [came to nothing].
3. Il était question de mise en interdit, d'excommunications, de menaces qui heureusement ne *se réalisèrent* pas.
4. Il faut *s'assurer* de [make sure of] la vérité.
5. Quand il *se sentit* loin de toute habitation humaine [when he seemed to be ; literally, when he felt himself to be] . . .

Se trouver may be constantly used to render "to be."

He was in that engage- Il *s'est trouvé* à cette action.
ment.

(ii) The reflexive may be frequently employed in translating the English *become* (*get, turn*):

1. Au printemps la terre *se couvre* [becomes covered] de marguerites, de pensées. . . .
2. Il *s'enrouait* [got hoarse] quelquefois.
3. Il *se fit* [turned] protestant.

Similarly :

The treasure <i>turned out to</i>	Le trésor <i>se trouva n'être</i>
be only a fourth part of	que le quart de la somme
the sum estimated.	estimée.

- (iii) We have shown (on p. xxxix.) how the English passive is constantly to be rendered by the French reflexive. In certain cases it may be idiomatically translated by means of *se faire*, *se laisser* with an infinitive, or *se voir* with an infinitive or a passive participle.

Se faire.

1. En ce moment, un grondement farouche *se fit entendre* [was heard].
2. La femelle finit par *se faire tuer* [was at length killed] et la douleur du mâle fut extrême.

Se laisser.

Il *s'est laissé* bientôt *entraîner* [was led] dans l'erreur.

Se voir. This is properly used only with a personal subject or a collective noun (noun of multitude).

1. Being thwarted by his *Se voyant* déjoué par ses
opponents . . . adversaires . . .
2. Venice was robbed of *Venise se vit* dépourvue
her commercial su- de sa supériorité com-
premacy. merciale.
3. The army was di- L'armée *se vit* réduite d'un
minished by a third. tiers.
4. He was constantly in- Il *se vit* constamment en-
volved in lawsuits. gagé en procès.

5. Jeune et intrépide, il *s'était vu changé* [had been turned] par les malheurs publics d'étudiant en soldat.

NOTE also the idiomatic **se pouvoir** (impersonal, "to be possible") :

It was possible that he Il *se pouvait* qu'il en fût
might be separated from séparé.
them.

It is especially common in interrogative sentences :
Se peut-il que, *se pourrait-il* que . . . ? Is it, could it
be possible . . . ?

IDIOM

By substituting a noun in French for some other part of speech in English you will often succeed in giving a thoroughly French turn to a phrase.

(i) A noun instead of an adjective :

- | | |
|--|---|
| 1. very <i>useful</i> . | d'une grande <i>utilité</i> . |
| absolutely <i>sincere</i> . | d'une <i>sincérité</i> absolue. |
| 2. opening wide his <i>greedy</i>
eyes. | en ouvrant de grands yeux
de <i>concupiscence</i> . |
| 3. to find it <i>difficult</i> to . . . | avoir de la <i>peine</i> à . . . |
| 4. to be <i>unwilling</i> to . . . | avoir de la <i>répugnance</i>
à . . . |
| 5. You will find in his
letters <i>many just</i> and
<i>humane</i> sentiments. | Dans ses lettres vous trou-
verez une <i>foule</i> de sen-
timents de <i>justice</i> et
d' <i>humanité</i> . |
| 6. <i>innumerable</i> annoy-
ances. | une <i>infinité</i> de petits sup-
plices. |
| 7. in an <i>obsequious</i> mood. | en humeur de <i>soumission</i> . |
| 8. a <i>daily</i> conflict. | une lutte de tous les <i>jours</i> . |
| 9. to realise how <i>mag-
nificent</i> (or <i>mean</i>) his
style is . . . | pour se rendre compte du
<i>faste</i> (ou de la <i>bassesse</i>)
de son style . . . |
| 10. his <i>clear</i> intellect. | sa <i>clarté</i> d'esprit. |

- | | |
|------------------------------------|-------------------------------------|
| 11. it is perfectly <i>obvious</i> | il est de toute <i>évidence</i> |
| that . . . | que . . . |
| 12. when he was quite | dans sa première <i>jeunesse</i> . |
| <i>young</i> . | |
| 13. a <i>longstanding</i> grudge. | une rancune de longue <i>date</i> . |
| 14. a charm <i>not its own</i> . | un charme d' <i>emprunt</i> . |
| 15. its <i>attractive</i> power. | sa puissance d' <i>attrait</i> . |
| 16. to become <i>obsolete</i> . | tomber en <i>désuétude</i> . |
| 17. to be <i>equal</i> to the | être à la <i>hauteur</i> de la |
| occasion. | situation. |
| 18. a <i>professional</i> beggar. | un mendiant de <i>profession</i> . |

(ii) A noun instead of a verb :

- | | |
|---|--|
| 1. I wish him <i>to be admitted</i> . | Je désire son <i>admission</i>
(instead of : qu'on l'ad-
mette). |
| 2. since he was <i>cured</i> . | dépuis sa <i>guérison</i> (instead
of : depuis qu'il est
guéri). |
| 3. to <i>mean</i> well. | avoir de bonnes <i>intentions</i> . |
| 4. not to <i>mention</i> . . . | passer sous <i>silence</i> . . . |
| 5. to <i>clamour</i> for . . . | demandar à grands <i>cris</i> . . . |
| 6. when spring <i>returns</i> . | au <i>retour</i> du printemps. |
| 7. unless it could be <i>ascertained</i> that . . . | à moins d'avoir la <i>certitude</i>
que . . . |
| 8. I object to your <i>being appointed</i> . | Je m'oppose à votre <i>nomi-
nation</i> (instead of : à ce
qu'on vous nomme). |
| 9. to be <i>exposed</i> to . . . | être en <i>butte</i> à . . . |
| 10. He correctly <i>judged</i>
that . . . | Il vint à la juste <i>conclusion</i>
que . . . |
| 11. He wisely <i>shrank</i> from
a conflict with them. | Il éprouvait une <i>répugnance</i>
prudente à entrer en
lutte avec eux. |
| 12. They were more honour-
ably <i>distinguished</i> by
courage in war and
by skill in the arts of
peace. | Leur courage dans la guerre
et leur habileté dans les
arts de la paix leur as-
suraient une <i>distinction</i>
plus honorable. |

13. A staff-officer comes up *bringing* an order from the general in command. Un officier de l'état-major s'approche *porteur* d'un ordre du général en chef.

(iii) A noun for an adverb :

- | | |
|---|--|
| 1. so <i>effeminately</i> timid. | timides comme des <i>femmes</i> . |
| 2. rather <i>sarcastically</i> . | avec une pointe d' <i>ironie</i> . |
| 3. <i>later</i> . | à une <i>époque</i> postérieure. |
| 4. to realise <i>how very</i> serious the matter was. | pour comprendre à <i>quel point</i> l'affaire était grave. |

English adverbs of manner are often rendered by *avec* with a noun :

Ils ont *joyeusement* accepté. Ils ont accepté *avec joie*.

In this section will be found a miscellaneous list of typical expressions which occur constantly in English prose ; in the right-hand column are placed their normal idiomatic equivalents in French. (The student will be able to supplement them by his own careful observation in the course of his reading.)

- | | |
|--|--|
| 1. <i>At length</i> he found . . . | Il <i>finit par</i> trouver . . . |
| Le peu d'appui que le ministère trouvait dans la majorité <i>finit par</i> le déterminer à se retirer. | |
| 2. to do a thing <i>at once</i> . | <i>ne pas hésiter</i> à faire quelque chose. |
| 3. <i>He occasionally</i> expressed himself with dignity and energy. | Il <i>lui arrivait de</i> parler avec dignité et énergie. |
| 4. His <i>first</i> designs were upon . . . | Il <i>commença par</i> faire des desseins contre . . . |
| <i>When first</i> he showed signs of yielding . . . | <i>La première fois qu'il</i> fit mine de fléchir . . . |
| 5. <i>It was with great difficulty</i> that they brought him back safe and sound. | Ils <i>eurent beaucoup de peine</i> à le ramener sain et sauf. |

6. Newspapers *ceased* to be sold in the streets.
 At the time when Carthage was besieged, this state of prosperity *had ceased to exist*.
 On ne vendait *plus* les journaux dans les rues.
 Au moment du siège de Carthage, cette prospérité *n'existait plus*.
7. *merely* for the sake of doing . . .
simply from the fact that . . .
 dans le *seul* but de . . .
 par cela *seul* que . . .
 The roar of the sea and the duke's snoring *were all that disturbed* the silence of that calm summer night.
 Le mugissement de la mer et les ronflements du duc *troublaient seuls* le silence de cette calme nuit d'été.
8. *One would think it was* his fixed purpose to . . .
 it made one *think* of some . . .
 On *dirait d'un parti pris* chez lui de . . .
 on *eût dit* quelque . . .
9. *Some* slept, others played.
Il y en avait qui dormaient, d'autres qui jouaient.
10. *There were instances in which* men died of . . .
 On *voyait mourir* les hommes de . . .
11. *Even the sailors were moved by* so singular a token of affection.
Even the poor animals had a forlorn look amid these ruins.
Jusqu'aux matelots qui se sentirent [cf. p. xl., B. (i.) 5] émouvoir par une si bizarre preuve d'affection.
Il n'y avait pas jusqu'aux pauvres animaux qui n'eussent un air d'abandon au milieu de ces ruines.
- Il y a beaucoup de villages dont le temps a fait disparaître *jusqu'au dernier vestige*.
12. *by dint of* constant application to . . .
 à *force de* s'appliquer à . . .

- | | |
|--------------------------------|------------------------------------|
| 13. the <i>novelty</i> of the | <i>ce qu'il y avait de nouveau</i> |
| scheme . . . | dans le plan . . . |
| the <i>peculiarity</i> of this | <i>ce que cette roche avait de</i> |
| rock . . . | <i>particulier . . .</i> |

Contrast English and French modes of expression in the two sentences given below :

His knowledge of India	Il connaissait les Indes
was such as few even of	comme les connaissent
those Europeans who	peu d'Européens, même
have passed many years	après un séjour de plu-
in that country have	sieurs années dans ce
attained, and such as cer-	pays, et comme jamais
tainly was never attained	homme politique ne les
by any public man who	connut sans avoir quitté
had not quitted Europe.	l'Europe.

As a rule, when lessons	D'ordinaire, au commence-
began, a great hubbub	ment de la classe, il se
arose that could be heard	faisait un grand tapage
right out in the street,	qu'on entendait jusque
the opening and shutting	dans la rue, les pupitres
of desks, the repeating of	ouverts, fermés, ¹ les le-
the lessons all together	çons qu'on répétait très
out loud with ears	haut tous ensemble en
stopped so as to be able	se bouchant les oreilles
to learn them better,	pour mieux apprendre,
and the rapping of the	et la grosse règle qui
master's big ruler on	tapait sur la table : " Un
the desk, which meant	peu de silence ! "
" Silence ! "	

Observe that *faire* with an infinitive is of almost universal application in translating expressions which involve the idea of causation.

- | | |
|-------------------------------|------------------------------------|
| 1. to call forth heroic | <i>faire</i> apparaître des vertus |
| virtues. | héroïques. |
| 2. to obtain the ear of . . . | <i>se faire</i> écouter par . . . |
| 3. to put an end to . . . | <i>faire</i> cesser . . . |

¹ Compare Latin *ante urbem conditam* = before the founding of the city.

4. when fear itself produces a kind of courage. quand la peur elle-même *fait* naître une espèce de courage.

5. to tease someone. *faire* enrager quelqu'un.

6. On avait longtemps défendu aux fonctionnaires romains de se *faire* suivre de leurs femmes [to take their wives with them] dans les pays qu'ils allaient gouverner.

7. Rien ne nous *ferait* mieux connaître [would give us better information about] l'armée dans son organisation.

Students using this book are presumed to be familiar with the use of the DATIVE OF THE AGENT with such verbs as *faire*, *laisser*, *voir*, *entendre*, followed by a **transitive** infinitive. But the following questions are often asked—

(a) Is the dative *always* compulsory ?

(b) If not, when can it be replaced by *par* ?

The answer to the first question is—

1. The dative (or *par* as an equivalent) is always compulsory when the principal verb is *faire* (provided, of course, that the infinitive is *transitive*).

2. With *laisser*, *voir*, *entendre*, the English construction may be adhered to when one at least of the objects is a noun. Thus we can say—

Je vis *l'homme* ramasser *la pièce* ;

or : Je *le* vis ramasser *la pièce* ;

or again : Je vis *l'homme* *la* ramasser.

But if *both* objects are pronouns, the dative **MUST** be used for the “ agent ”—

Je *la lui* vis ramasser. I saw him pick it up.

The answer to the second question is—

1. The dative of the agent is obviously impossible when the sentence contains also a dative of interest. In that case, *par* must be used, to avoid ambiguity—

Je *lui* ai fait raconter I got your friend to tell
l'histoire *par* votre ami. him the story.

2. The dative is always used when the agent is, so to

speak, a *passive* agent, *i.e.* is made to *suffer* an action rather than to perform it. For instance, the sentence—

Cela fera voir à vos parents That will let your parents
que vous les aimez. see that you love them.

is equivalent to—

That will *show* your parents that you love them.

The parents *are shown the fact*; it is forced upon them, as it were; they are really passive, not active. The same is true of all similar expressions—*laisser entendre, faire comprendre, etc.*

On the other hand, *par* is preferable to *à* where there is conscious activity—

J'ai fait faire cette caisse *par* le charpentier.

3. With *reflexive* verbs, the dative is rarely used. It is replaced by *par*:

On défendit aux soldats de *se faire* suivre *par* leurs femmes.

Il *se laisse* tromper *par* tout le monde.

Much of the writing of modern authors such as Alphonse Daudet and the brothers de Goncourt is marked by a certain kind of picturesque or artistic style which goes commonly by the name of *impressionism*. This term is taken to denote a process by which a picture is so presented as to convey a complete impression of the general tone and effect without any obvious attempt to analyse it into its elements.

M. Jules Lemaitre, in a chapter on Madame A. Daudet, illustrates the process by means of the following example. "Suppose," he says, "we are passing near a tree in which a bird is singing. Most of our classical writers would no doubt describe the fact thus: *L'oiseau fait entendre sous le feuillage son chant joyeux*. Now this sentence is not picturesque, for the reason that it expresses not the first moment of perception but the last. In the first place, the perception has been analysed; the perception of the eye has been separated and distinguished from that of the ear; on the one

side has been set the foliage, on the other the bird's song, although in point of fact the foliage and the song were perceived at one and the same time. But this is not all. An attempt has been made to express more particularly the feeling of pleasure produced by the perception; hence *chant joyeux*. It is because of all this that the sentence has no life in it." Then he goes on to show how Mme de Sévigné has "fixed" the very first instant of the perception, that in which the foliage and the song are perceived together at the same moment. She writes: *C'est joli, une feuille qui chante*.

Another characteristic of this kind of writing is the constant use of the imperfect tense in narration to describe a *series of events*.

(i) Une heure après un bruit *commençait* à circuler que la nouvelle était fausse. La lecture finie, le père Alphonse se *dressait*, *marchait* à grands pas. Deux jours après il *partait*, la mort dans l'âme.

At first sight such a use would seem to be directly antagonistic to the traditional character of this tense, which is the purely *descriptive* tense of past time. It is apt to strike us as a mere eccentricity of style, a writer's "fad." If we examine it, however, we shall find that it is the method of an artist, and of a poet. The imperfect, so used, has the effect of bringing past events and actions vividly before us; it describes that which is past as if it were actually present; we have the illusion that everything is taking place before our eyes. This force of the imperfect will be the better realised if we analyse it in each sentence of the above extract. *Un bruit commençait à circuler*. We seem to follow the rumour as it passes from mouth to mouth. Alter the verb and read *Un bruit commença à circuler*, and the effect is quite different. We then see the action in its origin only, and at once dismiss it from our minds. The purely narrative past has not the power of enforcing our continued attention. *La lecture finie, le père Alphonse se dressait, marchait à grands pas*—that is to say, the man rose, then paced the room, then

sat down, then rose again, then paced the room again. We are thus compelled to keep our eyes fixed upon him the whole time he is moving. *Deux jours après il partait*. We follow in imagination all the details of his preparation, the packing of trunks, the driving to the station, and so forth. Read *Deux jours après il partit*;—he is gone; we have done with him; there our interest ends.

Similarly :

(ii) Les pas furent comptés, les pistolets chargés, les adversaires mis en ligne. Deux cannes posées sur la neige marquèrent la limite des dix pas que chaque adversaire pouvait faire. Au moment où Denoïsel conduisait Henri à sa place, comme il lui rentrait un coin de son col de chemise qui dépassait sa cravate : “Merci, lui dit Henri à voix basse, le cœur me bat un peu sous l’aisselle. . . .”

M. de Villacourt *dépouillait* sa redingote, *arrachait* sa cravate, *jétait* cela au loin. Sa chemise, largement ouverte, laissait voir sa forte et rude poitrine. . . .

(iii) Mme Mauperin se leva, sortit, et revint avec son châle et son chapeau. Une demi-heure après, M. Mauperin *aidait* sa fille à descendre de voiture devant la grande porte de l’église.

(These imperfects are natural enough to the English mind—cf. “Two hours later he *was standing* on the platform waiting for the down express.”)

This use, then, of the “historic” imperfect (as we may call it),¹ is *not a perversion* of the function of the tense, but is merely *an extension* of it. The imperfect remains what it always was, the *present of the past*.

Its poetic value may be illustrated by such examples as the following—

Elle se rappelait les jours de distributions de prix, où elle montait sur l’estrade pour aller chercher ses petites couronnes ; avec ses cheveux en tresse, sa robe blanche et ses souliers découverts, elle avait une façon

¹ Cf. the “historic” present.

gentille, et les messieurs, quand elle regagnait sa place, se penchaient pour lui faire des compliments ; la cour était pleine de calèches, on lui disait adieu par les portières, le maître de musique passait en saluant, avec sa boîte à violon. Comme c'était loin tout cela ! Comme c'était loin !

All this was no longer actually present ; but it was not yet past, because it lived still in the memory and the imagination. It was all so far away, yet not entirely and for ever gone ; far away indeed, but still very near.

Another characteristic of the impressionist style is the employment of the *verbless* sentence :

Tous deux contemplèrent quelque temps, sans rien se dire, la salle de bal. Au-dessus d'eux, au plafond, ici et là, un morceau de pourpre, une chair rose, un flanc de déesse, un pan de manteau, sortant confusément d'un ciel effacé et de nuées qui s'enfuient ; au-dessous d'eux, un ciel de lustres, un voile éblouissant de feux blancs ; les guirlandes d'or des balcons, les cordons de feuillages balançant les instruments d'or ; du haut en bas des loges, sur le repoussoir de leur fond rouge, des cravates blanches, des visages rougis par la chaleur, le triangle blanc des chemises d'hommes ; des chapeaux noirs, des habits noirs ; des ombres de femmes noires, des paires de gants blancs qui rabattent ou relèvent en causant la barbe d'un masque sur un menton ; en bas, aux deux côtés de la salle, sur les deux escaliers rouges, entre les municipaux effarés, des flots de masques, des flots de femmes qui piétinent de marche en marche et piaffent déjà la danse ; en bas, la salle qui engloutit tout ; du blanc, du rouge, du vert, du rose, des plumes, des épaules, des jupes, des chapeaux, des bouffettes, des diamants faux. Une mer d'éclairs, qui toujours sautent ! manches en l'air, jupes qui tournent, galops brisés, plumets et rubans au vent. . . . Et la musique, le tonnerre de l'orchestre, et le bruit de la salle, les hourras, les vivats, les refrains, les chœurs, les huées, les appels du pied, la claque des danseurs sur leur

cuisse, et le plancher, qui toujours ronfle sous la danse.
—E. and J. DE GONCOURT.

The following passage also is a good example of the style. Observe especially the effect produced by the constant employment of the passive participle, gerund, and absolute construction.

Nous longions les côtes de Sardaigne, vers l'île de la Madeleine. *Une promenade matinale.* Les rameurs allaient lentement, et *penché* sur le bord ¹ je voyais la mer, transparente comme une source, *traversée de soleil jusqu'au fond.* Des méduses, des étoiles de mer s'épalaient parmi les mousses marines. De grosses langoustes dormaient immobiles *en abaissant* leurs longues cornes sur le sable fin. Tout cela *vu* à dix-huit ou vingt pieds de profondeur, dans je ne sais quelle facticité d'aquarium en cristal. A l'avant de la barque, un pêcheur *debout*, un long roseau *fendu* à la main, faisait signe aux rameurs : "piano . . . piano . . ." et tout à coup, entre les pointes de sa fourche, *tenait suspendue* une belle langouste qui allongeait ses pattes avec un effroi *encore plein de sommeil.* Près de moi, un autre marin laissait tomber sa ligne à fleur d'eau dans le sillage et ramenait des petits poissons merveilleux qui se coloraient *en mourant* de mille nuances vives et changeantes. *Une agonie vue à travers un prisme.* La *pêche finie*, on aborda parmi les hautes roches grises. Le feu fut vite allumé, *pâle dans le grand soleil*; de larges tranches de pain *coupées* sur de petites assiettes de terre rouge, et *l'on était là autour de la marmite, l'assiette tendue, la narine ouverte.* . . . Était-ce le paysage, la lumière, cet horizon de ciel et d'eau ? Mais je n'ai jamais rien mangé de meilleur que cette bouillabaisse de langoustes. *Et quelle bonne sieste ensuite sur le sable !* un sommeil tout plein du bercement de la mer, où les mille écailles luisantes des petites vagues papillotaient encore aux yeux *fermés.*—A. DAUDET.

¹ French passive participle equivalent to English active participle. *Penché*=leaning, bending. Cf. *appuyé*, *accoudé*; *des odeurs de pipes collées aux vêtements* (=clinging to the clothes).

NARRATIVE AND DESCRIPTIVE

1. ARAB BAKING

IN about ten minutes from this time I found that the Arabs were busily cooking their bread. Their pretence of having brought no food was false, and was only invented for the purpose of saving it. They had a good bag of meal, which they had contrived to stow away under the baggage, upon one of the camels, in such a way as to escape notice. In Europe the detection of a scheme like this would have occasioned a disagreeable feeling between the master and the delinquent; but you would no more recoil from an Oriental on account of a matter of this sort, than in England you would reject a horse that had tried and failed to throw you. Indeed I felt quite good-humouredly towards my Arabs because they had so woefully failed in their wretched attempt, and because, as it turned out, I had done what was right; they too, poor fellows, evidently began to like me immensely, on account of the hard-heartedness which had enabled me to baffle their scheme.

The Arab adheres to those ancestral principles of bread-making which have been sanctioned by the experience of ages; he mashes up the moistened flour into a paste, pulls the lump of dough so made into small pieces, and thrusts them into the embers. His way of baking exactly resembles the craft or the mystery of roasting chestnuts, as practised by children; there is the same prudence and circumspection in choosing a good berth for the morsel—the same enterprise and self-

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sacrificing valour in pulling it out with the fingers.—
KINGLAKE.

2. GOLDSMITH'S ARREST FOR DEBT

I RECEIVED one morning a message from poor Goldsmith that he was in great distress, and, as it was not in his power to come to me, begging that I would come to him as soon as possible. I sent him a guinea, and promised to come to him directly. I accordingly went as soon as I was dressed, and found that his landlady had arrested him for his rent, at which he was in a violent passion. I perceived that he had already changed my guinea, and had got a bottle of Madeira and a glass before him. I put the cork into the bottle, desired he would be calm, and began to talk to him of the means by which he might be extricated. He then told me that he had a work ready for press, which he produced to me. I looked into it and saw its merit; told the landlady I should soon return; and having gone to a bookseller, sold it for sixty pounds. I brought Goldsmith the money, and he discharged his rent, not without rating his landlady in a high tone for having used him so ill.—JOHNSON in BOSWELL.

3. GOSSIP IN CRANFORD

It was impossible to live a month at Cranford and not know the daily habits of each resident; and long before my visit was ended, I knew much concerning the Brown trio. There was nothing new to be discovered respecting their poverty; for they had spoken simply and openly about that from the very first. They made no mystery of the necessity for their being economical. All that remained to be discovered was the captain's infinite kindness of heart, and the various modes in which, unconsciously to himself, he manifested it. Some little anecdotes were talked about for some time after they occurred. As we did not read much, and as all the ladies were pretty well suited with servants, there

was a dearth of subjects for conversation. We therefore discussed the circumstance of the captain taking a poor old woman's dinner out of her hands one very slippery Sunday. He had met her returning from the bake-house as he came from church, and noticed her precarious footing ; and, with the grave dignity with which he did everything, he relieved her of her burden, carrying her baked mutton and potatoes safely home.—MRS. GASKELL.

4. SENSE AND SENSIBILITY

THEY were three days on their journey, and Marianne's behaviour as they travelled was a happy specimen of what her future complaisance and companionableness to Mrs. Jennings might be expected to be. She sat in silence almost all the way, wrapt in her own meditations, and scarcely ever voluntarily speaking, except when any object of picturesque beauty within their view drew from her an exclamation of delight exclusively addressed to her sister. To atone for this conduct, therefore, Elinor took immediate possession of the post of civility which she had assigned herself, behaved with the greatest attention to Mrs. Jennings, talked with her, laughed with her, and listened to her whenever she could ; and Mrs. Jennings on her side treated them both with all possible kindness, was solicitous on every occasion for their ease and enjoyment, and only disturbed that she could not make them choose their own dinners at the inn, nor extort a confession of their preferring salmon to cod, or boiled fowls to veal cutlets. They reached town by three o'clock the next day, glad to be released, after such a journey, from the confinement of a carriage, and ready to enjoy all the luxury of a good fire.—JANE AUSTEN.

5. REGAL VIOLENCE

IN Germany the French taste reigned without rival and without limit. Every youth of rank was taught to

speak and write French. That he should speak and write his own tongue with politeness, or even with accuracy and facility, was regarded as comparatively an unimportant object. Even Frederic William, with all his rugged Saxon prejudices, thought it necessary that his children should know French, and quite unnecessary that they should be well versed in German. The Latin was positively interdicted. "My son," his Majesty wrote, "shall not learn Latin; and more than that, I will not suffer anybody even to mention such a thing to me." One of the preceptors ventured to read the Golden Bull in the original with the Prince Royal. Frederic William entered the room, and broke out in his usual kingly style: "Rascal, what are you at there?"—"Please your Majesty," answered the preceptor, "I was explaining the Golden Bull to his Royal Highness."—"I'll Golden Bull you, you rascal!" roared the Majesty of Prussia. Up went the King's cane; away ran the terrified instructor; and Frederic's classical studies ended for ever.—MACAULAY.

6. THE TRAIN AMONG THE HILLS

THEY passed by Lancaster, skirting the sea on which the moon shone bright, setting the fishing-boats in silver as they lay scarcely moving on the waves. Then, so to speak, the train set its face up against Shap Fell, and, puffing heavily, drew up into the hills, the scattered grey stone houses of the north, flanked by their gnarled and twisted ash-trees, hanging upon the edge of the streams, as lonely, and as cut off from the world (except the passing train) as if they had been in Central Africa. The moorland roads, winding amongst the heather, showed that the feet of generations had marked them out, and not the line, spade, and theodolite, with all the circumstance of modern road-makers. They, too, looked white and unearthly in the moonlight, and now and then a sheep, aroused by the snorting of the train, moved from the heather into the middle of the road, and stood

there motionless, its shadow filling the narrow track, and flickering on the heather at the edge.—R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM.

7. THE HAYMAKERS

THIS unreasonable behaviour of the weather, however, could displease no one else in Hayslope besides Mr. Craig. All hands were to be out in the meadows this morning as soon as the dew had risen; the wives and daughters did double work in every farmhouse, that the maids might give their help in tossing the hay; and when Adam was marching along the lanes, with his basket of tools over his shoulder, he caught the sound of jocose talk and ringing laughter from behind the hedges. The jocose talk of haymakers is best heard at a distance; like those clumsy bells round the cows' necks. It has rather a coarse sound when it comes close, and may even grate on your ears painfully; but heard from afar off, it mingles very prettily with the other joyous sounds of nature. Men's muscles move better when their souls are making merry music, though their merriment is of a poor blundering sort, not at all like the merriment of birds.—GEORGE ELIOT.

8. A WALK ON THE CLIFF

LAYTON, however, stepped along like one whose foot was not new to the heather; nay, the very nature of the ascent, the bracing air of the sea, and something in the peril itself of the way, seemed to revive in the man his ancient vigour; and few, seeing him from the beach below, as he boldly breasted the steep bluff, or sprang lightly over some fissured chasm, would have deemed him one long since past the pride of life—one who had spent more than youth, and its ambitions, in excess.

At first the spirit to press onward appeared to possess him entirely, but ere he reached the half ascent he

turned to look down on the yellow strip of sand, and the little cottage, up to whose very door-sill now the foam seemed curling. Never before had its isolation seemed so complete. Not a sail was to be seen seaward, not even a gull broke the stillness with his cry; a low, mournful plash, with now and then a rumbling half thunder, as the sea resounded within some rocky cavern, were the only sounds, and Layton sat down on a mossy ledge to drink in the solitude in all its fulness.—CHARLES LEVER.

9. A SUMMER EVENING

ONE evening, in the beginning of June, I had stayed out very late with Mary Ann in the wood; we had, as usual, separated ourselves from the others, and had wandered far: so far that we lost our way, and had to ask it at a lonely cottage, where a man and woman lived, who looked after a herd of half-wild swine that fed on the mast in the wood. When we got back, it was after moon-rise: a pony, which we knew to be the surgeon's, was standing at the garden door. Mary Ann remarked that she supposed some one must be very ill, as Mr. Bates had been sent for at that time in the evening. She went into the house; I stayed behind a few minutes to plant in my garden a handful of roots I had dug up in the forest, and which I feared would wither if I left them till the morning. This done, I lingered yet a little longer; the flowers smelt so sweet as the dew fell; it was such a pleasant evening, so serene, so warm; the still glowing west promised so fairly another fine day on the morrow; the moon rose with such majesty in the grave east. I was noting these things and enjoying them as a child might, when it entered my mind as it had never done before: "How sad to be lying now on a sick-bed, and to be in danger of dying! This world is pleasant—it would be dreary to be called from it, and to have to go who knows where?"—CHARLOTTE BRONTË.

10. THE FLIGHT

THE fugitive countess, with her guide, traversed with hasty steps the broken and interrupted path, which had once been an avenue, now totally darkened by the boughs of spreading trees which met above their head, and now receiving a doubtful and deceiving light from the beams of the moon, which penetrated where the axe had made openings in the wood. Their path was repeatedly interrupted by felled trees, or the large boughs which had been left on the ground till time served to make them into faggots and billets. The inconvenience and difficulty attending these interruptions, the breathless haste of the first part of their route, the exhausting sensations of hope and fear, so much affected the countess's strength, that Janet was forced to propose that they should pause for a few minutes to recover breath and spirits. Both therefore stood still beneath the shadow of a gnarled old oak-tree, and both naturally looked back to the mansion which they had left behind them, whose long dark front was seen in the gloomy distance, with its huge stacks of chimneys, turrets, and clock-house, rising above the line of the roof, and definedly visible against the pure azure blue of the summer sky. One light only twinkled from the extended and shadowy mass, and it was placed so low, that it rather seemed to glimmer from the ground in front of the mansion than from one of the windows. The countess's terror was awakened. "They follow us," she said, pointing out to Janet the light which thus alarmed her.—WALTER SCOTT.

11. WATCHING AND WAITING

AND so she watched for his coming, intending to apologise as soon as ever she saw him. She hurried over her household work, in order to sit quietly at her sewing and hear the first distant sound of his well-known step or whistle. But even the sound of her flying needle

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seemed too loud—perhaps she was losing an exquisite instant of anticipation; so she stopped sewing, and looked longingly out through the geranium leaves, in order that her eye might catch the first stir of the branches in the wood path by which he generally came. Now and then a bird might spring out of the covert; otherwise the leaves were heavily still in the sultry weather of early autumn. Then she would take up her sewing and, with a spasm of resolution, she would determine that a certain task should be fulfilled before she would again allow herself the poignant luxury of expectation. Sick at heart was she when the evening closed in, and the chances of that day diminished.

Yet she stayed up longer than usual, thinking that if he were coming—if he were only passing along the distant road—the sight of a light in the window might encourage him to make his appearance even at that late hour, while seeing the house all darkened and shut up might quench any such intention.—Mrs. GASKELL.

12. EXPECTATION

As he drew near to the cottage he walked carefully, though still swiftly, but when he reached it he paused, bent forward his head, and listened. He was in the tangle of coarse grass that grew right up to the north wall of the cottage, and close to the angle which hid from him the seaside and the cottage door. At first he heard nothing except the faint murmur of the sea upon the rocks. His stillness now was as complete as had been his previous activity, and in the one he was as assured as in the other. Some five minutes passed. Again and again, with a measured monotony, came to him the regular lisp of the waves. The grass rustled against his legs as the little wind of morning pushed its way through it gently, and a bird chirped above his head in the olive-trees, and was answered by another bird.

And just then, as if in reply to the voices of the birds, he heard the sound of human voices. They were distant and faint almost as the lisp of the sea, and were surely coming towards him from the sea.—ROBERT HICHENS.

13. THE FELLED WOOD

WE had nearly threaded the wood, and were approaching an open grove of magnificent oaks on the other side, when sounds other than of nightingales burst on our ear, the deep and frequent strokes of the woodman's axe, and emerging from the Pinge we discovered the havoc which that axe had committed. Above twenty of the finest trees lay stretched on the velvet turf. There they lay in every shape and form of devastation: some, bare trunks stripped ready for the timber carriage, with the bark built up in long piles at the side; some with the spoilers busy about them, stripping, hacking, hewing; others with their noble branches, their brown and fragrant shoots all fresh as if they were alive—majestic corpses, the slain of to-day! The grove was like the field of battle. The young lads who were stripping the bark, the very children who were picking up the chips, seemed awed and silent, as if conscious that death was around them. The nightingales sang faintly and interruptedly—a few low frightened notes like a requiem.—MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.

14. A NIGHT IN THE HEATHER

IT is a summer evening; the coachman has set me down at a place called Whitcross; he could take me no farther for the sum I had given, and I was not possessed of another shilling in the world. The coach is a mile off by this time; I am alone.

Whitcross is no town, nor even a hamlet; it is but a stone pillar set up where four roads meet: white-washed, I suppose, to be more obvious at a distance and

in darkness. Four arms spring from its summit : the nearest town to which these point is, according to the inscription, distant ten miles ; the farthest, about twenty. From the well-known names of these towns I learn in what county I have lighted ; a north-midland shire, dusk with moorland, ridged with mountain : this I see. There are great moors behind and on each hand of me ; there are waves of mountains far beyond that deep valley at my feet. The population here must be thin, and I see no passengers on these roads ; they stretch out east, west, north, and south—white, broad, lonely : they are all cut in the moor, and the heather grows deep and wild to their very verge. Yet a chance traveller might pass by ; and I wish no eye to see me now : strangers would wonder what I am doing, lingering here at the sign-post, evidently objectless and lost. I might be questioned : I could give no answer but what would sound incredible and excite suspicion. Not a tie holds me to human society at this moment—not a charm or hope calls me where my fellow-creatures are—none that saw me would have a kind thought or a good wish for me. I have no relative but the universal mother, Nature ; I will seek her breast and ask repose.—CHARLOTTE BRONTË.

15. THE CROWD IN THE MARKET-PLACE

THE picture of human life in the market-place, though its general tint was the sad grey, brown, or black of the English emigrants, was yet enlivened by some diversity of hue. A party of Indians—in their savage finery of curiously embroidered deerskin robes, wampum belts, red and yellow ochre, and feathers—stood apart with countenances of inflexible gravity, beyond what even the Puritan aspect could attain. Nor, wild as were these painted barbarians, were they the wildest feature of the scene. This distinction could more justly be claimed by some mariners—a part of the crew of the vessel from the Spanish Main—who had come ashore to

see the humours of Election Day. They were rough-looking desperadoes, with sun-blackened faces, and an immensity of beard; their wide short trousers were confined about the waist by belts, often clasped with a rough plate of gold, and sustaining always a long knife, and in some instances, a sword. From beneath their broad-brimmed hats of palm-leaf gleamed eyes which, even in good-nature and merriment, had a kind of animal ferocity. They transgressed without fear or scruple the rules of behaviour that were binding on all others; smoking tobacco under the beadle's very nose, although each whiff would have cost a townsman a shilling; and quaffing at their pleasure, draughts of wine or aqua-vitæ from pocket flasks, which they frequently tendered to the gaping crowd around them. It remarkably characterised the incomplete morality of the age, rigid as we call it, that a licence was allowed the seafaring class, not merely for their freaks on shore, but for far more desperate deeds on their proper element. The sailor of that day would go near to be arraigned as a pirate in our own. There could be little doubt, for instance, that this very ship's crew had been guilty of depredations on the Spanish commerce, such as would have perilled all their necks in a modern court of justice.—HAWTHORNE.

16. AN INDIAN MASSACRE

THE morning dawned and passed away, and the day advanced and began to decline, without the promised visit of the cacique. Some apprehensions were now entertained that the Indians who had visited them the preceding night might be drowned, as they had freely partaken of wine, and their small canoe was easy to be upset. There was a silence and an air of desertion about the whole neighbourhood extremely suspicious. On their preceding visit the harbour had been a scene of continual animation; canoes gliding over the clear waters, Indians in groups on the shores, or under the

trees, or swimming off to the caravel. Now, not a canoe was to be seen, not an Indian hailed them from the land; nor was there any smoke rising from among the groves to give a sign of habitation. After waiting for a long time in vain, Columbus sent a boat to the shore to reconnoitre. On landing, the crew hastened to the place where the fortress had been erected. They found it a burnt ruin; the palisades beaten down, and the whole presenting the appearance of having been sacked and destroyed. Here and there were broken chests, spoiled provisions, and the ragged remains of European garments, which gave dismal indications of the fate of their companions. Not an Indian approached them. They caught sight of two or three lurking at a distance among the trees, and apparently watching them, but they vanished into the woods on finding themselves observed. Meeting no one from whom they could obtain an explanation of the melancholy scene before them, they returned with dejected hearts to the ships, and related to the Admiral what they had seen.—WASHINGTON IRVING.

17. THE MOUNTAIN ROAD

IN that profound ravine there was no noise at all except the running of the torrent in the forest below. The walls were very steep, so steep that in places the beech-trees had lost their hold, and had fallen down the precipitous earth; and perilously along the front of that slope went the road. Roland could see it clearly, first almost horizontal, feeling its way along the safest contour, of the precipice; here and there still supported by the huge masonry work of Rome, then plunging steeply in zigzags to the foot of the gulf, where it was lost beneath the trees. There, on the floor of the defile, perhaps three miles of marching below him, it passed through a narrow place, where steep rocks held it in on either side. No men showed upon the mountains; there was no

movement at all. For a moment the commander wondered whether a flanking party ought not to be sent along the ridge to secure the main body from any attempt; in another moment he had seen that the plan would fail. As the valley deepened all communication between the ridge and the road became more difficult until, in but a few hundred yards, it became impracticable altogether, even for a handful of unarmed men. He was determined to risk the road.—
H. BELLOC.

18. A GALE AT SEA

As the violence of the gale increased, the canvas of the schooner had been gradually reduced, until she was unable to show more than was absolutely necessary to prevent her driving helplessly on the land. Barnstable watched the appearance of the weather, as the light slowly opened upon them, with an intense anxiety, which denoted that the presentiments of the coxswain were no longer deemed idle. On looking to windward, he beheld the green masses of water that were rolling in towards the land, with a violence that seemed irresistible, crowned with ridges of foam; and there were moments when the air appeared filled with sparkling gems, as the rays of the rising sun fell upon the spray that was swept from wave to wave. Toward the land the view was still more appalling. The cliffs, but a short half league under the lee of the schooner, were, at times, nearly hid from the eye by the pyramids of water, which the more furious element, so suddenly restrained in its violence, cast high into the air, as if seeking to overleap the boundaries that Nature had affixed to its dominion. The whole coast, from the distant headland at the south, to the well-known shoals that stretched far beyond their course, in the opposite direction, displayed a broad belt of foam, into which it would have been certain destruction for the proudest ship that swam to have entered.—
J. F. COOPER.

19. A COLLISION AT SEA

As I was once sailing in a fine stout ship across the banks of Newfoundland, one of those heavy fogs which prevail in those parts rendered it impossible for us to see far ahead, even in the daytime ; but at night the weather was so thick that we could not distinguish any object at twice the length of the ship. I kept lights at the masthead, and a constant watch forward to look out for fishing-smacks, which are accustomed to anchor on the banks. The wind was blowing a smacking breeze, and we were going at a great rate through the water. Suddenly the watch gave the alarm of " A sail ahead ! " It was scarcely uttered before we were upon her. She was a small schooner at anchor, with her broadside towards us. The crew were all asleep, and had neglected to hoist a light. We struck her amidships. The force, the size, and weight of our vessel bore her down below the waves ; we passed over her, and were hurried on our course. As the crashing wreck was sinking beneath us, I had a glimpse of two or three half-naked wretches rushing from her cabin : they just started from their beds to be swallowed, shrieking, by the waves. I heard their drowning cry mingling with the wind. It was some time before we could put the ship about, she was under such headway. We cruised about for several hours in the dense fog. We fired signal guns, and listened if we might hear the halloo of any survivors ; but all was silent, we never saw or heard anything of them more.—WASHINGTON IRVING.

20. A HURRICANE OFF CAPE FINISTERRE—I

ON Monday, the 7th, we started and made for the Bay of Biscay. The sea was high and the wind strong and contrary ; nevertheless, on the morning of the fourth day we were in sight of the rocky coast to the north of Cape Finisterre. I must here observe that this was the first voyage that the captain who commanded the vessel

had ever made on board of her, and that he knew little or nothing of the coast towards which we were bearing. He was a person picked up in a hurry, the former captain having resigned his command on the ground that the ship was not seaworthy, and that the engines were frequently unserviceable. I was not acquainted with these circumstances at the time, or perhaps I should have felt more alarmed than I did when I saw the vessel approaching nearer and nearer the shore, till at last we were only a few hundred yards distant. As it was, however, I felt very much surprised, for having passed it twice before, and having seen with what care the captains endeavoured to maintain a wide offing, I could not conceive the reason of our being now so near this dangerous region. The wind was blowing hard towards the shore, if that can be called a shore which consists of steep abrupt precipices, on which the surf was breaking with the noise of thunder, tossing up clouds of spray and foam to the height of a cathedral.

By about eight o'clock at night the wind had increased to a hurricane, and the thunder rolled frightfully. We were exerting ourselves to the utmost to weather the cape, which we could descry by the lightning on our lee, when suddenly, with a great crash, the engine broke down.—GEORGE BORROW.

21. A HURRICANE OFF CAPE FINISTERRE—II

I WILL not attempt to depict the scene of horror and confusion which ensued. The captain, to give him his due, displayed the utmost coolness and intrepidity; he and the crew endeavoured, by hoisting the sails and by practising all possible manœuvres, to preserve the ship from impending destruction; but all was of no avail, we were hard on a lee shore, to which the howling tempest was impelling us. About this time I was standing near the helm, and I asked the steersman if there was any hope of saving the vessel or our lives. He replied, "Sir, it is a bad affair; in less than an hour the ship

will have her broadside on Finisterre, where the strongest man-of-war ever built must go to shivers instantly. None of us will see the morning." The captain ordered the cabin door to be fastened and none to be permitted to come on deck. I, however, kept my station, though almost drowned with water, immense waves continually breaking over our windward side and flooding the ship. We were now close to the rocks, when a horrid convulsion of the elements took place. The lightning enveloped us as with a mantle, the thunders were louder than the roar of a million cannon, and in the midst of all this turmoil the wind, without the slightest intimation, veered right about and pushed us from the coast faster than it had previously driven us towards it. The oldest sailors on board acknowledged that they had never witnessed so providential an escape.—GEORGE BORROW.

22. FISHING EXTRAORDINARY—I

FROM the market I stepped back upon the quay, where I had the luck to witness a novel form of fishing, the most singular I have ever fallen in with. I have mentioned the herring-sized white fish which come in upon the shores of the island. They travel, as most small fish do, in enormous shoals, and keep, I suppose, in the shallow waters to avoid the kingfish and bonitos, who are good judges in their way, and find these small creatures exceptionally excellent. The wooden pier ran out perhaps a hundred and fifty feet into the sea. It was a platform standing on piles, with openings in several places from which stairs led down to landing stages. The depth at the extremity was about five fathoms. There is little or no tide, the difference between high water and low being not more than a couple of feet. Looking down the staircases, I saw among the piles in the brilliantly clear water unnumbered thousands of the fish which I have described. The fishermen had carried a long net round the pier from shore to shore, completely inclosing it. The fish were

shut in, and had no means of escape except at the shore end, where boys were busy driving them back with stones.—J. A. FROUDE.

23. FISHING EXTRAORDINARY—II

BUT how the net was to be drawn among the piles, or what was to be done next, I was curious to learn. I was not left long to conjecture. A circular bag net was produced, made of fine strong thread, coloured a light green, and almost invisible in the sea. When it was spread, one side could be left open and could be closed at will by a running line from above. This net was let carefully down between the piles, and was immediately swollen out into a deep bag by the current which runs along the coast. Two young blacks then dived; one saw them swimming about under water like sharks, hunting the fish before them as a dog would hunt a flock of sheep. Their companions, who were watching from the platform, waited till they saw as many driven into the purse of the inner net as they could trust the meshes to bear the weight of. The cord was then drawn. The net was closed. Net and all that it contained were hoisted into a boat, carried ashore and emptied. The net itself was then brought back and spread again for a fresh haul. In this way I saw as many fish caught as would have filled a large cart.—J. A. FROUDE.

24. THE WOLF-CHASE

A GREY bitch-wolf came trotting through the trees, swiftly but in pain, and breathing very short. She was covered with slaver and red foam, her tongue lolled out at the side of her mouth long and loose, she let blood freely from a wound in the throat, and one of her ears was torn and bleeding. She looked neither right nor left, did not stay to smell at the scent of the horse; all her pains were spent to keep running. She broke now and again into a rickety canter, but for the most part

trotted straight forward, with many a stumble and missed step, all picked up with indescribable feverish diligence; and as she went her blood flowed, and her panting kept pace with her padding feet. So she came and so went, hunted by what followed close upon her; the murmur of the host, the host itself—dogs and bitches in a pack, making great pace. They came on at a gallop, a sea of wolves that surged restlessly, yet were one rolling tide. Here and there a grinning head cast up suddenly out of the press seemed like the broken crest of some hastier wave impatient with its fellows; so they snarled, jostled, and snapped at each other. Then one, playing choragus, would break into a howl, and there would be a long anthem of howls until the forest rang with the terror; but the haste, the panting and the padding of the feet were the most dreadful, because incessant; the thrust head would be whelmed, the sharp voice drowned in howls; the grey tide and the lapping of it never stopped.—MAURICE HEWLETT.

25. THE REINDEERS' JOURNEY TO THE SEA—I

IN the distant northern plains, a hundred miles from the sea, in the midst of the Laplander's village, a young reindeer raises his broad muzzle to the north wind, and stares at the limitless distance while a man may count a hundred. He grows restless from that moment, but he is yet alone. The next day, a dozen of the herd look up from the cropping of the moss, snuffing the breeze. Then the Laps nod to one another, and the camp grows daily more unquiet. At times, the whole herd of young deer stand at gaze, as it were, breathing hard through wide nostrils, then jostling each other and stamping the soft ground. They grow unruly and it is hard to harness them in the light sledge. As the days pass the Laps watch them more and more closely, well knowing what will happen sooner or later. And then at last in the northern twilight, the great herd begins to move. The impulse is simultaneous, irresistible; their heads are all

turned in one direction. They move slowly at first, biting still, here and there, at the bunches of rich moss. Presently the slow step becomes a trot, they crowd closely together while the Laps hasten to gather up their last unpacked possessions, their cooking utensils, and their wooden gods. The great herd break together from a trot to a gallop, from a gallop to a break-neck race, the distant thunder of their united tread reaches the camp during a few minutes, and they are gone to drink of the polar sea.—F. MARION CRAWFORD.

26. THE REINDEERS' JOURNEY TO THE SEA—II

THE Laps follow after them, dragging painfully their laden sledges in the broad track left by the thousands of galloping beasts—a day's journey, and they are yet far from the sea, and the trail is yet broad. On the second day it grows narrower, and there are stains of blood to be seen; far on the distant plain before them their sharp eyes distinguish in the direct line a dark motionless object, another and yet another. The race has grown more desperate and more wild as the stampede neared the sea. The weaker reindeer have been thrown down, and trampled to death by their stronger fellows. A thousand sharp hoofs have crushed and cut through hide and flesh and bone. Ever swifter and more terrible in their motion the ruthless herd has raced onward, careless of the slain, careless of food, careless of any drink but the sharp salt water ahead of them. And when at last the Laplanders reach the shore their deer are once more quietly grazing, once more tame and docile, once more ready to drag the sledge whithersoever they are guided. Once in his life the reindeer must taste of the sea in one long, satisfying draught, and if he is hindered he perishes. Neither man nor beast dare stand between him and the ocean in the hundred miles of his arrow-like path.—F. MARION CRAWFORD.

27. A JOURNEY IN A WAGGON

WHAT a soothing, luxurious, drowsy way of travelling, to lie inside of that slowly-moving mountain, listening to the tinkling of the horses' bells, the occasional smacking of the carter's whip, the smooth rolling of the great broad wheels, the rattle of the harness, the cheery good-nights of passing travellers jogging past on little short-stepped horses—all made pleasantly indistinct by the thick awning, which seemed made for lazy listening under, till one fell asleep! The very going to sleep, still with an indistinct idea, as the head jogged to and fro upon the pillow, of moving onward with no trouble or fatigue, and hearing all these sounds like dreamy music, lulling to the senses—and the slow waking up, and finding one's self staring out through the breezy curtain half-opened in the front, far up into the cold bright sky with its countless stars, and downward at the driver's lantern dancing on like its namesake Jack of the swamps and marshes, and sideways at the dark grim trees, and forward at the long bare road rising up, up, up, until it stopped abruptly at a sharp high ridge, as if there were no more road, and all beyond was sky—and the stopping at the inn to bait, and being helped out, and going into a room with fire and candles, and winking very much, and being agreeably reminded that the night was cold, and anxious, for very comfort's sake, to think it colder than it was! What a delicious journey was that journey in the waggon!—DICKENS.

28. COACHING BY MOONLIGHT

SEE the bright moon! High up before we know it; making the earth reflect the objects on its breast like water. Hedges, trees, low cottages, church steeples, blighted stumps, and flourishing young slips, have all grown vain upon the sudden and mean to contemplate their own fair images till morning. The poplars yonder rustle, that their quivering leaves may see themselves

upon the ground. Not so the oak ; trembling does not become him, and he watches himself in his stout old burly steadfastness, without the motion of a twig. The moss-grown gate, ill-poised upon its creaking hinges, crippled and decayed, swings to and fro before its glass, like some fantastic dowager ; while our own ghostly likeness travels on, yoho ! yoho ! through ditch and brake, upon the ploughed land and the smooth, along the steep hill-side and steeper wall, as if it were a phantom hunter.

Clouds too ! And a mist upon the hollow ! Not a dull fog that hides it, but a light airy gauze-like mist, which in our eyes of modest admiration gives a new charm to the beauties it spreads before us : as real gauze has done ere now, and would again, so please, though we were the Pope. Yoho ! Why ! now we travel like the moon herself. Hiding this minute in a grove of trees ; next minute in a patch of vapour ; emerging now upon our broad clear course ; withdrawing now, but always dashing on, our journey is a counterpart of hers. Yoho ! A match against the moon ! Yoho ! yoho !

The beauty of the night is hardly felt, when day comes leaping up. Yoho ! Two stages, and the country paths are almost changed to a continuous street. Yoho, past market-gardens, rows of houses, villas, crescents, terraces, and squares ; past waggons, coaches, carts ; past early workmen, late stragglers, drunken men, and sober carriers of loads ; past brick and mortar in its every shape, and in among the rattling pavements, where a jaunty-seat upon a coach is not so easy to preserve. Yoho, down countless turnings, and through countless mazy ways, until an old inn-yard is gained, and Tom Pinch, getting down, quite stunned and giddy, is in London !—DICKENS.

29. AN AUTUMN SCENE

As the wooded hills closed about me I stood up in the car to take the bearings of that great Down whose

ringed head is a landmark for fifty miles across the low countries. I judged that the lie of the country would bring me across some westward-running road that went to his feet, but I did not allow for the confusing veils of the woods. A quick turn plunged me first into a green cutting brim-full of liquid sunshine, next into a gloomy tunnel where last year's dead leaves whispered and scuffled about my tyres. The strong hazel stuff meeting overhead had not been cut for a couple of generations at least, nor had any axe helped the moss-cankered oak and beech to spring above them. Here the road changed frankly into a carpeted ride on whose brown velvet spent primrose-clumps showed like jade, and a few sickly, white-stalked blue-bells nodded together. As the slope favoured I shut off the power and slid over the whirled leaves, expecting every moment to meet a keeper ; but I only heard a jay far off, arguing against the silence, under the twilight of the trees.—KIPLING.

30. THE BURNING OF "THE WARREN"

THE besiegers, being now in complete possession of the house, spread themselves over it from garret to cellar, and plied their demon labours fiercely. While some kindled bonfires underneath the windows, others broke up the furniture, and cast the fragments down to feed the flames below ; where the apertures in the wall (windows no longer) were large enough, they threw out tables, chests of drawers, beds, mirrors, pictures, and flung the whole into the fire, while every fresh addition to the blazing masses was received with shouts, and howls, and yells, which added new and dismal terrors to the conflagration. Those who had axes, and had spent their fury on the movables, chopped and tore down the doors and window frames, broke up the flooring and hewed away the rafters. Some searched the drawers, the chests, the boxes, writing-desks, and closets, for jewels, plate, and money ; while others, less mindful of gain and more mad for destruction, cast their

whole contents into the courtyard without examination and called on those below to heap them on the blaze.

The burning pile, revealing rooms and passages red-hot, through gaps made in the crumbling walls; the shining of the flames upon the villains who looked on and fed them; the roaring of the angry blaze, so bright and high that it seemed in its rapacity to have swallowed up the very smoke; the living flakes the wind bore rapidly away, and hurried on with, like a storm of fiery snow; the noiseless breaking of great beams of wood, which fell like feathers on the heap of ashes, and crumbled in the very act to sparks and powder; the lurid tinge that overspread the sky, and the darkness, very deep by contrast, which prevailed around; the exposure to the coarse, common gaze of every little nook which usages of home had made a sacred place, and the destruction by rude hands of every little household favourite which old associations made a dear and precious thing: all this combined to form a scene never to be forgotten by those who saw it, and were not actors in the work, so long as life endured.—DICKENS.

51. VESUVIUS IN ERUPTION—I

THE cloud, which had scattered so deep a murkiness over the day, had now settled into a solid and impenetrable mass. It resembled less even the thickest gloom of a night in the open air than the close and blind darkness of some narrow room. But, in proportion as the blackness gathered, did the lightnings around Vesuvius increase in their vivid and scorching glare. Nor was their horrible beauty confined to the usual hues of fire; no rainbow ever rivalled their varying and prodigal dyes. Now brightly blue as the most azure depth of a southern sky—now of a livid green, darting restlessly to and fro as the folds of an enormous serpent—now of a lurid crimson gushing forth through the columns of smoke, far and wide, and, lighting up the whole city from arch to arch—then suddenly dying into a sickly paleness, like

the ghost of its own life ! In the pauses of the showers you heard the rumbling of the earth beneath, and the groaning waves of the tortured sea ; or, lower still, and audible but to the watch of intensest fear, the grinding and hissing murmur of the escaping gases through the chasms of the distant mountain. Sometimes the cloud appeared to break from its solid mass, and, by the lightning, to assume quaint and vast mimicries of human or of monster shapes, striding across the gloom, hurtling one upon the other, and vanishing swiftly into the turbulent abyss of shade.—BULWER LYTTON.

32. VESUVIUS IN ERUPTION—II

THE ashes in many places were already knee-deep ; and the boiling showers which came from the steaming breath of the volcano forced their way into the houses, bearing with them a strong and suffocating vapour. In some places immense fragments of rocks, hurled upon the house roofs, bore down along the streets masses of confused ruin, which yet more and more, with every hour, obstructed the way ; and, as the day advanced, the motion of the earth was more sensibly felt—nor could chariot or litter be kept steady, even on the most level ground. Frequently, by the momentary light of torches, parties of fugitives encountered each other, some hurrying towards the sea, others flying from the sea back to the land ; for the ocean had retreated rapidly from the shore—an utter darkness lay over it, and upon its groaning and tossing waves the storm of cinders and rocks fell without the protection which the streets and roofs afforded to the land. Wild, haggard, ghostly with supernatural fears, these groups encountered each other, but without the leisure to speak, to consult, to advise ; for the showers fell now frequently, though not continuously, extinguishing the lights which showed to each band the deathlike faces of the other, and hurrying all to seek refuge beneath the nearest shelter.—BULWER LYTTON.

33. UNDER THE BELLS

WHO has not seen the church under the Bells? Those lofty aisles, those twilight chapels, that cumbersome pulpit with its huge carvings, that wide grey pavement flecked with various light from the jewelled windows, those famous pictures between the voluminous columns over the altars, which twinkle with their ornaments, their votive little silver hearts, legs, limbs, their little guttering tapers, cups of sham roses, and what not? I saw two regiments of little scholars creeping in and forming square, each in its appointed place, under the vast roof; and teachers presently coming to them. A stream of light from the jewelled windows beams slanting down upon each little squad of children, and the tall background of the church retires into a greyer gloom. Pattering little feet of laggards arriving echo through the great nave. They trot in and join their regiments, gathered under the slanting sunbeams. What are they learning? Is it truth? Those two grey ladies with their books in their hands in the midst of these little people have no doubt of the truth of every word they have printed under their eyes. Look, through the windows jewelled all over with saints, the light comes streaming down from the sky, and heaven's own illuminations paint the book! A sweet, touching picture indeed it is, that of the little children assembled in this immense temple which has endured for ages, and grave teachers bending over them. Yes, the picture is very pretty of the children and their teachers, and their book—but the text? Is it the truth, the only truth, nothing but the truth? If I thought so, I would go and sit down on the form *cum parvulis*, and learn the precious lesson with all my heart:—THACKERAY.

34. EDINBURGH

FAR out in the lowlands Edinburgh shows herself, making a great smoke on clear days and spreading her

suburbs about her for miles ; the Castle rises darkly in the midst, and close by, Arthur's Seat makes a bold figure in the landscape. All around, cultivated fields, and woods, and smoking villages, and white country roads, diversify the uneven surface of the land. Trains crawl slowly abroad upon the railway lines ; little ships are tacking in the Firth ; the shadow of a mountainous cloud, as large as a parish, travels before the wind ; the wind itself ruffles the wood and standing corn, and sends pulses of varying colour across the landscape. So you sit, like Jupiter upon Olympus, and look down from afar upon men's life. The city is as silent as a city of the dead : from all its humming thoroughfares, not a voice, not a footfall, reaches you upon the hill. The sea-surf, the cries of ploughmen, the streams and the mill-wheels, the birds and the wind, keep up an animated concert through the plain ; from farm to farm, dogs and crowing cocks contend together in defiance ; and yet from this Olympian station, except for the whispering rumour of a train, the world has fallen into a dead silence, and the business of town and country grown voiceless in your ears.—R. L. STEVENSON.

35. IPSWICH

I KNOW of no town to be compared with Ipswich, except it be Nottingham ; and there is this difference in the two ; that Nottingham stands high, and, on one side, looks over a very fine country ; whereas Ipswich is in a dell, meadows running up above it, and a beautiful arm of the sea below it. The town itself is substantially built, well-paved, everything good and solid, and no wretched dwellings to be seen on its outskirts. From the town itself you can see nothing ; but you can, in no direction, go from it a quarter of a mile without finding views that a painter might crave, and then the country round about it so well cultivated ; the land in such a beautiful state, the farmhouses all white, and all so much alike ; the barns, and everything about the home-

steads so snug ; the stocks of turnips so abundant everywhere ; the sheep and cattle in such fine order ; the wheat all drilled ; the ploughman so expert ; the furrows, if a quarter of a mile long, as straight as a line, and laid as truly as with a level : in short, here is everything to delight the eye, and to make the people proud of their country ; and this is the case throughout the whole of this county. I have always found Suffolk farmers great boasters of their superiority over others ; and I must say that it is not without reason.—COBBETT.

36. EAST LONDON

SETTING aside the poetry of life which is everywhere, there is poetry enough in East London ; poetry in the great river which washes it on the south, in the fretted tangle of cordage and mast that peeps over the roofs of Shadwell or in the great hulls moored along the wharves of Wapping ; poetry in the “ Forest ” that fringes it to the east, in the few glades that remain of Epping and Hainault,—glades ringing with the shouts of school children out for their holiday and half mad with delight at the sight of a flower or a butterfly ; poetry of the present in the work and toil of these acres of dull bricks and mortar where everybody, man, woman, and child, is a worker, this England without a “ leisure class ” ; poetry in the thud of the steam-engine and the white trail of steam from the tall sugar refinery, in the bleary eyes of the Spitalfields weaver or the hungering faces of the group of labourers clustered from morning till night round the gates of the docks and watching for the wind that brings the ships up the river ; poetry in its past, in strange old-fashioned squares, in quaint gabled houses, in grey village churches, that have been caught up and overlapped and lost, as it were, in the great human advance that has carried London forward from White-chapel, its limit in the age of the Georges, to Stratford, its bound in that of Victoria.—J. R. GREEN.

37. SATURDAY NIGHT IN ST. GILES'S, EDINBURGH

It was a foul, chilly, foggy Saturday night. From the butchers' and greengrocers' shops the gaslights flared and flickered, wild and ghastly, over haggard groups of slipshod dirty women, bargaining for scraps of stale meat and frost-bitten vegetables, wrangling about short weight and bad quality. Fish-stalls and fruit-stalls lined the edge of the pavement, sending up odours as foul as the language of the sellers and buyers. Blood and sewer-water crawled from under doors and out of spouts, and reeked down the gutters among offal, animal and vegetable, in every stage of putrefaction. Foul vapours rose from cowsheds and slaughter-houses, and the doorways of undrained alleys, where the inhabitants carried the filth out on their shoes from the backyard into the court, and from the court up into the main street; while above, hanging like cliffs over the streets—those narrow, brawling torrents of filth, and poverty, and sin—the houses with their teeming load of life were piled up into the dingy choking night. A ghastly, deafening, sickening sight it was. Go, scented Belgravian! and see what London is! and then go to the library which God has given thee—one often fears in vain—and see what science says this London might be! —CHARLES KINGSLEY.

38. THE NOONTIDE HOUR

It was the hour of noon—the hour at which commerce is busy, and streets are full. The old retired trader, eyeing wistfully the rolling coach or the oft-pausing omnibus, was breathing the fresh and scented air in the broadest and most crowded road, from which, afar in the distance, rose the spires of the metropolis. The boy let loose from the day-school was hurrying home to dinner, his satchel on his back; the ballad-singer was sending her cracked whine through the obscurer alleys, where the baker's boy, with puddings on his tray,

and the smart maid-servant, despatched for porter, paused to listen. And round the shops where cheap shawls and cottons tempted the female eye, many a loitering girl detained her impatient mother, and eyed the tickets and calculated her hard-gained savings for the Sunday gear. And in the corners of the streets steamed the itinerant kitchens of the pie-men, and rose the sharp cry, "All hot! all hot!" in the ear of infant and ragged hunger. And amidst them all rolled some lazy coach of ancient merchant or withered maiden, unconscious of any life, but that creeping through their own dull-rivered veins. And before the house in which Catherine died, there loitered many stragglers, gossips of the hamlet, subscribers to the news-room hard by, to guess and speculate, and wonder why, from the church behind, there rose the merry peal of the marriage-bell!—BULWER LYTTON.

39. THE LONDON SEASON

It was that period of the year when, to those who look on the surface of society, London wears its most radiant smile; when shops are gayest, and trade most brisk; when down the thoroughfares roll and glitter the countless streams of indolent and voluptuous life; when the upper class spend, and the middle class make; when the ball-room is the Market of Beauty, and the club-house the School for Scandal. In the cant phrase, it was "the London season." And happy, take it altogether, happy above the rest of the year, even for the hapless, is that period of ferment and fever. It is not the season for duns, and the debtor glides about with a less anxious eye; and the weather is warm, and the vagrant sleeps, unfrozen, under the starlit portico; and the beggar thrives, and the thief rejoices—for the rankness of the civilisation has superfluities clutched by all. And out of the general corruption things sordid and things miserable crawl forth to bask in the common sunshine—things that perish when the first autumn

winds whistle along the melancholy city. It is the gay time for the heir and the beauty, and the statesman and the lawyer, and the mother with her young daughters, and the artist with his fresh pictures, and the poet with his new book. It is a gay time, too, for the starved journeyman, and the ragged outcast that with long stride and patient eyes follows for pence the equestrian who bids him go and be d—d in vain.—BULWER LYTTON.

40. TOWN AND COUNTRY—I

I OUGHT, before this, to have replied to your very kind invitation into Cumberland. With you and your sister I could gang anywhere ; but I am afraid whether I shall ever be able to afford so desperate a journey. Separate from the pleasure of your company, I don't much care if I never see a mountain in my life. I have passed all my days in London, until I have formed as many and intense local attachments as any of you mountaineers can have done with dead Nature.

The lighted shops of the Strand and Fleet Street, the innumerable trades, tradesmen, and customers, coaches, waggons, playhouses, all the bustle round about Covent Garden, the watchmen, drunken scenes, rattles, life awake, if you awake, at all hours of the night, the impossibility of being dull in Fleet Street, the crowds, the very dirt and mud, the sun shining upon houses and pavements, the print-shops, the old book-stalls, parsons cheapening books, coffee-houses, steams of soups from kitchens, the pantomimes—London itself a pantomime and a masquerade—all these things work into my mind, and feed me, without a power of satiating me. The wonder of these sights impels me into night walks about her crowded streets, and I often shed tears in the motley Strand from fulness of joy at so much life. All these emotions must be strange to you ; so are your rural emotions to me. But consider, what must I have been doing all my life, not to have lent great portions of my heart with usury to such scenes ?—LAMB.

41. TOWN AND COUNTRY—II

My attachments are all local, purely local. I have no passion (or have had none since I was in love, and then it was the spurious engendering of poetry and books) for groves and valleys. The rooms where I was born, the furniture which has been before my eyes all my life, a book-case which has followed me about like a faithful dog (only exceeding him in knowledge) wherever I have moved, old chairs, old tables, streets, squares, where I have sunned myself, my old school—these are my mistresses.

Have I not enough without your mountains? I do not envy you. I should pity you, did I not know that the mind will make friends of anything. Your sun, and moon, and skies, and hills, and lakes, affect me no more, or scarcely come to me in more venerable characters than as a gilded room with tapestry and tapers, where I might live with handsome visible objects. I consider the clouds above me but as a roof beautifully painted, but unable to satisfy the mind, and at last, like the pictures of the apartment of a connoisseur, unable to afford him any longer a pleasure. So fading upon me, from disuse, have been the beauties of Nature, as they have been confinedly called; so ever fresh, and green, and warm, are all the inventions of men, and assemblies of men in this great city.—LAMB.

42. FOUNTAIN COURT

WHETHER there was life enough left in the slow vegetation of Fountain Court for the smoky shrubs to have any consciousness of the brightest and purest-hearted little woman in the world, is a question for gardeners and those who are learned in the loves of plants. But, that it was a good thing for that same paved yard to have such a delicate little figure flitting through it; that it passed like a smile from the grimy old houses, and the worn flagstones, and left them duller, darker,

sterner than before ; there is no sort of doubt. The Temple fountain might have leaped up twenty feet to greet the spring of hopeful maidenhood that in her person stole on, sparkling, through the dry and dusty channels of the Law ; the chirping sparrows, bred in Temple chinks and crannies, might have held their peace to listen to imaginary skylarks, as so fresh a little creature passed ; the dingy boughs, unused to droop, otherwise than in their puny growth, might have bent down in a kindred gracefulness, to shed their benediction on her graceful head ; old love-letters, shut up in iron boxes in the neighbouring offices, and made of no account among the heaps of family papers into which they had strayed (and of which, in their degeneracy, they formed a part), might have stirred and fluttered with a moment's recollection of their ancient tenderness, as she went lightly by. Anything might have happened that did not happen, and never will, for the love of Ruth.—DICKENS.

43. A SUNNY DAY

It was a beautiful, fresh, breezy, summer day : but the heavy Atlantic swell that slowly raised and lowered the boat as the men rowed along, passed gently and smoothly on, and then went booming and roaring and crashing over the sharp black rocks that were quite close at hand. " I think I would soon get over my fear of the sea," said she, gently. Indeed it was not that that was most likely to impress her on this bright day—it was the awful loneliness and desolation of the scene around her. All along the summit of the great cliffs lay heavy banks of cloud that moved and wreathed themselves together, with mysterious patches of darkness here and there that suggested the entrance into far valleys in the unseen mountains behind. And if the outer surface of these precipitous cliffs was brightened by sunlight, and if there was a sprinkling of grass on the ledges, every few minutes they passed the yawning archway of a huge cavern, around which the sea was

roaring with a muffled and thunderous noise.—WILLIAM BLACK.

44. THE CONQUERED SEA

THE sea, perhaps because of its saltness, roughens the outside but keeps sweet the kernel of its servant's soul. The old sea; the sea of many years ago, whose servants were devoted slaves and went from youth to age or to a sudden grave without needing to open the book of life, because they could look at eternity reflected on the element that gave the life and dealt the death. Like a beautiful and unscrupulous woman, the sea of the past was glorious in its smiles, irresistible in its anger, capricious, enticing, illogical, irresponsible; a thing to love, a thing to fear. It cast a spell, it gave joy, it lulled gently into boundless faith; then with quick and causeless anger it killed. But its cruelty was redeemed by the charm of its inscrutable mystery, by the immensity of its promise, by the supreme witchery of its possible favour. Strong men with childlike hearts were faithful to it, were content to live by its grace—to die by its will. That was the sea before the time when the French mind set the Egyptian muscle in motion and produced a dismal but profitable ditch. Then a great pall of smoke sent out by countless steamboats was spread over the restless mirror of the Infinite. The hand of the engineer tore down the veil of the terrible beauty in order that greedy and faithless land-lubbers might pocket dividends. The mystery was destroyed. Like all mysteries, it lived only in the hearts of its worshippers. The hearts changed; the men changed. The once loving and devoted servants went out armed with fire and iron, and conquering the fear of their own hearts, became a calculating crowd of cold and exacting masters. The sea of the past was an incomparably beautiful mistress, with inscrutable face, with cruel and promising eyes. The sea of to-day is a used-up drudge, wrinkled and defaced by the churned-up wakes of brutal propellers, robbed of the enslaving

charm of its vastness, stripped of its beauty, of its mystery, and of its promise.—JOSEPH CONRAD.

45. SAND AND SUN

As long as you are journeying in the interior of the Desert you have no particular point to make for as your resting-place. The endless sands yield nothing but small stunted shrubs; even these fail after the first two or three days, and from that time you pass over broad plains—you pass over newly-reared hills—you pass through valleys dug out by the last week's storm,—and the hills and the valleys are sand, sand, sand, still sand, and only sand, and sand, and sand again. The earth is so samely that your eyes turn towards heaven. You look to the sun, for he is your taskmaster, and by him you know the measure of the work that you have done, and the measure of the work that remains for you to do. He comes when you strike your tent in the early morning, and then, for the first hour of the day, as you move forward on your camel, he stands at your near side, and makes you know that the whole day's toil is before you; then for a while, and a long while, you see him no more, for you are veiled and shrouded, and dare not look upon the greatness of his glory, but you know where he strides overhead, by the touch of his flaming sword.—KINGLAKE.

46. THE MONTH OF AUGUST

THERE is no month in the whole year in which Nature wears a more beautiful appearance than in the month of August. Spring has many beauties, and May is a fresh and blooming month, but the charms of this time of year are enhanced by their contrast with the winter season. August has no such advantage. It comes when we remember nothing but clear skies, green fields, and sweet-smelling flowers—when the recollection of snow, and ice, and bleak winds has faded from our

minds as completely as they have disappeared from the earth ; and yet what a pleasant time it is ! orchards and corn-fields ring with the hum of labour ; trees bend beneath the thick clusters of rich fruit which bow their branches to the ground ; and the corn, piled in graceful sheaves, or waving in every light breath that sweeps above it, as if it wooed the sickle, tinges the landscape with a golden hue. A mellow softness appears to hang over the whole earth ; the influence of the season seems to extend itself to the very waggon, whose slow motion across the well-reaped field is perceptible only to the eye, but strikes with no harsh sound upon the ear.—DICKENS.

47. A RIVER VALLEY

It is a little valley of soft turf, enclosed in its narrow oval by jutting rocks and broad flakes of nodding fern. From one side of it to the other winds, serpentine, a clear brown stream, drooping into quicker ripple as it reaches the end of the oval field, and then, first islanding a purple and white rock with an amber pool, it dashes away into a narrow fall of foam under a thicket of mountain-ash and alder. The autumn sun, low but clear, shines on the scarlet ash-berries and on the golden birch-leaves, which, fallen here and there, when the breeze has not caught them, rest quiet in the crannies of the purple rock. Beside the rock, in the hollow under the thicket, the carcass of a ewe, drowned in the last flood, lies nearly bare to the bone, its white ribs protruding through the skin, raven-torn ; and the rags of its wool still flickering from the branches that first stayed it as the stream swept it down. A little lower, the current plunges, roaring, into a circular chasm like a well, surrounded on three sides by a chimney-like hollowness of polished rock, down which the foam slips in detached snow-flakes.—RUSKIN.

48. CAPRI

STEEPS clothed from top to bottom in the thick greenery of the lemon or orange; sudden breaks like that of Metromania, where a blue strip of sea seems to have been cunningly let in among the rocks; backgrounds of tumbled limestone; slopes dusty grey with wild cactus; thickets of delightful greenery, where one lies hidden in the dense scrub of myrtle and arbutus; olive-yards creeping thriftily up the hill-sides and over the cliffs and down every slope and into every rock-corner where the Caprese peasant-farmer can find footing; home-steads of grey stone with low domed Oriental roofs on which women sit spinning, their figures etched out against the sky; gardens where the writhed fig-trees stand barely waiting for the foliage of the spring; nooks amidst broken boulders and vast fingers of rock with the dark mass of the carouba flinging its shade over them; heights from which one looks suddenly northward and southward over a hundred miles of sea—this is Capri. The sea is everywhere. At one turn its waters go flashing away unbroken by a single sail towards the far-off African coast, where the Caprese boatmen are coral-fishing through the hot summer months; at another the eye ranges over the tumbled mountain masses above Amalfi to the dim sweep of coast where the haze hides the temple of Paestum; at another the Bay of Naples opens suddenly before us, Vesuvius and the blue deep of Castellamare and the white city-line along the coast seen with a strange witchery across twenty miles of clear air. The island is a paradise of silence for those to whom silence is a delight. One wanders about in the vineyards without a sound save the call of the vine-dressers; one lies on the cliff and hears a thousand feet below the dreamy wash of the sea. There is hardly the cry of a bird to break the spell; even the girls who meet one with a smile on the hill-side smile quietly and gravely in the southern fashion as they pass by. It is the stillest place that the sun

shines on ; but with all its stillness it is far from being a home of boredom.—J. R. GREEN.

49. UNDER THE STARS

THE stars were clear, coloured, and jewel-like, but not frosty. A faint silvery vapour stood for the Milky Way. All around me the black fir-points stood upright and stock-still. By the whiteness of the pack-saddle, I could see Modestine walking round and round at the length of her tether ; I could hear her steadily munching at the sward ; but there was not another sound, save the indescribable quiet talk of the runnel over the stones. I lay lazily smoking and studying the colour of the sky, as we call the void of space, from where it showed a reddish grey behind the pines to where it showed a glossy blue-black between the stars. As if to be more like a pedlar, I wear a silver ring. This I could see faintly shining as I raised or lowered the cigarette ; and at each whiff the inside of my hand was illuminated, and became for a second the highest light in the landscape. A faint wind, more like a moving coldness than a stream of air, passed down the glade from time to time ; so that even in my great chamber the air was being renewed all night long. I thought with horror of the inn at *Chasseradès* and the congregated nightcaps ; with horror of the nocturnal prowesses of clerks and students, of hot theatres and pass-keys and close rooms. I have not often enjoyed a more serene possession of myself, nor felt more independent of material aids. The outer world, from which we cower into our houses, seemed after all a gentle, habitable place ; and night after night a man's bed, it seemed, was laid and waiting for him in the fields, where God keeps an open house. I thought I had rediscovered one of those truths which are revealed to savages and hid from political economists : at the least I had discovered a new pleasure for myself.—R. L. STEVENSON.

50. A SHELTERED LAKE

TOM was not, however, without that strong sense of natural beauty which they who live amongst the wildernesses and fastnesses of nature so often exhibit. One spot, where the common trenches on the civilised world, was scarcely less his admiration than mine. It is a hill, half covered with furze, and heath, and broom, and sinking abruptly down to a large pond, almost a lake, covered with wild water-fowl. The ground, richly clothed with wood—oak, and beech, and elm—rises on the other side with equal abruptness, as if shutting in those glassy waters from all but the sky, which shines so brightly in their clear bosom; just in the bottom peeps a small sheltered farm, whose wreaths of light smoke and the white glancing wings of the wild-ducks, as they flit across the lake, are all that give token of motion or of life. I have stood there in utter oblivion of greyhound or of hare, till moments have swelled to minutes, and minutes to hours; and so has Tom, conveying by his exclamations of delight at its “pleasantness,” exactly the same feeling which a poet or a painter (for it breathes the very spirit of calm and sunshiny beauty that a master painter loves) would express by different but not truer praise. He called his own home “pleasant” too; and there, though one loves to hear any home so called—there, I must confess, that favourite phrase, which I like almost as well as they who have no other, did seem rather misapplied.—MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.

51. AN ENGLISH LANDSCAPE

HIGH up against the horizon were the huge conical masses of hill, like giant mounds intended to fortify this region of corn and grass against the keen and hungry winds of the north; not distant enough to be clothed in purple mystery, but with sombre greenish sides visibly specked with sheep, whose motion was only revealed by memory, not detected by sight; wooded

from day to day by the changing hours, but responding with no change in themselves—left for ever grim and sullen after the flush of morning, the winged gleams of the April noonday, the parting crimson glory of the ripening summer sun. And directly below them the eye rested on a more advanced line of hanging woods, divided by bright patches of pasture or furrowed crops, and not yet deepened into the uniform leafy curtains of high summer, but still showing the warm tints of the young oak and the tender green of the ash and lime. Then came the valley, where the woods grew thicker, as if they had rolled down and hurried together from the patches left smooth on the slope, that they might take the better care of the tall mansion which lifted its parapets and sent its faint blue summer smoke among them. Doubtless there was a large sweep of park and a broad glassy pool in front of that mansion, but the swelling slope of meadow would not let our traveller see them from the village green.—GEORGE ELIOT.

52. FONTAINEBLEAU—I

IN spite of its really considerable extent, the forest of Fontainebleau is hardly anywhere tedious. I know the whole western side of it with what I suppose I may call thoroughness: well enough at least to testify that there is no square mile without some special character and charm. Such quarters, for instance, as the Long Rocher, the Bas Bréau, and the Reine Blanche might be a hundred miles apart: they have scarce a point in common, except the silence of the birds. The two last are really conterminous: and in both are tall and ancient trees that have outlived a thousand political vicissitudes. But in the one the oaks prosper placidly upon an even floor; they beshadow a great field, and the air and the light are very free beneath their stretching boughs. In the other the trees find difficult footing: castles of white rock lie tumbled one upon another, the foot slips, the crooked viper slumbers, and the moss clings in the

crevice, and above it all the great beech goes spiring and casting forth her arms, and with a grace beyond church architecture, canopies this rugged chaos.—R. L. STEVENSON.

53. FONTAINEBLEAU—II

MEANWHILE dividing the two cantons, the broad white causeway of the Paris road runs in an avenue—a road conceived for pageantry and triumphal marches, an avenue for an army : but, its days of glory over, it now lies grilling in the sun between cool groves, and only at intervals the vehicle of the cruising tourist is seen far away and faintly audible along its ample sweep. A little on one side and you find a district of sand and birch and boulder, a little upon the other lies the valley of Apremont all juniper and heather ; and close beyond that you may walk into a group of fir-trees, so artfully are the ingredients mingled. Nor must it be forgotten that in all this part you come continually forth upon a hill-top, and behold the plain, northward and westward, like an unrefulgent sea : nor that all day long the shadows keep changing, and at last, to the red fires of sunset, night succeeds, and with the night a new forest, full of whisper, gloom, and fragrance.—R. L. STEVENSON.

54. WEST INDIAN SCENERY

WE were 3000 feet above the sea. Far away the ocean stretched out before us, the horizon line where sky met water so far distant that both had melted into mist at the point where they touched. Mount Diablot soared up on our left hand. Below, above, around us, it was forest everywhere ; forest, and only forest, a land fertile as Adam's paradise, still waiting for the day when "the barren woman shall bear children." Of course it was beautiful, if that be of any consequence—mountain peaks and crags and falling waters, and the dark green of the trees in the foreground, dissolving

from tint to tint to grey, violet, and blue in the far-off distance. Even at the height where we stood the temperature must have been 70°. But the steaming damp of the woods was gone, the air was clear and exhilarating as champagne. What a land! And what were we doing with it? This fair inheritance, won by English hearts and hands for the use of the working men of England, and the English working men lying squalid in the grimy alleys of crowded towns, and the inheritance turned into a wilderness. Visions began to rise of what might be, but visions which were taken from me before they could shape themselves. The curtain of vapour fell down over us again, and all was gone, and of that glorious picture nothing was left but our own two selves and the few yards of red rock and soil on which we were standing.—J. A. FROUDE.

55. SOUTH AMERICAN SCENERY—I

THE country spread out into broad savannas, terminated by forests, which, as they drew near, seemed to stretch on every side to the very verge of the horizon. Here the travellers beheld trees of that stupendous growth seen only in the equinoctial regions. Some were so large that sixteen men could hardly encompass them with extended arms. The wood was thickly matted with creepers and parasitical vines, which hung in gaudy, coloured festoons from tree to tree, clothing them in a drapery beautiful to the eye, but forming an impenetrable network. At every step of their way they were obliged to hew open a passage with their axes, while their garments, rotting from the effects of the drenching rains to which they had been exposed, caught in every bush and bramble, and hung about them in shreds. Their provisions, spoiled by the weather, had long since failed, and the live stock which they had taken with them had either been consumed, or made their escape in the woods or mountain passes.

At length the way-worn company came on a broad

expanse of water formed by the Napo, one of the great tributaries of the Amazon, and which, though only a third- or fourth-rate river in America, would pass for one of the first magnitude in the Old World.—W. H. PRESCOTT.

56. SOUTH AMERICAN SCENERY—I

THE sight gladdened their hearts, as, by winding along its banks, they hoped to find a safer and more practicable route. After traversing its borders for a considerable distance, closely beset with thickets which it taxed their strength to the utmost to overcome, the party came within hearing of a rushing noise that sounded like subterranean thunder. The river, lashed into fury, tumbled along over rapids with frightful velocity, and conducted them to the brink of a magnificent cataract, which, to their wondering fancies, rushed down in one vast volume of foam to the depth of twelve hundred feet. The appalling sounds which they had heard for the distance of six leagues were rendered yet more impressive to the spirits by the gloomy stillness of the surrounding forests. Not a bark dimpled the waters. No living thing was to be seen but the wild tenants of the wilderness, the unwieldy boa, and the loathsome alligator basking on the borders of the stream. The trees towering in widespread magnificence towards the heavens, the river rolling on in its rocky bed, as it had rolled for ages, the solitude and silence of the scene, broken only by the hoarse fall of waters, or the faint rustling of the woods—all seemed to spread out around them in the same wild and primitive state as when they came from the hands of the Creator.—W. H. PRESCOTT.

57. A MOUNTAIN SCENE IN WALES—I

MISS SUSANNAH often wandered among the mountains alone, even to some distance from the farmhouse.

Sometimes she descended into the bottom of the dingles, to the black, rocky beds of the torrents, and dreamed away hours at the feet of the cataracts. One spot in particular, from which she had at first shrunk with terror, became by degrees her favourite haunt. A path turning and returning at acute angles led down a steep, wood-covered slope to the edge of a chasm, where a pool, or resting-place of a torrent, lay far below. A cataract fell in a single sheet into the pool; the pool boiled and bubbled at the base of the fall, but through the greater part of its extent lay calm, deep, and black, as if the cataract had plunged through it to an unimaginable depth without disturbing its eternal repose. At the opposite extremity of the pool the rocks almost met at their summits, the trees of the opposite banks intermingled their leaves, and another cataract plunged from the pool into a chasm, on which the sunbeams never gleamed. High above, on both sides, the steep, woody slopes of the dingle soared into the sky; and from a fissure in the rock, on which the little path terminated, a single gnarled and twisted oak stretched itself over the pool, forming a fork with its boughs at a short distance from the rock.—T. L. PEACOCK.

58. A MOUNTAIN SCENE IN WALES—II

MISS SUSANNAH often sat on the rock, with her feet resting on this tree; in time she made her seat on the tree itself, with her feet hanging over the abyss; and at length she accustomed herself to lie along upon its trunk, with her side on the mossy bole of the fork, and an arm round one of the branches. From this position a portion of the sky and the woods was reflected in the pool, which, from its bank, was but a mass of darkness. The first time she reclined in this manner her heart beat audibly; in time she lay down as calmly as on the mountain heather; the perception of the sublime was probably heightened by an intermingled sense of danger, and perhaps that indifference to life which early dis-

appointment forces upon sensitive minds, was necessary to the first experiment. There was, in the novelty and strangeness of the position, an excitement which never wholly passed away, but which became gradually subordinate to the influence, at once tranquillising and elevating, of the mingled eternity of motion, sound, and solitude.—T. L. PEACOCK.

59. A VILLAGE SCENE

LITTLE Evans walked into the village. The miry, unmade road, full of deep cart-ruts and pitted everywhere with the tracks of sheep and cattle, led him between mournful clearings in which the scanty stubble of the last harvest slowly rotted. Here was a patch of scanty rye-straw, here a segment on which wheat had grown, and here another which had been sown with oats or barley—all easily recognisable to the accustomed eye. None of the crops were fenced, and among the desolate remainders of them all stood the huge charred stumps, some of them still retaining their tortured branches, and standing in such weird and writhen attitudes that they seemed still to retain the memory of the torment of their burning. The rain began to pelt down sharp and cold, and the small boy, tucking the ragged collar of his jacket about his ears, ran for the furthest house. Here a ladder of half a dozen steps led to the floor of a rotten verandah, about the supports of which twined a quantity of bare and dejected creeper, which had doubtless been grown there to give pleasure to the eye, but now played its part in adding to the decrepit and ruined look of the whole building. The broken windows had been inefficiently pasted over with old rags of paper, which now fluttered disconsolate in the wet wind. The wail of an ill-tempered and neglected child sounded from the outer chamber of the house.—DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY.

60. THE HALL FARM—I

It is a very fine old place, of red brick, softened by a pale powdery lichen, which has dispersed itself with happy irregularity, so as to bring the red brick into terms of friendly companionship with the limestone ornaments surrounding the three gables, the windows, and the door-place. But the windows are patched with wooden panes, and the door, I think, is like the gate—it is never opened : how it would groan and grate against the stone floor if it were ! For it is a solid, heavy, handsome door, and must once have been in the habit of shutting with a sonorous bang behind a liveried lackey, who had just seen his master and mistress off the grounds in a carriage and pair.

But at present one might fancy the house in the early stage of a chancery suit, and that the fruit from that grand double row of walnut-trees on the right hand of the enclosure would fall and rot among the grass, if it were not that we heard the booming bark of dogs echoing from great buildings at the back. And now the half-weaned calves that have been sheltering themselves in a gorse-built hovel against the left-hand wall, come out and set up a silly answer to that terrible bark, doubtless supposing that it has reference to buckets of milk.—
GEORGE ELIOT.

61. THE HALL FARM—II

YES, the house must be inhabited, and we will see by whom ; for imagination is a licensed trespasser : it has no fear of dogs, but may climb over walls and peep in at windows with impunity. Put your face to one of the glass panes in the right-hand window : what do you see ? A large open fireplace, with rusty dogs in it, and a bare boarded floor ; at the far end fleeces of wool stacked up ; in the middle of the floor, some empty corn-bags. That is the furniture of the dining-room. And what through the left-hand window ? Several clothes-horses, a spinning-wheel, and an old box wide

open and stuffed full of coloured rags. At the edge of this box there lies a great wooden doll, which, so far as mutilation is concerned, bears a strong resemblance to the finest Greek sculpture, and especially in the total loss of its nose. Near it there is a little chair, and the butt-end of a boy's leather long-lashed whip. The history of the house is plain now. It was once the residence of a country squire, whose family, probably dwindling down to mere spinsterhood, got merged in the more territorial name of Donnithorne. It was once the Hall; it is now the Hall Farm. Like the life in some coast-town that was once a watering-place and is now a port, where the genteel streets are silent and grass-grown, and the docks and warehouses busy and resonant, the life at the Hall has changed its focus, and no longer radiates from the parlour, but from the kitchen and the farmyard.—GEORGE ELIOT.

62. RURAL LIFE IN ENGLAND—I

NOTHING can be more imposing than the magnificence of English park scenery. Vast lawns that extend like sheets of vivid green, with here and there clumps of gigantic trees, heaping up rich piles of foliage. The solemn pomp of groves and woodland glades with the deer trooping in silent herds across them; the hare, bounding away to the covert, or the pheasant, suddenly bursting upon the wing; the brook, taught to wind in the most natural meanderings, or expand into glassy lake; the sequestered pool, reflecting the quivering trees, with the yellow leaf sleeping upon its bosom, and the trout roaming fearlessly about its limpid waters; while some rustic temple or sylvan statue, grown green and dank with age, gives an air of classic sanctity to the seclusion. These are but a few of the features of park scenery. But what most delights me is the creative talent with which the English decorate the unostentatious abodes of middle life. The rudest habitation, the most unpromising and scanty portion of land, in the hands of

an Englishman of taste, becomes a little paradise. With a nicely discriminating eye, he seizes at once upon its capabilities and pictures in his mind the future landscape. The sterile spot grows into loveliness under his hand; and yet the operations of art which produce the effect are scarcely to be perceived.—WASHINGTON IRVING.

63. RURAL LIFE IN ENGLAND—II

THE cherishing and training of some trees, the cautious pruning of others; the nice distribution of flowers and plants of tender and graceful foliage; the introduction of a green slope of velvet turf, the partial opening to a peep of blue distance or silver gleam of water—all these are managed with a delicate tact, a pervading yet quiet assiduity, like the magic touchings with which a painter finishes up a favourite picture.

The residence of people of fortune and refinement in the country has diffused a degree of taste and elegance in rural economy that descends to the lowest class. The very labourer, with his thatched cottage and narrow slip of ground, attends to their embellishment. The trim hedge, the grass plot before the door, the little flower-bed, bordered with snug box, the woodbine trained up against the wall, and hanging its blossoms about the lattice; the pot of flowers in the window; the holly, providentially planted about the house, to cheat winter of its dreariness and to throw in a semblance of green summer to cheer the fireside: all these bespeak the influence of taste flowing down from high sources, and pervading the lowest levels of the public mind. If ever Love, as poets sing, delights to visit a cottage, it must be the cottage of an English peasant.—WASHINGTON IRVING.

64. AN ITALIAN VILLA—I

THE Villa di San Giorgio was built upon the summit of a small conical hill, amid the sloping bases of the

Apennines, at a part of their long range where the summits were low and green. In that delightful region the cultivation and richness of the plain is united to the wildness and beauty of the hills. The heat is tempered in the shady valleys and under the thick woods. A delicious moisture and soft haze hangs about these dewy, grassy places, which the sun has power to warm and gladden, but not to parch. Flowers of every hue cover the ground beneath the oaks and elms. Nightingales sing in the thickets of wild rose and clematis, and the groves of laurel and of the long-leaved olives are crowded with small creatures in the full enjoyment of life and warmth. Little brooks and rippling streams, half hidden by the tangled thickets, and turned from their courses by the mossy rocks, flow down the hill ravines as joyful and clear as in that old time when each was the care of some protecting nymph or rural god. In the waters of the placid lake are reflected the shadows of the hills and the tremulous shimmer of waving woods.—J. H. SHORTHOUSE.

65. AN ITALIAN VILLA—II

In this favoured region the Villa di San Giorgio stood upon its leafy hill-top, set in the background of the mountains. The steep slope was terraced here and there in patches of ground planted with fruit-trees, and at the foot, towards the south, a larger lake slept beneath the blue sky, its shores lined with brushwood, interspersed here and there with grassy slopes, where the orchis and hyacinth and narcissus sprang up from the green rich turf.

Through this pastoral land, at all seasons of the year, wandering shepherds with their flocks, peasants with their cattle and dogs, woodmen, vine-dressers, fishermen from the lake traversed the leafy stage, and diversified the scene; but when the grape was fully ripe, and the long year was crowned at last with the fatness of the vintage, a joyous age of rural wealth and jollity

seemed for a time to fill the mellow, golden-tinted land.

The Villa was a modern building, although there were ruins in one of the courtyards of a very antique date. It consisted of three or four lofty blocks of buildings, at right angles to each other, covered with low, red-tiled roofs. The principal windows were in the upper stories, and gave light to large and handsome rooms, from which on all sides the most enchanting landscapes satisfied the eye.—J. H. SHORTHOUSE.

66. NATURE AWAKING

NIGHT is a dead monotonous period under a roof ; but in the open world it passes lightly, with its stars and dews and perfumes, and the hours are marked by changes in the face of Nature. What seems a kind of temporal death to people choked between walls and curtains, is only a light and living slumber to the man who sleeps afieid. All night long he can hear Nature breathing deeply and freely ; even as she takes her rest, she turns and smiles, and there is one stirring hour unknown to those who dwell in houses, when a wakeful influence goes abroad over the sleeping hemisphere and all the outdoor world are on their feet. It is then that the cock first crows, not this time to announce the dawn, but like a cheerful watchman speeding the course of night. Cattle awake on the meadows ; sheep break their fast on dewy hill-sides, and change to a new lair among the ferns ; and houseless men, who have lain down with the fowls, open their dim eyes and behold the beauty of the night.

At what inaudible summons, at what gentle touch of Nature, are all these sleepers thus recalled in the same hour to life ? Do the stars rain down an influence, or do we share some thrill of mother earth below our resting bodies ? Even shepherds and old countryfolk, who are the deepest read in these arcana, have not a guess as to the means or purpose of this nightly resurrection.

Towards two in the morning they declare the thing takes place ; and neither know nor inquire further. And at least it is a pleasant incident. We are disturbed in our slumber, only like the luxurious Montaigne, "that we may the better and more sensibly relish it." We have a moment to look up on the stars. And there is a special pleasure for our minds in the reflection that we share the impulse with all outdoor creatures in our neighbourhood, that we have escaped out of the Bastille of civilisation, and are become, for the time being, a mere kindly animal and a sheep of Nature's flock.—R. L. STEVENSON.

67. A WINTER'S MORN—I

WE sleep, and at length awake to the still reality of a winter morning. The snow lies warm as cotton or down upon the window-sill ; the broadened sash and frosted panes admit a dim and private light, which enhances the snug cheer within. The stillness of the morning is impressive. The floor creaks under our feet as we move toward the window to look abroad through some clear space over the fields. We see the roofs stand under their snow burden. From the eaves and fences hang stalactites of snow, and in the yard stand stalagmites covering some concealed core. The trees and shrubs rear white arms to the sky on every side ; and where were walls and fences, we see fantastic forms stretching in frolic gambols across the dusky landscape, as if Nature had strewn her fresh designs over the fields by night as models for man's art.—H. D. THOREAU.

68. A WINTER'S MORN—II

SILENTLY we unlatch the door, letting the drift fall in, and step abroad to face the cutting air. Already the stars have lost some of their sparkle, and a dull, leaden mist skirts the horizon. A lurid, brazen light in the east proclaims the approach of day, while the western

landscape is dim and spectral still, and clothed in a sombre Tartarean light, like the shadowy realms. They are Infernal sounds only that you hear—the crowing of cocks, the barking of dogs, the chopping of wood, the lowing of kine, all seem to come from Pluto's barn-yard and beyond the Styx;—not for any melancholy they suggest, but their twilight bustle is too solemn and mysterious for earth. The recent tracks of the fox or otter in the yard remind us that each hour of the night is crowded with events, and that primeval nature is still working and making tracks in the snow. Opening the gate, we tread briskly along the lone country road, crunching the dry and crisped snow under our feet, or aroused by the sharp, clear creak of the wood sled, just starting for the distant market, 'from the early farmer's door, where it has lain the summer long, dreaming amid the chips and stubble; while far through the drifts and powdered windows we see the farmer's early candle, like a paled star, emitting a lonely beam, as if some severe virtue were at its matins there. And one by one the smokes begin to ascend from the chimneys amidst the trees and snows.—H. D. THOREAU.

69. SUNSET—I

WE had a remarkable sunset one day last November. I was walking in a meadow, the source of a small brook, when the sun at last, just before setting, after a cold grey day, reached a clear stratum in the horizon, and the softest, brightest morning sunlight fell on the dry grass and on the stems of the trees in the opposite horizon, and on the leaves of the shrub-oaks on the hill-side, while our shadows stretched long over the meadow eastward, as if we were the only motes in its beams. It was such a light as we could not have imagined a moment before, and the air also was so warm and serene that nothing was wanting to make a paradise of that meadow. When we reflected that this was not a solitary phenomenon never to happen again, but that it would happen for

ever and ever an infinite number of evenings, and cheer and reassure the latest child that walked there, it was more glorious still.—H. D. THOREAU.

70. SUNSET—II

THE sun sets on some retired meadow, where no house is visible, with all the glory and splendour that it lavishes on cities, and, perchance, as it has never set before—where there is but a solitary marsh-hawk to have wings gilded by it, or only a musquash looks out from his cabin, and there is some little black-veined brook in the midst of the marsh, just beginning to meander, winding slowly round a decaying stump. We walked in so pure and bright a light, gilding the withered grass and leaves, so softly and serenely bright, I thought I had never bathed in such a golden flood, without a ripple or a murmur to it. The west side of every wood and rising ground gleamed like the boundary of Elysium, and the sun on our backs seemed like a gentle herdsman driving us home at evening.

So we saunter toward the Holy Land, till one day the sun shall shine more brightly than ever he has done, shall perchance shine into our minds and hearts, and light up our whole lives with a great awakening light, as warm and serene and golden as on a bankside in autumn.—H. D. THOREAU.

PORTRAITS AND CHARACTER SKETCHES

71. ENGLISH AND FRENCH CHARACTER—I

THE two nations are like two threads of different colours, tangled, but never blended. In fact, they present a continual contrast, and seem to value themselves upon being unlike each other ; yet each have their peculiar merits, which should entitle them to each other's esteem. The French intellect is quick and active. It flashes its way into a subject with the rapidity of lightning, seizes upon remote conclusions with a sudden bound, and its deductions are almost intuitive. The English intellect is less rapid, but more persevering ; less sudden, but more sure in its deductions. The quickness and mobility of the French enable them to find enjoyment in the multiplicity of sensations. They speak and act more from immediate impressions than from reflection and meditation. They are, therefore, more social and communicative ; more fond of society, and of places of public resort and amusement. An Englishman is more reflective in his habits. He lives in the world of his own thoughts, and seems more self-existent and self-dependent. He loves the quiet of his own apartment ; even when abroad, he in a manner makes a little solitude around him by his silence and reserve ; he moves about shy and solitary, and, as it were, buttoned up, body and soul.—WASHINGTON IRVING.

72. ENGLISH AND FRENCH CHARACTER—II

THE French are great optimists : they seize upon every good as it flies, and revel in the passing pleasure. The Englishman is too apt to neglect the present good in preparing against the possible evil. However adversities may lower, let the sun shine but for a moment, and forth sallies the mercurial Frenchman, in holiday dress and holiday spirits, gay as a butterfly, as though his sunshine were perpetual ; but let the sun beam never so brightly, so there be but a cloud on the horizon, the wary Englishman ventures forth distrustfully, with his umbrella in his hand.

The Frenchman has a wonderful facility at turning small things to advantage. No one can be gay and luxurious on smaller means ; no one requires less expense to be happy. He practises a kind of gilding in his style of living, and hammers out every guinea into gold leaf. The Englishman, on the contrary, is expensive in his habits, and expensive in his enjoyments. He values everything, whether useful or ornamental, by what it costs. He has no satisfaction in show, unless it be solid and complete. Whatever display he makes, the depth is sure to equal the surface.—WASHINGTON IRVING.

73. ENGLISH AND FRENCH CHARACTER—III

THE French excel in wit ; the English in humour ; the French have gayer fancy, the English richer imagination. The former are full of sensibility, easily moved, and prone to sudden and great excitement, but their excitement is not durable. The English are more phlegmatic, not so readily affected, but capable of being aroused to great enthusiasm. The faults of these opposite temperaments are, that the vivacity of the French is apt to sparkle up and be frothy, the gravity of the English to settle down and grow muddy. When the two characters can be fixed in a medium, the French kept from effervescence and the English from stagnation, both will be found excellent.

This contrast of character may also be noticed in the great concerns of the two nations. The ardent Frenchman is all for military renown ; he fights for glory, that is to say, for success in arms. For, provided the national flag is victorious, he cares little about the expense, the injustice, or the inutility of the war. It is wonderful how the poorest Frenchman will revel on a triumphant bulletin : a great victory is meat and drink to him ; and at the sight of a military sovereign bringing home captured cannons and captured standards, he throws up his greasy cap in the air, and is ready to jump out of his wooden shoes for joy. John Bull, on the contrary, is a reasoning, considerate person. If he does wrong, it is in the most rational way imaginable. He fights because the good of the world requires it. He is a moral person, and makes war upon his neighbour for the maintenance of peace and good order, and sound principles. He is a money-making personage, and fights for the prosperity of commerce and manufactures. Thus the two nations have been fighting, time out of mind, for glory and good. The French, in pursuit of glory, have had their capital twice taken ; and John, in pursuit of good, has run himself over head and ears in debt.—WASHINGTON IRVING.

74. THE MILITARY CHARACTER—I

It has been of late years somewhat the fashion to disparage the military character. Forty years of peace have, perhaps, made us somewhat less aware how considerable and how complex are the qualities which go to the making of a great general. It is not enough that he must be an engineer, a geographer, learned in human nature, and adroit in managing men, he must also be able to fulfil the highest duty of a minister of state, and then to descend to the humblest office of a commissary and clerk ; and he has to display all this knowledge, and to exercise all these duties, at the same time and under extraordinary circumstances. At every

moment he has to think of the eve and of the morrow—of his flank and of his rear. He has to carry with him ammunition, provisions, and hospitals. He has to calculate at the same time the state of the weather and the moral qualities of man; and all these elements that are perpetually changing he has to combine, sometimes under overwhelming heat, and sometimes under overpowering cold—sometimes even amid famine, and often amid the roar of artillery.—DISRAELI.

75. THE MILITARY CHARACTER—I

BEHIND all these circumstances, too, there is ever present the image of his country, and the dreadful alternative whether that country is to welcome him with laurel or with cypress. Yet this image he must dismiss from his mind; for the general must think—and not only think—he must think with the rapidity of lightning; for on a moment more or less depends the fate of a most beautiful combination, and on a moment more or less depends the question of glory or of shame. Unquestionably, all this might be donè in an ordinary manner, and by an ordinary man, as every day of our lives we see ordinary men who may be successful ministers of state, successful authors, successful speakers—but to do all this with genius is sublime. Doubtless, to be able to think with vigour, with clearness, and with depth in the recess of the cabinet, is a fine intellectual demonstration; but to think with equal vigour, clearness, and depth amidst bullets, appears the loftiest exercise and the most complete triumph of the human faculties.—DISRAELI.

76. POOR RELATIONS—I

HE is known by his knock. Your heart telleth you “That is Mr. —.” A rap, between familiarity and respect; that demands, and at the same time seems to despair of, entertainment. He entereth smiling and—

embarrassed. He holdeth out his hand to you to shake, and—draweth it back again. He casually looketh in about dinner-time—when the table is full. He offereth to go away, seeing you have company—but is induced to stay. He filleth a chair, and your visitor's two children are accommodated at a side table. He never cometh upon open days, when your wife says with some complacency, "My dear, perhaps Mr. — will drop in to-day." He remembereth birthdays—and professeth he is fortunate to have stumbled upon one. He declareth against fish, the turbot being small—yet suffereth himself to be importuned into a slice, against his first resolution. He sticketh by the port—yet will be prevailed upon to empty the remainder glass of claret, if a stranger press it upon him. He is a puzzle to the servants, who are fearful of being too obsequious, or not civil enough, to him. He calleth you by your Christian name, to imply that his other is the same as your own. He is too familiar by half, yet you wish he had less diffidence. With half the familiarity, he might pass for a casual dependant; with more boldness, he would be in no danger of being taken for what he is.

—LAMB.

77. POOR RELATIONS—II

HE is too humble for a friend; yet taketh on him more state than befits a client. He is a worse guest than a country tenant, inasmuch as he bringeth up no rent—yet 'tis odds, from his garb and demeanour, that your guests take him for one. He is asked to make one at the whist-table; refuseth on the score of poverty, and—resents being left out. When the company break up, he proffereth to go for a coach—and lets the servant go. He recollects your grandfather, and will thrust in some mean and quite unimportant anecdote—of the family. He knew it when it was not quite so flourishing as "he is blest in seeing it now." He reviveth past situations, to institute what he calleth—favourable comparisons. With a reflecting sort of congratulation,

he will inquire the price of your furniture ; and insults you with a special commendation of your window-curtains. He is of opinion that the urn is the more elegant shape, but, after all, there was something more comfortable about the old tea-kettle—which you must remember. He dare say you must find a great convenience in having a carriage of your own, and appealeth to your lady if it is not so. Inquireth if you have had your arms done on vellum yet ; and he did not know, till lately, that such-and-such had been the crest of the family. His memory is unseasonable ; his compliments perverse ; his talk a trouble ; his stay pertinacious ; and when he goeth away, you dismiss his chair into a corner, as precipitately as possible, and feel fairly rid of two nuisances.—LAMB.

78. OUR RICH AUNT

WHAT a dignity it gives an old lady, that balance at the banker's ! How tenderly we look at her faults, if she is a relative (and may every reader have a score of such) ; what a kind, good-natured old creature we find *hér* ! How the junior partner of Hobbs and Dobbs leads her smiling to her carriage with the lozenge upon it, and the fat, wheezy coachman ! How, when she comes to pay us a visit, we generally find an opportunity to let our friends know her station in the world ! We say (and with perfect truth), I wish I had Miss MacWhirter's signature to a cheque for five thousand pounds. She would not miss it, says your wife. She is my aunt, say you, in an easy, careless way, when your friend asks if Miss MacWhirter is any relative. Your wife is perpetually sending her little testimonies of affection : your little girls work endless baskets, cushions, and footstools for her. What a good fire there is in her room when she comes to pay you a visit ! The house during her stay assumes a festive, neat, warm, jovial, snug appearance not visible at other seasons. You yourself, dear sir, forget to go to sleep after dinner, and

find yourself all of a sudden (though you invariably lose) very fond of a rubber. What good dinners you have, game every day, Malmsey, Madeira, and no end of fish from London. Even the servants in the kitchen share in the general prosperity; and, somehow, during the stay of Miss MacWhirter's fat coachman, the beer is grown much stronger, and the consumption of tea and sugar in the nursery (where her maid takes her meals) is not regarded in the least. Is it so, or is it not so? I appeal to the middle classes. Ah! gracious power! I wish you would send me an old aunt—a maiden aunt—an aunt with a lozenge on her carriage, and a front of light coffee-coloured hair—how my children should work work-bags for her, and my Julia and I would make her comfortable! Sweet—sweet vision! Foolish—foolish dream!—THACKERAY.

79. SNOBS—I

IF ever our cousins the Smigsmags asked me to meet Lord Longears, I would like to take an opportunity after dinner and say, in the most good-natured way in the world: Sir, Fortune makes you a present of a number of thousand pounds every year. The ineffable wisdom of our ancestors has placed you as chief and hereditary legislator over me. Our admirable constitution (the pride of Britons and envy of surrounding nations) obliges me to receive you as my senator, superior, and guardian. Your eldest son, Fitz-Heehaw, is sure of a place in Parliament; your younger sons, the De Brays, will kindly condescend to be post-captains and lieutenant-colonels, and to represent us in foreign courts, or to take a good living when it falls convenient. These prizes our admirable constitution (the pride and envy of, etc.) pronounces to be your due, without count of your dulness, your vices, your selfishness, of your entire incapacity and folly. Dull as you may be (and we have as good a right to assume that my lord is an ass, as the other proposition, that he is an enlightened patriot);

dull, I say, as you may be, no one will accuse you of such monstrous folly as to remain quite indifferent to the good luck which you possess, or have any inclination to part with it. No; and patriots as we are, under happier circumstances, Smith and I, I have no doubt, were we dukes ourselves, would stand by our order.—THACKERAY.

80. SNOBS—II

WE would submit good-naturedly to sit in a high place. We would acquiesce in that admirable Constitution (pride and envy of, etc.) which made us chiefs and the world our inferiors; we would not cavil particularly at that notion of hereditary superiority which brought so many simple people cringing to our knees. Maybe we would rally round the corn laws; we would make a stand against the Reform Bill; we would die rather than repeal the acts against Catholics and Dissenters; we would, by our noble system of class legislation, bring Ireland to its present admirable condition.

But Smith and I are not earls as yet. We don't believe that it is the interest of Smith's army that young De Bray should be a colonel at five-and-twenty, of Smith's diplomatic relations that Lord Longears should go ambassador to Constantinople, of our politics that Longears should put his hereditary foot into them. This bowing and cringing, Smith believes to be an art of Snobs; and he will do all in his might and main to be a Snob and to submit to Snobs no longer. To Longears he says, "We can't help seeing, Longears, that we are as good as you. We can spell even better; we can think quite as rightly; we will not have you for our master or black your shoes any more."—THACKERAY.

81. THE LANDLORD

THIS landlord had the character, among all his neighbours, of being a very sagacious fellow. He was thought to see farther and deeper into things than any

man in the parish, the parson himself not excepted. Perhaps his look had contributed not a little to procure him this reputation ; for there was in this something wonderfully wise and significant, especially when he had a pipe in his mouth ; which, indeed, he seldom was without. His behaviour, likewise, greatly assisted in promoting the opinion of his wisdom. In his deportment he was solemn, if not sullen ; and when he spoke, which was seldom, he always delivered himself in a slow voice ; and though his sentences were short, they were still interrupted with many hums and has, ay ays, and other expletives : so that though he accompanied his words with certain explanatory gestures, such as shaking or nodding the head, or pointing with his forefinger, he generally left his hearers to understand more than he expressed : nay, he commonly gave them the hint, that he knew much more than he thought proper to disclose. This last circumstance alone, may, indeed, very well account for his character of wisdom ; since men are strangely inclined to worship what they do not understand. A grand secret upon which several imposers on mankind have totally relied for the success of their frauds.—FIELDING.

82. THE SCHOOLMASTER

WHY are we never quite at our ease in the presence of a schoolmaster ?—because we are conscious that he is not quite at his ease in ours. He is awkward, and out of place, in the society of his equals. He comes like Gulliver from among his little people, and he cannot fit the stature of his understanding to yours. He cannot meet you on the square. He wants a point given him, like an indifferent whist-player. He is so used to teaching, that he wants to be teaching *you*. One of these professors, upon my complaining that these little sketches of mine were anything but methodical, and that I was unable to make them otherwise, kindly offered to instruct me in the method by which the young

gentlemen in *his* seminary were taught to compose English themes.—The jests of a schoolmaster are coarse, or thin. They do not *tell* out of school. He is under the restraint of a formal or didactic hypocrisy in company, as a clergyman is under a moral one. He can no more let his intellect loose in society than the other can his inclinations.—He is forlorn among his coevals; his juniors cannot be his friends.—LAMB.

83. THE SCHOLAR IN THE WORLD

“BOOKS,” says Bacon, “can never teach the use of books.” The student must learn by commerce with mankind to reduce his speculations to practice, and accommodate his knowledge to the purposes of life.

It is too common for those who have been bred to scholastick professions, and passed much of their time in academies where nothing but learning confers honours, to disregard every other qualification, and to imagine that they shall find mankind ready to pay homage to their knowledge, and to crowd about them for instruction. They therefore step out from their cells into the open world with all the confidence of authority and dignity of importance; they look round about them at once with ignorance and scorn on a race of beings to whom they are equally unknown and equally contemptible, but whose manners they must imitate, and with whose opinions they must comply, if they desire to pass their time happily among them.—JOHNSON.

84. A DILETTANTE

LORD CURRYFIN was a man on the younger side of thirty, with a good person, handsome features, a powerful voice, and an agreeable delivery. He had a strong memory, much power of application, and a facility of learning rapidly whatever he turned his mind to. But with all this, he valued what he learned less for the pleasure which he derived from the acquisition, than from the

effect which it enabled him to produce on others. He liked to shine in conversation, and there was scarcely a subject which could be mooted in any society on which his multifarious attainments did not qualify him to say something. He was readily taken by novelty in doctrine, and followed a new lead with great pertinacity; and in this way he had been caught by the science of pantopragmatics, and firmly believed for a time that a scientific organisation for teaching everybody everything would cure all the evils of society. But being one of those "over sharp wits whose edges are very soon turned," he did not adhere to any opinion with sufficient earnestness to be on any occasion betrayed into intemperance in maintaining it. So far from this, if he found any unfortunate opinion in a hopeless minority of the company he happened to be in, he was often chivalrous enough to come to its aid and see what could be said for it. When lecturing became a mania, he had taken to lecturing; and looking about for an unoccupied subject, he had lighted on the natural history of fish, in which he soon became sufficiently proficient to amuse the ladies and astonish the fishermen in any seaside place of fashionable resort.—T. L. PEACOCK.

85. AN ENGLISHMAN'S PRIDE

PRIDE seems the source, not only of their national vices, but of their national virtues also. An Englishman is taught to love the king as his friend, but to acknowledge no other master than the laws which he himself has contributed to enact. He despises those nations who, that one may be free, are all content to be slaves; who first lift a tyrant into terror, and then shrink under his power, as if delegated from Heaven. Liberty is echoed in all their assemblies; and thousands might be found ready to offer their lives for the sound, though perhaps not one of the number understands its meaning. The lowest mechanic, however, looks upon it as his duty to be a watchful guardian of his country's freedom,

and often uses a language that might seem haughty even in the mouth of the great emperor who traces his ancestry to the moon.—GOLDSMITH.

86. OTHER PEOPLE'S CHILDREN

I KNOW there is a proverb, "Love me, love my dog": that is not always so very practicable, particularly if the dog set upon you to tease you or snap at you in sport. But a dog, or a lesser thing—any inanimate substance, as a keepsake, a watch or a ring, a tree, or the place where we last parted when my friend went away upon a long absence, I can make shift to love, because I love him, and anything that reminds me of him, provided it be in its nature indifferent, and apt to receive whatever hue fancy can give it. But children have a real character, and an essential being of themselves: they are amiable or unamiable *per se*; I must love or hate them as I see cause for either in their qualities. A child's nature is too serious a thing to admit of its being regarded as a mere appendage to another being, and to be loved or hated accordingly; they stand with me upon their own stock, as much as men and women do.—LAMB.

87. MR. WARWICK

HE was handsome, as men go; rather tall, not too stout, precise in the modern fashion of his dress, and the pair of whiskers encasing a colourless complexion up to a long, thin, straight nose, and closed lips indicating an aperture. The contraction of his mouth expressed an intelligence in the attitude of the firmly negative. The lips opened to smile, the teeth were faultless; an effect was produced, if a cold one—the colder for the unparticipating northern eyes; eyes of that half cloud and blue which make a kind of hueless grey, and are chiefly striking in an authoritative stare. Without contradicting, for he was exactly polite, his look signified a person conscious of being born to command. His differences of opinion

were prefaced by a "Pardon me," and pausing smile of the teeth; then a succinctly worded sentence or two, a perfect settlement of the dispute. He disliked argumentation. Inside his boundary, he had neat phrases, opinions in packets. Beyond it, apparently, the world was void of any particular interest.—GEORGE MEREDITH.

88. MADAME DESPREZ

MADAME DESPREZ, who answered to the Christian name of Anastasie, presented an agreeable type of her sex; exceedingly wholesome to look upon, a stout *brune*, with cool, smooth cheeks, steady, dark eyes, and hands that neither art nor nature could improve. She was the sort of person over whom adversity passes like a summer cloud; she might, in the worst of conjunctions, knit her brows into one vertical furrow for a moment, but the next it would be gone. She had much of the placidity of a contented nun; with little of her piety, however; for Anastasie was of a very mundane nature, fond of oysters and old wine, and somewhat bold pleasantries, and devoted to her husband for her own sake rather than for his. She was imperturbably good-natured, but had no idea of self-sacrifice. To live in that pleasant old house, with a green garden behind and bright flowers about the window, to eat and drink of the best, to gossip with a neighbour for a quarter of an hour, never to wear stays or a dress except when she went to Fontainebleau shopping, to be kept in a constant supply of racy novels, and to be married to Doctor Desprez and have no ground of jealousy, filled the cup of her nature to the brim. Those who had known the Doctor in bachelor days, when he had aired quite as many theories, but of a different order, attributed his present philosophy to the study of Anastasie. It was her brute enjoyment that he rationalised and perhaps vainly imitated.

Madame Desprez was an artist in the kitchen, and made coffee to a nicety. She had a knack of tidiness,

with which she had infected the Doctor; everything was in its place; everything capable of polish shone gloriously; and dust was a thing banished from her empire. Aline, their single servant, had no other business in the world but to scour and burnish. So Doctor Desprez lived in his house like a fatted calf, warmed and cosseted to his heart's content.—R. L. STEVENSON.

89. MRS. MOSSE—I

MRS. MOSSE, in her appearance, was in the highest degree what is called respectable. She must have been tall when young; for even when bent with age, she was above the middle height, a large-made though meagre woman. She walked with feebleness and difficulty, from the attacks of hereditary gout, which not even her temperance and activity could ward off. There was something very interesting in this tottering helplessness, clinging to the balusters, or holding by doors and chairs like a child. It had nothing of vulgar lameness; it told of age, venerable age. Out of doors she seldom ventured, unless on some sunny afternoon I could entice her into the air, and then once round the garden, or to the lawn gate and back again, was the extent of her walk, propped by a very aristocratic walking-stick (once the property of a duchess) as tall as herself, with a hooked ivory handle, joined to the cane by a rim of gold. Her face was as venerable as her person. She must have been very handsome; indeed she was so still, as far as regular and delicate features, a pale brown complexion, dark eyes still retaining the intelligence and animation of youth, and an expression perfectly gentle and feminine, could make her so.—MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.

90. MRS. MOSSE—II

I HAVE sometimes, on recollection, feared that her downstairs life was not happy. All that the orders of a mistress could effect for her comfort was done. But

we were rich then, unluckily ; and there were skipjacks of footmen, and surly coachmen, and affected waiting-maids, and vixenish cooks, with tempers red-hot like their coals, to vex and tease our dear old woman. She must have suffered greatly between her ardent zeal for her master's interest, and that strange principle of concealing evil doings which servants call honour, and of which she was perpetually the slave and the victim. She had another infirmity, too, an impossibility of saying no, which added to an unbounded generosity of temper, rendered her the easy dupe of the artful and the designing. She would give anything to the appearance of want, or the pretence of affection ; in short, to opportunity, however clothed. It was the only point of weakness in her character ; and to watch that she did not throw away her own little comforts, to protect her from the effects of her over-liberality, was the chief care of her mistress.—MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.

91. LEMMA

SQUIRE CROUCHET had one daughter, whom he had christened Lemma, and who, as likely to be endowed with a very ample fortune, was, of course, an object very tempting to many young soldiers of fortune, who were marching with the march of mind, in a good condition for taking castles, as far as not having a groat is a qualification for such exploits. She was also a glittering bait to divers young squires expectant (whose fathers were too well acquainted with the occult signification of mortgage), and even to one or two sprigs of nobility, who thought that the lining of civic purse would superinduce a very passable factitious nap upon a threadbare title. The young lady had received an expensive and complicated education, complete in all the elements of superficial display. She was thus eminently qualified to be the companion of any masculine luminary who had kept due pace with the "astounding progress" of intelligence. It must be confessed that a man who has

not kept pace with it is not very easily found, this march being one of that "astounding" character in which it seems impossible that the rear can be behind the van. The young lady was also tolerably good-looking; north of Tweed, or in Palestine, she would probably have been a beauty, but for the valleys of the Thames she was perhaps too much to the taste of Solomon, and had a nose which rather too prominently suggested the idea of the tower of Lebanon, which looked towards Damascus.—T. L. PEACOCK.

92. M. PAUL

MARIE BROc was well known to M. Paul; he never gave a lesson in the third division (containing the least advanced pupils), that she did not occasion in him a sharp conflict between antagonistic impressions. Her personal appearance, her repulsive manners, her often unmanageable disposition, irritated his temper, and inspired him with strong antipathy; a feeling he was too apt to conceive when his taste was offended or his will thwarted. On the other hand, her misfortunes constituted a strong claim on his forbearance and compassion—such a claim as it was not in his nature to deny; hence resulted almost daily drawn battles between impatience and disgust on the one hand, pity and a sense of justice on the other; in which, to his credit be it said, it was very seldom that the former feelings prevailed: when they did, however, M. Paul showed a phase of character which had its terrors. His passions were strong, his aversions and attachments alike vivid; the force he exerted in holding both in check by no means mitigated an observer's sense of their vehemence. With such tendencies, it may well be supposed he often excited in ordinary minds fear and dislike; yet it was an error to fear him: nothing drove him so nearly frantic as the tremor of an apprehensive and distrustful spirit; nothing soothed him like confidence tempered with gentleness.—CHARLOTTE BRONTË.

93. LAFFITTE

NOTHING less like the conventional idea of the philosopher can be imagined than is Pierre Laffitte. Gay, humorous, sympathetic, at times almost boisterous, indifferent to form or rule, ever ready to turn the abstract into the concrete, the dogmatic into the personal, the scientific into the artistic—Laffitte, who has been a professor all his life, is the least of a pedagogue of living men. Successor of Auguste Comte as he is, saturated with the system of that thinker, he is in no sense his mere disciple and expositor. In some respects, indeed, he is the antithesis of Comte in his mode of expression and in personal characteristics. Comte was the most exact, rigid, punctilious, and solitary of men—absorbed in silent meditations, deliberately encumbering his writings with abstract propositions, laborious qualifications, and indirect allusions, which deter the more volatile readers from his pages. Laffitte is an irrepressible Gascon, a jovial friend, an elastic companion, pouring out epigrams, anecdotes, personal sympathies, recollections, and portraits of inimitable vivacity and humour.—FREDERIC HARRISON.

94. MOMMSEN

As he entered the room I think we should all of us have said, if we had not known who he was, "Surely this is a great poet." We saw a slight, spare, old man, approaching seventy, with long, iron-grey hair, worn hanging over the shoulders in the old fashion of German professors, with a wide, firmly-set yet mobile mouth, thin aquiline nose, and the most piercingly brilliant black eyes that I have ever seen in a human being. He wore strong glasses, yet they did not in the least diminish the gleam of those eyes, which I can see at this moment, and which no one can forget who has ever seen them. . . . At Oxford he was found waiting at the Bodleian at seven in the morning, and indignant when he found

that it did not open till nine. At Berlin he rose at five, and set to work on a cup of cold coffee. When it was time to go to the university or the great library, he took a book with him, like Macaulay; and a friend has described to me how, when he was once in a tram at Berlin, the conductor pointed out to the passengers the grey-haired figure leaning against a lamp-post absorbed in a book: "That is the celebrated Professor Mommsen; *he loses no time.*" In the tram he was still buried in his book, and it became the regular practice of the conductors to touch him on the shoulder when he arrived at his destination. He never took a holiday, so far as I can discover, nor did he cease working on a Sunday, but those wonderful eyes never failed him till within a few weeks of his death, and he lived to be nearly eighty-six.—WARDE FOWLER.

95. RAYMOND ASQUITH

THE death of Raymond Asquith had a poignancy apart from his birth and position, and it may be permitted to one of his oldest friends to pay his tribute to a heroic memory.

A scholar of the ripe Elizabethan type, a brilliant wit, an accomplished poet, a sound lawyer—these things were borne lightly, for his greatness was not in his attainments but in himself. He had always a curious aloofness towards mere worldly success. He loved the things of the mind for their own sake—good books, good talk, the company of friends—and the rewards of common ambition seemed to him too trivial for a man's care. He was of the spending type in life, giving freely of the riches of his nature, but asking nothing in return. His carelessness of personal gain, his inability to trim or truckle, and his aloofness from the facile acquaintanceships of the modern world made him incomprehensible to many, and his high fastidiousness gave him a certain air of coldness. Most noble in presence, and with every grace of voice and manner, he moved among men like

a being of another race, scornfully detached from the common struggle ; and only his friends knew the warmth and loyalty of his soul.—JOHN BUCHAN.

96. COBBETT

As a political partisan, no one can stand against him. . . . He pays off both scores of old friendship and new-acquired enmity in a breath, in one perpetual volley, one raking fire of "arrowy sleet" shot from his pen. However his own reputation or the cause may suffer in consequence, he cares not one pin about that, so that he disables all who oppose or who pretend to help him. In fact, he cannot bear success of any kind, not even of his own views or party ; and if any principle were likely to become popular, would turn round against it to show his power in shouldering it on one side. In short, wherever power is, there is he against it ; he naturally butts at all obstacles, as unicorns are attracted to oak-trees, and feels his own strength only by resistance to the opinions and wishes of the rest of the world. To sail with the stream, to agree with the company is not his humour. If he could bring about a Reform in Parliament, the odds are that he would instantly fall foul of and try to mar his own handywork ; and he quarrels with his own creatures as soon as he has written them into a little vogue—and a prison. I do not think this is vanity or fickleness so much as a pugnacious disposition, that must have an antagonist power to contend with, and only finds itself at ease in systematic opposition.—HAZLITT.

97. MILTON

IN his character the noblest qualities of every party were combined in harmonious union. From the Parliament and from the Court, from the conventicle and from the Gothic cloister, from the gloomy and sepulchral circles of the Roundheads, and from the Christmas revel

of the hospitable Cavalier, his nature selected and drew to itself whatever was great and good, while it rejected all the base and pernicious ingredients by which those finer elements were defiled. Like the Puritans, he lived

As ever in his great task-master's eye.

Like them, he kept his mind continually fixed on an Almighty Judge and an eternal reward. And hence he acquired their contempt of external circumstances, their fortitude, their tranquillity, their inflexible resolution. But not the coolest sceptic or the most profane scoffer was more perfectly free from the contagion of their frantic delusions, their savage manners, their ludicrous jargon, their scorn of science, and their aversion to pleasure. Hating tyranny with a perfect hatred, he had, nevertheless, all the estimable and ornamental qualities which were almost entirely monopolised by the party of the tyrant. There was none who had a stronger sense of the value of literature, a finer relish for every elegant amusement, or a more chivalrous delicacy of honour and love. Though his opinions were democratic, his tastes and his associations were such as harmonise best with monarchy and aristocracy. He was under the influence of all the feelings by which the gallant Cavaliers were misled. But of those feelings he was the master and not the slave.—MACAULAY.

98. DR. JOHNSON—I

As for Johnson, I have always considered him to be, by nature, one of our great English souls. A strong and noble man, so much left undeveloped in him to the last: in a kindlier element what might he not have been—poet, priest, sovereign ruler! On the whole a man must not complain of his "element," of his "time," or the like; it is thriftless work doing so. His time is bad; well, then, he is there to make it better. Johnson's youth was poor, isolated, hopeless, very miserable. Indeed, it does not seem possible

that, in any of the favourable outward circumstances, Johnson's life could have been other than a painful one. The world might have had more of profitable *work* out of him, or less ; but his *effort* against the world's work could never have been a light one. Nature, in return for his nobleness, had said to him : Live in an element of diseased sorrow. Nay, perhaps the sorrow and the nobleness were intimately and even inseparably connected with each other. At all events, poor Johnson had to go about girt with continual hypochondria, physical and spiritual pain. Like a Hercules with the burning Nessus-shirt on him, which shoots in on him dull, incurable misery : the Nessus-shirt not to be stript off, which is his own natural skin. In this manner he had to live.—THOMAS CARLYLE.

99. DR. JOHNSON—II

FIGURE him there, with his scrofulous diseases, with his great, greedy heart, and unspeakable chaos of thoughts ; stalking mournful as a stranger in this earth ; eagerly devouring what spiritual thing he could come at : school languages and other merely grammatical stuff, if there were nothing better ! The largest soul that was in all England : and provision made for it of *fourpence-halfpenny a day*. Yet a giant, invincible soul ; a true man's. One remembers always that story of the shoes at Oxford : the rough, seamy-faced, raw-boned college servitor stalking about, in winter-season, with his shoes worn out ; how the charitable gentleman-commoner secretly places a new pair at his door ; and the raw-boned servitor, lifting them, looking at them near, with his dim eyes, with what thoughts—pitches them out of the window ! Wet feet, mud, frost, hunger or what you will ; but not beggary : we cannot stand beggary. Rude, stubborn self-help here ; a whole world of squalor, rudeness, confused misery and want, yet of nobleness and manfulness withal. It is a type of the man's life, this pitching away of the shoes. An

original man—not a second-hand, borrowing or begging man. Let us stand on our own basis, at any rate! On such shoes as we ourselves can get. On frost and mud, if you will, but honestly on that—on the reality and substance which Nature gives *us*, not on the semblance, on the thing she has given another than us!—THOMAS CARLYLE.

100. DR. JOHNSON

THE effect of privations and sufferings which he endured at this time was discernible to the last in his temper and his deportment. His manners had never been courtly. They now became almost savage. Being frequently under the necessity of wearing shabby coats and dirty shirts, he became a confirmed sloven. Being often very hungry when he sat down to his meals, he contracted a habit of eating with ravenous greediness. Even to the end of his life, and even at the tables of the great, the sight of food affected him as it affects wild beasts and birds of prey. His taste of cookery, formed in subterranean ordinaries and *Alamode* beef-shops, was far from delicate. Whenever he was so fortunate as to have near him a hare that had been kept too long, or a meat pie made with rancid butter, he gorged himself with such violence that his veins swelled, and the moisture broke out on his forehead. The affronts which his poverty emboldened stupid and low-minded men to offer to him, would have broken a mean spirit into sycophancy, but made him rude even to ferocity. Unhappily the insolence which, while it was defensive, was pardonable, and in some sense respectable, accompanied him into societies where he was treated with courtesy and kindness.—MACAULAY.

101. LORD BYRON

THE curiosity that was expressed by all classes of travellers to see him, and the eagerness with which they

endeavoured to pick up any anecdotes of his mode of life, were carried to a length which will hardly be credited. It formed the chief subject of their inquiries of the gondoliers who conveyed them from *terra firma* to the floating city; and these people, who are generally loquacious, were not at all backward in administering to the taste and humours of their passengers, relating to them the most extravagant and often unfounded stories. They took care to point out the house where he lived, and to give them such hints of his movements as might afford them an opportunity of seeing him. Many of the English visitors, under pretext of seeing his house, in which there were no paintings of any consequence, nor, besides himself, anything worthy of notice, contrived to obtain admittance through the cupidity of his servants, and with the most barefaced impudence forced their way even into his bedroom, in the hopes of seeing him. Hence arose, in a great measure, his bitterness towards them, which he has expressed in a note to one of his poems, on the occasion of some unfounded remark made upon him by an anonymous traveller in Italy; and it certainly appears well calculated to foster that cynicism which prevails in his latter works more particularly, and which, as well as the misanthropical expressions that occur in those which first raised his reputation, I do not believe to have been his natural feeling. Of this I am certain, that I never witnessed greater kindness than in Lord Byron.—MOORE.

102. LORD BROUGHAM

No character stronger and stranger than his is described in the modern history of England. He was gifted with the most varied and striking talents, and with a capacity for labour which sometimes seemed almost superhuman. Not merely had he the capacity for labour, but he appeared to have a positive passion for work. His restless energy seemed as if it must stretch itself out on

every side seeking new fields of conquest. The study that was enough to occupy the whole time and wear out the frame of other men was only recreation to him. His physical strength never gave way. His high spirits never deserted him. His self-confidence was boundless. He thought he knew everything, and could do everything better than any other man. His vanity was overweening, and made him ridiculous almost as often and as much as his genius made him admired. "If Brougham knew a little of law," said O'Connell, when the former became Lord Chancellor, "he would know a little of everything." The anecdote is told in another way too, which perhaps makes it more piquant. "The new Lord Chancellor knows a little of everything in the world—even of law." He was beyond doubt a great parliamentary orator, although not an orator of the highest class. Brougham's action was wild, and sometimes even furious; his gestures were singularly ungraceful; his manners were grotesque; but of his power over his hearers there could be no doubt. That power remained with him until a far later date; and long after the years when men usually continue to take part in political debate, Lord Brougham could be impassioned, impressive, and even overwhelming. If his talents were great, if his personal vanity was immense, let it be said that his services to the cause of human freedom and education were simply inestimable. As an opponent of slavery in the colonies, as an advocate of political reform at home, of law reform, of popular education, of religious equality, he had worked with indomitable zeal, with resistless passion, and with splendid success.—J. MCCARTHY.

103. JOHN HENRY NEWMAN

His appearance was striking. He was above middle height, slight and spare. His head was large, his face remarkably like that of Julius Caesar. The forehead, the shape of the ears and nose, were almost the same. The lines of the mouth were very peculiar, and I should

say exactly the same. I have often thought of the resemblance, and believed that it extended to the temperament. In both there was an original force of character which refused to be moulded by circumstances, which was to make its own way, and become a power in the world; a clearness of intellectual perception, a disdain for conventionalities, a temper imperious and wilful, but along with it a most attaching gentleness, sweetness, singleness of heart and purpose. Both were formed by nature to command others, both had the faculty of attracting to themselves the passionate devotion of their friends and followers, and in both cases, too, perhaps the devotion was rather due to the personal ascendancy of the leader than to the cause which he represented. It was Caesar, not the principle of the empire, which overthrew Pompey and the constitution. *Credo in Newmannum* was a common phrase at Oxford, and is still unconsciously the faith of nine-tenths of the English converts to Rome.—FROUDE.

104. ROUSSEAU—I

ROUSSEAU has, in one respect, been utterly misrepresented and misunderstood. Even Châteaubriand most unfilially classes him and Voltaire together. It appears to me that the inmost core of his being was religious. Had he remained in the Catholic Church he might have been a saint. Had he come earlier, he might have founded an order. His was precisely the nature on which religious enthusiasm takes the strongest hold—a temperament which finds a sensuous delight in spiritual things, and satisfies its craving for excitement with celestial debauch. He had not the iron temper of a great reformer and organiser like Knox, who, true Scotchman that he was, found a way to weld this world and the other together in a cast-iron creed; but he had as much as any other man ever had that gift as a great preacher to make the oratorical fervour which persuades himself while it lasts into the abiding conviction of his

hearers. That very persuasion of his, that the soul could remain pure while the life was corrupt, is not unexampled among men who have left holier names than he.—J. R. LOWELL.

105. ROUSSEAU—II

HIS *Confessions*, also, would assign him to that class with whom the religious sentiment is strong and the moral nature weak. They are apt to believe that they may, as special pleaders say, confess and avoid. Hawthorne has admirably illustrated this in the penance of Mr. Dimmesdale. With all the soil that is upon Rousseau, I cannot help looking on him as one capable beyond any in his generation of being divinely possessed; and if it happened otherwise, when we remember the much that hindered and the little that helped in a life and time like his, we shall be much readier to pity than to condemn. It was his very fitness for being something better that makes him able to shock us so with what in too many respects he unhappily was. Less gifted, he had been less hardly judged. More than any other of the sentimentalists, except possibly Sterne, he had in him a staple of sincerity. Compared with Châteaubriand, he is honesty, compared with Lamartine, he is manliness itself. His nearest congener in our own tongue is Cowper.—J. R. LOWELL.

106. MOLIÈRE'S PERSONAL APPEARANCE

YES! there he stands! In stature he is far from imposing; in feature he is anything but comely. To judge from the way in which he plants his feet, you would think he was doing duty as a parenthesis: he has a good calf, but still it does not help him to keep upright; he stoops forward, as if his shoulders were bent on effecting a meeting; his mouth is wide, his lips remarkably thick, his nose large, not pointed, but so shaped as if Nature had foreseen how often its owner

would turn it up ; his eyebrows are black, and so shaggy that the orbs beneath seem like a soft still light athwart a tree ; as much of the forehead as is not hid by the wig is slightly concave ; neck he has little or none. What strikes you most in his face is the tone of sorrowful earnestness, the settled melancholy, which forms, if we may so speak, the background of the expression. Akin to this is the serenity and calmness which gait and feature alike bewray. . . . The reader, however, will ask, how came it that a man so ungainly as Molière met with such eminent success as an actor. The great fascination of Molière's person we apprehend to have been, that every limb and muscle of his body had something to say for itself : he had all that eloquence of silence for which great actors are so conspicuous ; we mean that, even when the tongue was mute, a gesture, a twitch of the lip, a shrug of the shoulder, were rife with speech. To use the words of a contemporary, he was an actor every inch of him, from the crown of his head to the soles of his feet.—C. K. WATSON.

107. EDMUND BURKE—I

BURKE's gestures were clumsy ; he had sonorous but harsh tones ; he never lost a strong Irish accent ; and his utterance was often hurried and eager. Apart from these disadvantages of accident which have been overcome by men infinitely inferior to Burke, it is easy to perceive, from the matter and texture of the speeches that have become English classics, that the very qualities which are excellences in literature were drawbacks to the spoken discourses. A listener in Westminster Hall or the House of Commons, unlike the reader by his fireside in the next century, is always thinking of arguments and facts that bear directly on the special issue before him. What he wishes to hear is some particularity of event or inference which will either help him to make up his mind, or will justify him if his mind is already made up. Burke never neglected these

particularities, and he never went so wide as to fall for an instant into vagueness, but he went wide enough into the generalities that lent force and light to his view, to weary men who cared for nothing, and could not be expected to care for anything, but the business actually in hand and the most expeditious way through it.—JOHN MORLEY.

108. EDMUND BURKE—II

IT is always interesting in the case of a great man to know how he affected the women of his acquaintance. Women do not usually judge character either so kindly or so soundly as men do, for they lack that knowledge of the ordeals of practical life, which gives both justice and charity to such verdicts. But they are more susceptible than most men are to devotion and nobility in character. The little group of the blue-stockings of the day regarded the great master of knowledge and eloquence with mixed feelings. They felt for Burke the adoring reverence which women offer, with too indiscriminate a trust, to men of commanding power. In his case it was the moral loftiness of his character that inspired them, as much as the splendour of his ability. Of Sheridan or of Fox they could not bear to hear; of Burke they could not hear enough.—JOHN MORLEY.

109. LOUIS XI.—I

BRAVE enough for every useful and political purpose, Louis XI. had not a spark of that romantic valour, or of the pride generally associated with it, which fought on for the point of honour, when the point of utility had been long gained. Calm, crafty, and profoundly attentive to his own interest, he made every sacrifice, both of pride and passion, which could interfere with it. He was careful in disguising his real sentiments and purposes from all who approached him, and frequently used the expressions, "that the king did not know how

to reign who knew not how to dissemble " ; and " that for himself, if he thought his very cap knew his secrets, he would throw it into the fire." No man of his own or of any other time better understood how to avail himself of the frailties of others, and when to avoid giving any advantage by the untimely indulgence of his own.

He was by nature vindictive and cruel, even to the extent of finding pleasure in the frequent executions which he commanded. But, as no touch of mercy ever induced him to spare, when he could with safety condemn, so no sentiment of vengeance ever stimulated him to a premature violence.—WALTER SCOTT.

110. LOUIS XI.—II

HE seldom sprang on his prey till it was fairly within his grasp, and till all hope of rescue was vain ; and his movements were so studiously disguised, that his success was generally what first announced to the world the object he had been manœuvring to attain. He was fond of licence and pleasure ; but neither beauty nor the chase, though both were ruling passions, ever withdrew him from the most regular attendance to public business and the affairs of his kingdom. His knowledge of mankind was profound, and he had sought it in the private walks of life, in which he often personally mingled ; and though naturally proud and haughty, he hesitated not, with an inattention to the arbitrary divisions of society which was then thought something portentously unnatural, to raise from the lowest rank men whom he employed on the most important duties, and knew so well how to choose them, that he was rarely disappointed in their qualities.—WALTER SCOTT.

111. HENRY VIII.

REAL, however, as this progress was, the group of scholars who represented the New Learning in England still remained a little one through the reign of Henry

the Seventh. But a "New Order," to use their own enthusiastic term, dawned on them with the accession of his son. Henry the Eighth had hardly completed his eighteenth year when he mounted the throne, but the beauty of his person, his vigour and skill in arms, seemed matched by a frank and generous temper and a nobleness of political aims. He gave promise of a more popular system of government by checking at once the extortion which had been practised under colour of enforcing forgotten laws, and by bringing his father's financial ministers, Empson and Dudley, to trial on a charge of treason. No accession ever excited higher expectations among a people than that of Henry the Eighth. Pole, his bitterest enemy, confessed at a later time, that the king was of a temper at the beginning of his reign "from which all excellent things might have been hoped." Already in stature and strength a king among his fellows, taller than any, bigger than any, a mighty wrestler, a mighty hunter, an archer of the best, a knight who bore down rider after rider in the tourney, the young monarch combined with his bodily lordliness a largeness and versatility of mind which was to be the special characteristic of the age that had begun. His sympathies were known to be heartily with the New Learning; for Henry was not only himself a fair scholar, but even in boyhood had roused by his wit and attainments the wonder of Erasmus.—J. R. GREEN.

112. FREDERICK THE GREAT—I

HE is a king every inch of him, though without the trappings of a king; presents himself in a Spartan simplicity of vesture; no crown but an old military cocked hat, generally old, or trampled and kneaded into softness if new; no sceptre but one like Agamemnon's, a walking-stick cut from the woods, which serves also as a riding-stick (with which he hits the horse "between the ears," say authors); and for royal robes a mere soldier's blue coat with red facings, and likely to be old,

and sure to have a good deal of Spanish snuff on the breast of it. Rest of the apparel dim, unobtrusive in colour or cut, ending in high over-knee military boots, which may be brushed (and, I hope, kept soft with an underhand suspicion of oil), but are not permitted to be blackened or varnished, Day and Martin with their sootpots forbidden to approach. The man is not of god-like physiognomy any more than of imposing stature or costume; close-shut mouth with thin lips, prominent jaws and nose, receding brow, by no means of Olympian height; head, however, is of long form, and has superlative grey eyes in it. Not what is called a beautiful man, nor yet, by all appearances, what is called a happy. On the contrary, the face bears evidence of many sorrows, of much hard labour done in this world, and seems to anticipate nothing but more still coming.—CARLYLE.

113. FREDERICK THE GREAT—II

QUIET stoicism, capable enough of what joys there were, but not expecting any worth mention; great unconscious and some conscious pride, well-tempered with a cheery mockery of humour, are written on that old face, which carries its chin well forward, in spite of the slight stoop about the neck; snuffy nose, rather flung into the air under its old cocked hat, like an old snuffy lion on the watch; and such a pair of eyes as no man, or lion, or lynx of that century bore elsewhere, according to all the testimony we have. "Those eyes," says Mirabeau, "which, at the bidding of his great soul, fascinated you with seduction or with terror." Most excellent, potent, brilliant eyes, swift-darting as the stars, steadfast as the sun; grey, we said, of the azure-grey colour; large enough, not of glaring size; the habitual expression of them vigilance and penetrating sense, rapidly resting on depth, which is an excellent combination, and gives us the notion of a lambent outer radiance, springing from some great inner sea of light and fire in the man.

The voice, if he speaks to you, is of similar physiognomy : clear, melodious, and sonorous ; all tones are in it, from that of ingenuous inquiry, graceful sociality, light-flowing banter (rather prickly for most part), up to definite word of command, up to desolating word of rebuke and reprobation.—CARLYLE.

114. FREDERIC WILLIAM

THE nature of Frederic William was hard and bad, and the habit of exercising arbitrary power had made him frightfully savage. His rage constantly vented itself to right and left in curses and blows. When his Majesty took a walk, every human being fled before him, as if a tiger had broken loose from a menagerie. If he met a lady in the street, he gave her a kick, and told her to go home and mind her brats. If he saw a clergyman staring at the soldiers, he admonished the reverend gentleman to betake himself to study and prayer, and enforced this pious advice by a sound caning, administered on the spot. But it was in his own house that he was most unreasonable and ferocious. His palace was hell, and he the most execrable of fiends. He despised literature. He hated infidels, papists, and metaphysicians, and did not very well understand in what they differed from each other. The business of life, according to him, was to drill and to be drilled. The recreations suited to a prince were to sit in a cloud of tobacco smoke, to sip Swedish beer between the puffs of the pipe, to play backgammon for three half-pence a rubber, to kill wild hogs, and to shoot partridges by the thousand.—MACAULAY.

115. THE PROTECTOR SOMERSET

SOMERSET had shown ability as a general, and his courage in the field was unimpeachable ; but in social and political life his tendency was ever to confound the imaginary and the real ; to be extreme alike in his

hopes and fears, and to govern himself rather by momentary emotion than by serious thought. He was like a woman in noble enthusiasms—like a woman in passionate sensibility : but he had the infirmity both of men and women whom fortune has spoilt ; he could endure no disappointment, and a mole-hill in his path became a mountain. Thus an amicable intention of remonstrance he had construed into a conspiracy against the king—thus he believed that the council desired to murder him—thus, when his appeal to the country was likely to fail, he sunk into the extreme of despondency and submission ; and now, when his son returned with the letter from the army, which, after his resolution to resign, need not have affected him, he fell again into a hysterical panic. Nothing so keenly irritates nervous excitement as the cold language of truth, and in the emphatic condemnation of his conduct, which he must have known to be just, he saw again gleaming before him the axe of the executioner.—FROUDE.

116. PRINCE ALBERT—I

PRINCE ALBERT was a young man to win the heart of any girl. He was singularly handsome, graceful, and gifted. In princes, as we know, a small measure of beauty and accomplishment suffices to throw courtiers and court ladies into transports of admiration ; but had Prince Albert been the son of a farmer or a butler, he must have been admired for his singular personal attractions. He had had a sound and a varied education. He had been brought up as if he were to be a professional musician, a professional chemist or botanist, and a professor of history and belles-lettres and the fine arts. The scientific and the literary were remarkably blended in his bringing-up. He had begun to study the constitutional history of States, and was preparing himself to take an interest in politics. There was much of the practical and business-like about him, as he showed in after-life ; he loved farming, and took a deep

interest in machinery and in the growth of industrial science. His tastes were for a quiet, domestic, and unostentatious life—a life of refined culture, of happy, calm evenings, of art and poetry and genial communion with Nature. He was made happy by the songs of birds, and delighted in sitting alone and playing the organ.—J. McCARTHY.

117. PRINCE ALBERT—II

BUT there was in him, too, a great deal of the political philosopher. He loved to hear political and other questions well argued out, and once observed that a false argument jarred on his nerves as much as a false note in music. He seems to have had from his youth an all-pervading sense of duty. So far as we can guess, he was absolutely free from the ordinary follies, not to say sins, of youth. Young as he was when he married the Queen, he devoted himself at once to what he conscientiously believed to be the duties of his station, with a self-control and self-devotion rare even among the aged, and almost unknown in youth. He gave up every habit, however familiar and dear, every predilection, no matter how sweet, every indulgence of sentiment or amusement, that in any way threatened to interfere with the steadfast performance of the part he had assigned to himself. No man ever devoted himself more faithfully to the difficult duties of a high, and new situation, or kept more strictly to his resolve.—J. McCARTHY.

118. WASHINGTON

No nobler figure ever stood in the fore-front of a nation's life. Washington was grave and courteous in address; his manners were simple and unpretending, his silence and the serene calmness of his temper spoke of a perfect self-mastery; but there was little in his outer bearing to reveal the grandeur of soul which lifts his figure with all the simple majesty of an ancient statue, out of the

smaller passions, the meaner impulses of the world around him. What recommended him for command was simply his weight among his fellow-landowners of Virginia, and the experience of war which he had gained by service in border contests with the French and the Indians, as well as in Braddock's luckless expedition against Fort Duquesne. It was only as the weary fight went on that the colonists learned little by little the greatness of their leader, his clear judgment, his heroic endurance, his silence under difficulties, his calmness in the hour of danger or defeat, the patience with which he waited, the quickness and hardness with which he struck, the lofty and serene sense of duty that never swerved from its task through resentment or jealousy, that never through war or peace felt the touch of a meaner ambition, that knew no aim save that of guarding the freedom of his fellow-countrymen, and no personal longing save that of returning to his own fireside when their freedom was secured. It was almost unconsciously that men learned to cling to Washington with a trust and faith such as few other men have won, and to regard him with a reverence which still hushes us in presence of his memory. Even America hardly recognised his real greatness till death set its seal on "the man first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his fellow-countrymen."—J. R. GREEN.

119. ELEANOR OF AQUITAINE—I

SHE was as tall as the King, but whereas he was heavily and awkwardly built, her faultless proportion made an ungraceful movement an impossibility, and the rhythmic ease of her slightest gesture expressed an unfaltering bodily energy which no sudden fatigue nor stress of long weariness could bring down.

Her face and her throat, uncovered to the strong morning light, were of a texture as richly clear as the tinted leaves of young orange-blossoms in May; and like the flowers themselves, it seemed to rejoice in air

and sun, in dew and rain, perfected, not marred, by the touch of heat and cold. The straight white throat rose like a column from the neck to the delicate lobe of the faultless ear, and a generously modelled line sprang in a clean curve of beauty to the sudden rounding of the ivory chin, cleft in the midst by Nature's supreme touch. Low on her forehead the heavy waves of her hair were drawn back to each side under the apple-green silk coverchief that was kept in place by the crown of state. But she wore no wimple, and the broad waves flowed down upon her shoulders and hung behind her like a heavy mantle. And they were of that marvellous living hue that the westering sun casts through oak leaves upon an ancient wall in autumn.—F. MARION CRAWFORD.

120. ELEANOR OF AQUITAINE—II

ALL in her face was of light, from her hair to her white forehead ; from her forehead to her radiant eyes, deeper than sapphires, brighter than mountain springs ; from the peach-blossom bloom of her cheeks to the living coral of her lips.

She wore a close-fitting upper garment of fine green cloth, embroidered with a small design in silver thread, in which the heraldic cross of Aquitaine alternated with a conventional flower. The girdle of fine leather, richly embroidered in gold, followed exactly the lower line of this garment round the hips and the long end fell straight from the knot almost to the ground. The silken skirt in many folds was of the same colour as the rest, but without embroidery. The mantle of state, of a figured cloth of gold lined with straw-coloured silk, hung in wide folds from her shoulders, her hair falling over it, and it was loosely held in place by the twisted cord of cloth of gold thread across her breast. Contrary to the fashion of the day, her sleeves were tight and closed at the wrists, and green gloves encased her hands, and were embroidered on the back with the cross of Aquitaine.—F. MARION CRAWFORD.

LITERATURE AND ART

121. THE ORIGIN OF LANGUAGE

THOSE who think that the sounds of nature first suggested language to man hold a theory of language which may be compared to that theory of music by which music is derived from the cataract in the mountains, the wind in the trees, or the sound of the ocean on the shore. It appears to me that there is nothing in inward or outward experience to justify such a theory. As there are sounds in nature that may give an occasional suggestion to the musician, but none that can be acknowledged either as his model to work by or as the original source of his art, so it is with speech. Music and language alike must have come from within, from the greatest depths of our nature.

Man's conscious work upon language in fitting it to express his mind, is the least part of the matter. The greater part is worked out unconsciously. And long eras pass after the perfecting of its processes, before intellectual man awakes to perceive what he himself has done. This only proves from what a depth within his own nature this power of speech is evolved ; only proves what a mystery man is to himself : and it casts a doubt over the prospect of our ever tracing a scientific path up to those springs which fancy calls the Origin of Language.

Of that origin we can only say, it is of the same root with that poetic faculty whereby man makes nature echo his sentiments ; it is correlated to the invention of

music, whereby dead things are made to discourse of human emotions; it is a peculiar property of that nature whose other chief and proper attributes are the power of Love, and the capacity for the knowledge of God.—JOHN EARLE.

122. THE UTILITY OF FOREIGN LANGUAGES

THE greatest impediment to free intercourse between nations is neither distance, nor the difference of mental habits, nor the opposition of national interests; it is simply the imperfect manner in which languages are usually acquired, and the lazy contentment of mankind with a low degree of attainment in a foreign tongue, when a much higher degree of attainment would be necessary to any efficient interchange of ideas. It seems probable that much of the future happiness of humanity will depend upon a determination to learn foreign languages more thoroughly. International ill-will is the parent of innumerable evils. From the intellectual point of view it is a great evil, because it narrows our range of ideas and deprives us of light from foreign thinkers. From the commercial point of view it is an evil, because it leads a nation to deny itself conveniences in order to avoid the dreaded result of doing good to another country. From the political point of view it is an enormous evil, because it leads nations to make war upon each other, and to inflict and endure all the horrors, the miseries, the impoverishment of war, rather than make some little concession on one side or on both sides that would have been made with little difficulty, if the spirit of the two countries had been more friendly. May we not believe that a more general spirit of friendliness would result from more personal intercourse, and that this would be the consequence of more thorough linguistic acquirement?—P. G. HAMERTON.

123. KNOWLEDGE OF FOREIGN LANGUAGES

UNFORTUNATELY an imperfect knowledge of a foreign language is of little use, as it does not give any real freedom of intercourse. Foreigners do not open their minds to one who blunders about their meaning; they consider him to be a sort of child, and address to him "easy things to understand." Their confidence is only to be won by a demonstration of something like equality in intelligence, and nobody can give proof of this unless he has the means of making his thoughts intelligible, and even of assuming, when the occasion presents itself, a somewhat bold and authoritative tone. People of mature and superior intellect, but imperfect linguistic acquirements, are liable to be treated with a kind of condescending indulgence when out of their own country, as if they were as young in years and as feeble in power of thought as they are in their knowledge of foreign languages.

The extreme rarity of that degree of attainment in a foreign language, which deserves to be called *mastery*, is well known to the very few who are competent to judge.—P. G. HAMERTON.

124. EASY READING—I

THE readers of the present day, accustomed to skim newspapers and reviews, demand easy reading. Easy reading must set before the mind a quick succession of images pleasantly and distinctly, like the slides of a magic lantern, and is not meant to be remembered. At least, its primary object is not memory or thought, but pleasure to the reader, credit to the writer. Easy reading must therefore have short sentences. They must not pass on into complex constructions. There must be no attempt to represent gradation of idea. A new sentence must be made for every part of an idea, as well as for the main idea itself. The sentence must always be arranged in the easiest way. The subject must begin,

then the rest must follow in grammatical order, not in order of importance. The essential character of easy reading is that it presents a series of little pictures to the mind separately, one after another. Each is seen at once without effort. If the facts are well selected, and the separate thoughts striking, the effect is delightful. A book constructed on this principle by a skilful hand is a veritable magic lantern. And if the world was constructed on this plan of striking incidents and thoughts sharp and clear, with no modifications, nothing could be better than this style. The great charm of Macaulay lies in this sharp-cut giving of effects. He has spent exceeding pains in choosing the most striking incidents and making telling observations on them.—E. THRING.

125. EASY READING—II

EACH short sentence, arranged generally in grammatical order, falls like a little hammer, and the mind receives with pleasure and without exertion the strokes of the enchanter, just like the flash of a fountain on a hot day. The succession of little blows has an additional recommendation. The more vivid strokes leave an impression on the mind, and the reader thinks, because he remembers perhaps the very words of some telling pieces, that he has received a more than usually full result from the book, a delusion which is not easily broken. But if knowledge is really the object, and to acquire or state sound facts or sound thoughts fully in a connected way, then the sameness of form, the short sentences in which all the ideas take equal rank, the want of connexion, the monotony of a series of little strokes, becomes very wearisome; when each little stroke ought to be remembered in its own order, and there is no distinction to remember them by. In such a style all the helps afforded by word-arrangement, the orderly, unobtrusive harmonies, the gradation and connexion of thought, natural links of construction, all that aids memory, is sacrificed to immediate effect and temporary pleasure;

whilst the mistake of supposing that clearness depends on shortness of sentence is fostered. It does not follow that the idea is clear because the sentences are clear. A short sentence indeed cannot well help being clear, but it may not give a complex idea clearly. And much real power is sacrificed, whilst even the word-clearness is not greater than that which a good writer produces by the harmonious arrangement of his thoughts and words.

Still it is worth noting that the present habits of the English render them very intolerant of anything which does not seem easy. And any writer who disregards this, from whatever reason, will limit by so doing the number of his readers.—E. THRING.

126. PURE ART

THE definition of *pure* literature is that it describes the type in its simplicity, we mean, with the exact amount of accessory circumstance which is necessary to bring it before the mind in finished perfection, and *no more* than that amount. The *type* needs some accessories from its nature—a picturesque landscape does not consist of wholly picturesque features. There is a setting of surroundings—as the Americans would say, of *fixings*—without which the reality is not itself. By a traditional mode of speech, as soon as we see a picture in which a complete effect is produced by detail so rare and so harmonised as to escape us, we say, how “classical.” The whole which is to be seen appears at once and through the detail, but the detail itself is not seen: we do not think of that which gives us the idea; we are absorbed in the idea itself. Just so in literature, the pure art is that which works with the fewest strokes; the fewest, that is, for its purpose, for its aim is to call up and bring home to men an idea, a form, a character, and if that idea be twisted, that form be involved, that character perplexed, many strokes of literary art will be needful. Pure art does not mutilate its object; it

represents it as fully as is possible with the slightest effort' which is possible.—WALTER BAGEHOT.

127. MENTAL PHOTOGRAPHY

It is to be regretted that no mental method of daguerreo-type or photography has yet been discovered, by which the characters of men can be reduced to writing and put into grammatical language with an unerring precision of truthful description. How often does the novelist feel, ay, and the historian also and the biographer, that he has conceived within his mind and accurately depicted on the tablet of his brain the full character and personage of a man, and that, nevertheless, when he flies to pen and ink to perpetuate the portrait, his words forsake, elude, disappoint, and play the deuce with him, till at the end of a dozen pages the man described has no more resemblance to the man conceived than the sign-board at the end of the street has to the Duke of Cambridge?

And yet such mechanical descriptive skill would hardly give more satisfaction to the reader than the skill of the photographer does to the anxious mother desirous to possess an absolute duplicate of her beloved child. The likeness is indeed true; but it is a dull, dead, unfeeling, inauspicious likeness.—ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

128. LATIN VERSE IN PUBLIC SCHOOLS

THE prodigious honour in which Latin verses are held at public schools is surely the most absurd of all absurd distinctions. You rest all reputation upon doing that which is a natural gift, and which no labour can attain. If a lad won't learn the words of a language, his degradation in the school is a very natural punishment for his disobedience or his indolence; but it would be as reasonable to expect that all boys should be witty or beautiful as that they should be poets. In either case, it would

be to make an accidental, unattainable, and not a very important gift of Nature the only or the principal test of merit. This is the reason why boys who make a very considerable figure at school so very often make no figure in the world; and why other lads who are passed over without notice turn out to be valuable, important men. The test established in the world is widely different from that established in a place which is presumed to be a preparation for the world; and the head of a public school, who is a perfect miracle to his contemporaries, finds himself shrink into absolute insignificance, because he has nothing else to command respect or regard but a talent for fugitive poetry in a dead language.—SYDNEY SMITH.

129. THE POET'S MATERIAL

THE Poet is chiefly distinguished from other men by a greater promptness to think and feel without immediate external excitement, and a greater power in expressing such thoughts and feelings as are produced in him in that manner. But these passions and thoughts and feelings are the general passions and thoughts and feelings of men. And with what are they connected? Undoubtedly with our moral sentiments and animal sensations, and with the causes which excite these; with the operations of the elements, and the appearances of the visible universe; with storm and sunshine, with the revolutions of the seasons, with cold and heat, with loss of friends and kindred, with injuries and resentments, gratitude and hope, with fear and sorrow. These, and the like, are the sensations and objects which the poet describes, as they are the sensations of other men, and the objects which interest them.—WORDSWORTH.

130. THE POETIC NATURE

ONE of the first characteristics of the genuine and healthy poetic nature is this—it is rooted rather in the

heart than in the head. Human-heartedness is the soil from which all its other gifts originally grow, and are continually fed. The true poet is not an eccentric creature, not a mere artist living only for art, not a dreamer or a dilettante, sipping the nectar of existence, while he keeps aloof from its deeper interests. He is, above all things, a man among his fellow-men, with a heart that beats in sympathy with theirs, a heart not different from theirs, only larger, more open, more sensitive, more intense. It is the peculiar depth, intensity, and fineness of his emotional nature, which kindles his intellect and inspires it with energy. He does not feel differently from other men, but he feels more. There is a larger field of things over which his feelings range, and in which he takes vivid interest. If, as we have been often told, sympathy is the secret of all insight, this holds especially true of poetic insight, which more than any other derives its power of seeing from sympathy with the object seen. There is a kinship between the poetic eye and the thing it looks on, in virtue of which it penetrates. As the German poet says :

If the eye had not been sunny
How could it look upon the sun ?

And herein lies one great distinction between the poetic and the scientific treatment of things. The scientific man must keep his feelings under stern control, lest they intrude into his researches and colour the dry light, in which alone Science desires to see its objects. The poet on the other hand—it is because his feelings inform and kindle his intellect that he sees into the life of things.
—J. C. SHAIRP.

131. POETRY A MIMETIC ART

POETRY is a mimetic art. It creates, but it creates by combination and representation. Poetical abstractions are beautiful and new, not because the portions of which they are composed had no previous existence in the

mind of man or in nature, but because the whole produced by their combination has some intelligible and beautiful analogy with these sources of emotion and thought, and with the contemporary condition of them : one great poet is a masterpiece of nature which another not only ought to study, but must study. He might as wisely and as easily determine that his mind should no longer be the mirror of all that is lovely in the visible universe, as exclude from his contemplation the beautiful which exists in the writings of a great contemporary. The pretence of doing it would be a presumption in any but the greatest ; the effect, even in him, would be strained, unnatural, and ineffectual. A poet is the combined product of such internal powers as modify the nature of others ; and of such external influences as excite and sustain these powers ; he is not one, but both. Every man's mind is, in this respect, modified by all the objects of nature and art, by every word and every suggestion which he ever admitted to act upon his conscience ; it is the mirror upon which all forms are reflected, and in which they compose one form. Poets, not otherwise than philosophers, painters, sculptors, and musicians, are, in one sense, the creators, and, in another, the creations, of their age.—SHELLEY.

132. THE GENESIS OF A POEM

I HAVE often thought how interesting a magazine paper might be written by any author who would—that is to say, who could—detail, step by step, the processes by which any one of his compositions attained its ultimate point of completion. Why such a paper has never been given to the world I am much at a loss to say—but perhaps the authorial vanity has had more to do with the omission than any one other cause. Most writers—poets in especial—prefer having it understood that they compose by a species of fine frenzy—an ecstatic intuition—and would positively shudder at letting the public take a peep behind the scenes, at the

elaborate and vacillating crudities of thought—at the true purposes seized only at the last moment—at the innumerable glimpses of idea that arrived not at the maturity of full view—at the fully-matured fancies discarded in despair as unmanageable—at the cautious selections and rejections—at the painful erasures and interpolations—in a word, at the wheels and pinions—the tackle for scene-shifting—the step-ladders and demon-traps—the cock's feathers, the red paint and the black patches, which, in ninety-nine cases out of the hundred, constitute the properties of the literary *histrion*.—EDGAR ALLAN POE.

133. POETRY AND MODERN CIVILISATION

WE want the creative faculty to imagine that which we know ; we want the generous impulse to act that which we imagine ; we want the poetry of life : our calculations have outrun conception ; we have eaten more than we can digest. The cultivation of those sciences which have enlarged the limits of the empire of man over the external world has, for want of the poetical faculty, proportionally circumscribed those of the internal world ; and man, having enslaved the elements, remains himself a slave. To what but a cultivation of the mechanical arts in a degree disproportioned to the presence of the creative faculty, which is the basis of all knowledge, is to be attributed the abuse of all invention for abridging and combining labour, to the exasperation of the inequality of mankind ? From what other cause has it arisen that the discoveries which should have lightened, have added a weight to the curse imposed on Adam ? Poetry, and the principle of Self, of which money is the visible incarnation, are the God and Mammon of the world.—SHELLEY.

134. IMPARTIALITY IN A HISTORIAN

WHEN it is claimed that the historian must above all things be impartial, what is meant by the word ? Is it

demanding that the writer on a past age is to take no side—to have no preference, either for persons whom he considers virtuous or for principles which he considers just; and, again, is he to have no reprobation for the contraries to these, which he considers unjust and pernicious? If this is meant by impartiality, the answer is that on these lines history cannot be, and never has been, written. Such is the solidarity of human nature, that it refuses to regard the just and the unjust with equal favour in the past any more than in the present. Erroneous judgments have been passed in the court of history, as they are passed in courts of law. But no judge at the end of a criminal trial was ever able to conceal the side to which he inclined in his summing up. His business is not to abstain from having an opinion, which a man of intelligence could hardly do, but to point to the decisive evidence on either side, and holding up the scales, to let the lighter kick the beam in the eyes of all men. If this is partiality, it is such as no honest man would like to be without. So the historian; his duty is to be impartial in weighing evidence; but that being done, to declare with unmistakable clearness which side has been found wanting.—J. COTTER MORISON.

135. A POPULAR FALLACY

That a man must not laugh at his own jest.

THE severest exaction surely ever invented upon the self-denial of poor human nature! This is to expect a gentleman to give a treat without partaking of it; to sit esurient at his own table, and commend the flavour of his venison upon the absurd strength of his never touching it himself. On the contrary, we love to see a wag *taste* his own joke to his party; to watch a quirk, or a merry conceit, flickering upon the lips some seconds before the tongue is delivered of it. If it be good, fresh, and racy—begotten of the occasion; if he that utters it never thought it before, he is naturally the first to be tickled with it; and any suppression of such complacence

we hold to be churlish and insulting. What does it seem to imply, but that your company is weak or foolish enough to be moved by an image or a fancy, that shall stir you not at all, or but faintly? This is exactly the humour of the fine gentleman in Mandeville, who, while he dazzles his guests with the display of some costly toy, affects himself to see "nothing considerable in it."—LAMB.

136. THE RENAISSANCE

THAT great movement of the mind of man brought with it the exhilaration of an untried freedom and the zest of an unlimited experiment; but it took the human soul from its station in a balanced and rounded scheme of things, to deliver it over to every kind of danger and excess. The wonderful system of Catholic theology gave man his place in the universe; it taught him his duties, allowed for his weaknesses, and at all times exhibited him in so complex a scheme of fixed relations, mundane and celestial, extending beyond the very bounds of thought, that only a temper of absolute humility could carry the burden lightly, or look without terror down those endless vistas of law and providence. From his servant's estate in this great polity he was released by the Renaissance, and became his own master in chaos, free to design and build and inhabit for himself. The enormous nature of the task, which after three centuries is still hardly begun, did not at first oppress him; he was like a child out of school, trying his strength and resource in all kinds of fantastic and extravagant attempts. It was an age of new philosophies, new arts, new cults; none of them modest or sober, all full of the spirit of bravado, high-towering but not broad-based, erected as monuments to the skill and prowess of the individual.—WALTER RALEIGH.

137. OUR KNOWLEDGE OF SHAKESPEARE

THERE is much that we do not know about Shakespeare, and it includes almost all that in our daily traffic with

our fellows we judge to be significant, characteristic, illuminative. We know so little of one another, that we are thankful for the doubtful information given by thumb-marks and finger-prints, tricks of gesture, and accidental flaws in the clay. It is often by our littlenesses that we are most familiarly known; and here our knowledge of Shakespeare fails us. What we do know of him is so essential that it seems impersonal. All this detective machinery he has made of no account by opening his mind and heart to us. If we desire to know how he wore his hat, or what were his idiosyncrasies of speech, it is chiefly because we feel that these things might be of value as signs and indications. But a lifetime of such observations and inferences could not tell us one-tenth part of what he has himself revealed to us by the more potent and expressive way of language. If we knew his littlenesses we should be none the wiser: they would lie to us, and dwarf him. He has freed us from the deceits of these makeshifts; and those who feel that their knowledge of Shakespeare must needs depend chiefly on the salvage of broken facts and details, are his flunkies, not his friends.—WALTER RALEIGH.

138. SHAKESPEARE'S SONNETS

POETRY is not biography; and the value of the Sonnets to the modern reader is independent of all knowledge of their occasion. That they were made from the material of experience is certain: Shakespeare was not a puny imitative rhymester. But the processes of art have changed the tear to a pearl, which remains to decorate new sorrows. The Sonnets speak to all who have known the chances and changes of human life. Their occasion is a thing of the past; their theme is eternal. The tragedy of which they speak is the topic and inspiration of all poetry; it is the triumph of Time, marching relentlessly over the ruin of human ambitions and human desires. It may be read in all nature and in all art; there are hints of it in the movement of the

dial-hand, in the withering of the flowers, in the wrinkles on a beautiful face ; it comes home with the harvests of autumn, and darkens hope in the eclipses of the sun and moon ; the yellowing papers of the poet and the crumbling pyramids of the builder tell of it ; it speaks in the waves that break upon the shore, and in the histories that commemorate bygone civilisations. All things decay ; the knowledge is as old as time, and as dull as philosophy. But what a poignancy it takes from its sudden recognition by the heart :

Then of thy beauty do I question make,
That thou among the wastes of time must go.

—WALTER RALEIGH.

139. POPE'S TRANSLATIONS

POPE's style, when he is at his best, has the merit of being thoroughly alive ; there are no dead masses of useless verbiage ; every excrescence has been carefully pruned away ; slovenly paraphrases and indistinct slurrings over of the meaning have disappeared. He corrected carefully and scrupulously, as his own statement implies, not with a view of transferring as large a portion as possible of his author's meaning to his own verses, but in order to make the versification as smooth and the sense as transparent as possible. We have the pleasure which we receive from really polished oratory ; every point is made to tell ; if the emphasis is too often pointed by some showy antithesis, we are at least never uncertain as to the meaning ; and if the versification is often monotonous, it is articulate and easily caught at first sight. These are the essential merits of good declamation, and it is in the true declamatory passages that Pope is at his best.—LESLIE STEPHEN.

140. THE SATIRE OF SWIFT

WHETHER the excellence of *Gulliver's Travels* is in the conception or the execution, is of little consequence ;

the power is somewhere, and it is a power that has moved the world. The power is not that of big words and vaunting commonplaces. Swift left these to those who wanted them, and has done what his acuteness and intensity of mind alone could enable any one to conceive or to perform. His object was to strip empty pride and grandeur of the imposing air which external circumstances throw around them ; and for this purpose he has cheated the imagination of the illusions which the prejudices of sense and of the world put upon it, by reducing everything to the abstract predicament of size. He enlarges or diminishes the scale as he wishes to show the insignificance or the grossness of our overweening self-love. That he has done this with mathematical precision, with complete presence of mind and perfect keeping, in a manner that comes equally home to the understanding of the man and of the child, does not take away from the merit of the work or the genius of the author. He has taken a new view of human nature, such as a being of a higher sphere might take of it ; he has torn the scales from off his moral vision ; he has tried an experiment upon human life, and sifted its pretensions from the alloy of circumstances ; he has measured it with a rule, has weighed it in a balance, and found it, for the most part, wanting and worthless—in substance and in show.—HAZLITT.

141. GOLDSMITH

His faults, at the worst, were but negative, while his merits were great and decided. He was no one's enemy but his own ; his errors, in the main, inflicted evil on none but himself, and were so blended with humorous and even affecting circumstances, as to disarm anger and conciliate kindness. Where eminent talent is united to spotless virtue, we are awed and dazzled into admiration, but our admiration is apt to be cold and reverential ; while there is something in the harmless infirmities of a good and great, but erring individual

that pleads touchingly to our nature; and we turn more kindly towards the object of our idolatry when we find that, like ourselves, he is mortal and frail. The epithet so often heard, and in such kindly tones, of "poor Goldsmith," speaks volumes. Few who consider the real compound of admirable and whimsical qualities which form his character would wish to prune away its eccentricities, trim its grotesque luxuriance, and clip it down to the decent formalities of rigid virtue. "Let not his frailties be remembered," said Johnson; "he was a very great man." But, for our own part, we rather say "Let them be remembered," since their tendency is to endear; and we question whether he himself would not feel gratified in hearing his reader, after dwelling with admiration on the proofs of his greatness, close the volume with the kind-hearted phrase, so fondly and so familiarly ejaculated, of "Poor Goldsmith."—WASHINGTON IRVING.

142. ENGLISHMEN'S VIEW OF SCOTLAND

IN the '45 you perceived that Scotland was not all bailie, prayer-monger, merchant, and sanctimonious cheat. By slow degrees we rose from moss-trooper and thief to impecunious courtier, then became known as pious business men, ready to cheat and pray on all occasions, but still ridiculous as those who have no money must of necessity appear to richer men. Our want of wit amazed you, for you did not know we wondered at your want of humour, and so both of us were pleased.

Then Scott arose and threw a glamour over Scotland which was nearly all his own. True, we were poor, but then our poverty was so romantic, and we appeared fighting for home and haggis, for foolish native kings, for hills, for heather, freedom, and for all those things which Englishmen enjoy to read about, but which in actual life they take good care only themselves shall share. The pale-faced Master and the Highland chief,

the ruined gentleman, the smuggler, swashbuckler, soldier, faithful servant, and the rest, he marked and made his own, but then he looked about to find his counterfoils, the low comedians, without whose presence every tragedy must halt.—R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM.

143. STYLE

SCOTT'S facility, Flaubert's deeply pondered evocation of "the phrase," are equally good art. Say what you have to say, what you have a will to say, in the simplest, the most direct and exact manner possible, with no surplusage:—there is the justification of the sentence so fortunately born, "entire, smooth, and round," that it needs no punctuation, and also (that is the point!) of the most elaborate period, if it be right in its elaboration. Here is the office of ornament: here also the purpose of restraint in ornament. As the exponent of truth, that austerity (the beauty, the function, of which in literature Flaubert understood so well) becomes not the correctness or purism of the mere scholar, but a security against the otiose, a jealous exclusion of what does not really tell towards the pursuit of relief, of life and vigour in the portraiture of one's sense. License again, the making free with rule, if it be indeed, as people fancy, a habit of genius, flinging aside or transforming all that opposes the liberty of beautiful production, will be but faith to one's own meaning. The seeming baldness of *Le Rouge et le Noir* is nothing in itself; the wild ornament of *Les Misérables* is nothing in itself; and the restraint of Flaubert, amid a real natural opulence, only redoubled beauty—the phrase so large and so precise at the same time, hard as bronze, in service to the more perfect adaptation of words to their matter. Afterthoughts, retouchings, finish, will be of profit only so far as they too really serve to bring out the original, initiative, generative sense in them.—WALTER PATER.

144. CHARLES DICKENS

HIS range is very varied. He has attempted to describe every kind of scene in English life, from quite the lowest to almost the highest. He has not endeavoured to secure success by confining himself to a single path, nor wearied the public with repetitions of the subjects by the delineation of which he originally obtained fame. In his earlier works he never writes long without saying something well ; something which no other man would have said ; but even in them it is the characteristic of his power that it is apt to fail him at once ; from masterly strength we pass without interval to almost infantine weakness,—something like disgust succeeds in a moment to an extreme admiration. Such is the natural fate of an unequal mind employing itself on a vast and various subject. On a recent occasion we ventured to make a division of novels into the ubiquitous and the sentimental ; the first, as its name implies, busying itself with the whole of human life, the second restricting itself within a peculiar and limited theme. Mr. Dickens's novels are all of the former class. They aim to delineate nearly all that part of our national life which can be delineated,—at least, within the limits which social morality prescribes to social art ; but you cannot read his delineation of any part without being struck with its singular incompleteness. An artist once said of the best work of another artist, " Yes, it is a pretty patch." If we might venture on the phrase, we should say that Mr. Dickens's pictures are graphic scraps ; his best books are compilations of them.—BAGEHOT.

145. WORDSWORTH—I

WORDSWORTH composed verses during a space of some sixty years ; and it is no exaggeration to say that within one single decade of those years, between 1798 and 1808, almost all his really first-rate work was produced. A mass of inferior work remains, work done before and

after this golden prime, imbedding the first-rate work and clogging it, obstructing our approach to it, chilling, not unfrequently, the high-wrought mood with which we leave it. To be recognised far and wide as a great poet, to be possible and receivable as a classic, Wordsworth needs to be relieved of a great deal of the poetical baggage which now encumbers him. To administer this relief is indispensable, unless he is to continue to be a poet for the few only, a poet valued far below his real worth by the world.

There is another thing. Wordsworth classified his poems not according to any commonly received plan of arrangement, but according to a scheme of mental physiology. He has poems of the fancy, poems of the imagination, poems of sentiment and reflection, and so on. His categories are ingenious but far-fetched, and the result of his employment of them is unsatisfactory. Poems are separated one from another which possess a kinship of subject or of treatment far more vital and deep than the supposed unity of mental origin which was Wordsworth's reason for joining them with others.—
MATTHEW ARNOLD.

146. WORDSWORTH—II

THE tact of the Greeks in matters of this kind was infallible. We may rely upon it that we shall not improve upon the classification adopted by the Greeks for kinds of poetry ; that their categories of epic, dramatic, lyric, and so forth, have a natural propriety, and should be adhered to. It may sometimes seem doubtful to which of two categories a poem belongs ; whether this or that poem is to be called, for instance, narrative or lyric, lyric or elegiac. But there is to be found in every good poem a strain, a predominant note, which determines the poem as belonging to one of these kinds rather than the other ; and here is the best proof of the value of the classification, and of the advantage of adhering to it. Wordsworth's poems will never produce their due effect

until they are freed from their present artificial arrangements, and grouped more naturally.

Disengaged from the quantity of inferior work which now obscures them, the best poems of Wordsworth, I hear many people say, would indeed stand out in great beauty, but they would prove to be very few in number, scarcely more than half-a-dozen. I maintain, on the other hand, that what strikes me with admiration, what establishes in my opinion Wordsworth's superiority, is the great and ample body of powerful work which remains to him, even after all his inferior work has been cleared away. He gives us so much to rest upon, so much which communicates his spirit and engages ours !—
MATTHEW ARNOLD.

147. THE SIMPLICITY OF WORDSWORTH'S LIFE

WORDSWORTH'S conception of human character retained to the end an extreme simplicity. Many of life's most impressive phenomena were hid from his eyes. He neither achieved nor underwent any of those experiences which can make all high romance seem a part of memory, and bestow, as it were, a password and introduction into the very innermost of human fates. On the other hand, he almost wholly escaped those sufferings which exceptional natures must needs derive from too close a contact with this commonplace world. It was not his lot—as it has been the lot of so many poets—to move amongst mankind at once as an intimate and a stranger ; to travel from disillusionment to disillusionment and from regret to regret ; to construct around him a world of ideal beings, who crumble into dust at his touch ; to hope from them what they can neither understand nor accomplish, to lavish on them what they can never repay. Such pain, indeed, may become a discipline ; and the close contact with many lives may teach to the poetic nature lessons of courage, self-suppression, of resolute good will, and may transform into an added dignity the tumult of emotions which might else have

run riot in his heart. Yet it is less often from moods of self-control than from moods of self-abandonment that the fount of poetry springs.—F. W. H. MYERS.

148. LONGFELLOW AS A POET OF THE SEA

THEN did he win himself a place apart among sea poets. With the most of them it is a case of *Ego et rex meus*: It is I and the sea, and my egoism is as valiant and as vocal as the other's. But Longfellow is the spokesman of a confraternity; what thrills him to utterance is the spirit of that strange and beautiful freemasonry established as long ago as when the first sailor steered the first keel out into the unknown, irresistible water-world, and so established the foundations of the eternal brotherhood of man with ocean. To him the sea is a place of mariners and ships. In his verse the rigging creaks, the white sail fills and crackles, there are blown smells of pine and hemp and tar; you catch the home wind on your cheeks; and old shipmen, their eyeballs white in their bronzed faces, with silver rings and gaudy handkerchiefs, come in and tell you moving stories of the immemorial, incommunicable deep. He abides in a port; he goes down to the docks, and loiters among the galiots and brigantines; he hears the melancholy song of the chanty-men; he sees the chips flying under the shipwright's adze; he smells the pitch that smokes and bubbles in the caldron.—W. E. HENLEY.

149. VILLON

ALONG with this deadly gloom of outlook, we must take another characteristic of his work: its unrivalled sincerity. I can give no better similitude of this quality than I have given already: that he comes up with a whine, and runs away with a whoop and his finger to his nose. His pathos is that of a professional mendicant who should happen to be a man of genius; his levity that of a bitter street arab, full of bread. On a first

reading, the pathetic passages preoccupy the reader, and he is cheated out of an alms in the shape of sympathy. But when the thing is studied the illusion fades away: in the transitions, above all, we can detect the evil, ironical temper of the man; and instead of a flighty work, where many crude but genuine feelings tumble together for the mastery as in the lists of tournament, we are tempted to think of the *Large Testament* as of one long-drawn epical grimace, pulled by a merry-andrew, who has found a certain despicable eminence over human respect and human affections by perching himself astride upon the gallows. Between these two views, at best, all temperate judgments will be found to fall; and rather, as I imagine, towards the last.—R. L. STEVENSON.

150. ALFRED DE MUSSET

HE was beyond question one of the first poets of our day. If the poetic force is measured by the quality of the inspiration—by its purity, intensity, and closely personal savour—Alfred de Musset's place is surely very high. He was, so to speak, a thoroughly personal poet. He was not the poet of nature, of the universe, of reflection, of morality, of history; he was the poet simply of a certain order of personal emotions, and his charm is in the frankness and freedom, the grace and harmony, with which he expresses these emotions. The affairs of the heart—these were his province; in no other verse has the heart spoken more characteristically. Herr Lindau says very justly that if he was not the greatest poet among his contemporaries, he was at any rate the most poetically constituted nature. A part of Herr Lindau's judgment is worth quoting:

“He has remained the poet of youth. No one has sung so truthfully and touchingly its aspirations and its sensibilities, its doubts and its hopes. No one has comprehended and justified its follies and its amiable idiosyncrasies with a more poetic irony, with a deeper

conviction. His joy was young, his sorrow was young, and young was his song. To youth he owed all happiness, and in youth he sang his brightest chants. But the weakness of youth was his fatal enemy, and with youth faded away his joy in existence and in creation."—HENRY JAMES.

151. FLAUBERT AND REALISM

M. FLAUBERT'S theory as a novelist, briefly expressed, is that one should begin on the outside. Human life, we may imagine him saying, is before all things a spectacle, an occupation and entertainment for the eyes. What our eyes show us is all we are sure of; so with this we will, at any rate, begin. As this is infinitely curious and entertaining, if we know how to look at it, and as such looking consumes a great deal of time and space, it is very possible that with this also we may end. We admit nevertheless that there is something else, beneath and behind, that belongs to the realm of vagueness and uncertainty, and into this we may occasionally dip. It crops up sometimes irresistibly, and of course we do not positively count it out. On the whole, we leave it to take care of itself and let it come off as it may. If we propose to represent the pictorial side of life, of course we must do it thoroughly well—we must be complete. There must be no botching, no bungling, no scamping; it must be a serious matter. We will "render" things—anything, everything, from a chimney-pot to the shoulders of a duchess—as painters render them. We believe there is a certain particular phrase, better than any other, for everything in the world, and the thoroughly accomplished writer ends by finding it. We care only for what is—we know nothing about what ought to be. Human life is interesting, because we are of it and in it; all kinds of curious things are taking place in it (we do not analyse the curious—for artists it is an ultimate fact); we select as many of them as possible. Some of the most curious

are the most disagreeable, but the chance for "rendering" in the disagreeable is as great as anywhere else (some people think even greater), and moreover the disagreeable is extremely characteristic. The real is the most satisfactory thing in the world, and if we once fairly advance on this line nothing shall frighten us back.—HENRY JAMES.

152. GOETHE'S CONCEPTION OF MEPHISTOPHELES

... GOETHE'S conception of the character and reasoning of Mephistopheles, the tempting spirit in the singular play of *Faust*, appears to me more happy than that which has been formed by Byron, and even than the *Satan* of Milton. These last great authors have given to the Evil Principle something which elevated and dignifies his wickedness; a sustained and unconquerable resistance against Omnipotence itself—a lofty scorn of suffering compared with submission, and all those points of attraction in the Author of Evil, which have induced Burns and others to consider him as the Hero of the *Paradise Lost*. The great German poet has, on the contrary, rendered his seducing spirit a being who, otherwise totally unimpassioned, seems to have existed for the purpose of increasing, by his persuasions and temptations, the mass of moral evil, and who calls forth by his seductions those slumbering passions which otherwise might have allowed the human being who was the object of the Evil Spirit's operations to pass the tenor of his life in tranquillity. For this purpose Mephistopheles is like Louis XI., endowed with an acute and depreciating spirit of caustic wit, which is employed incessantly in undervaluing and vilifying all actions, the consequences of which do not lead certainly and directly to self-gratification.—WALTER SCOTT.

153. GOETHE'S INDIVIDUALISM

THE same fundamental attitude of mind determined Goethe's *ethical* thinking, his ideals of conduct, his

criticism of life. . . . In the young Goethe of the "Storm and Stress," of *Prometheus* and the *Urfaust*, his rooted individualism appears in its most revolutionary form. But even here it is far removed from egoism. It is shot through with the sense of the infinite pulsing life of humanity at large and of Nature, the divine universe of which each man was a part. Faust aspires not to trample brutally upon his fellow-men, but to enlarge his single self to the universal self of humanity. And with Goethe's advance in maturity of mind and character the consciousness of the power and the claims of the external forces which environ the individual life became steadily more urgent. The individual never ceased to be the focus of his ethical interest, wisdom, and foresight; but the problem of its well-being became more and more complicated as his recognition of the limiting and furthering conditions grew more complete, and at every step it detached itself more clearly from light and complacent self-indulgence.

The "development of one's individual powers" was a duty on which Goethe never wearied of insisting. It was the bed-rock of his ethical thinking.—C. H. HERFORD.

154. THE SPONTANEITY OF GREAT ART

GREAT artists and great writers are rarely troubled by theories; one of the chief characteristics of mature genius is that it springs directly from conception to expression without much thought as to the means; a man who has used the same tools for a dozen years is not likely to take his chisel by the wrong end, nor to hesitate in choosing the right one for the stroke to be made, much less "to take a sledge hammer to kill a fly," as the saying is. His unquiet mind has discovered some new and striking relation between the true and the beautiful; the very next step is to express that relation in clay, or in colour, or in words. While he is doing so he rarely stops to think, or to criticise his own half-finished work; he is too sure of himself, just then, to

pause, and, above all, he is too happy, for all the real happiness he finds in his art is there, between the painfully disquieting ferment of the mental chaos that went before and the more or less acute disappointment which is sure to come when the finished work turns out to be less than perfect, like all things human.—F. MARION CRAWFORD.

155. "ALL GOOD WORK MUST BE FREE HAND-WORK"

I SAID that hand-work might always be known from machine-work, observing, however, at the same time, that it was possible for men to turn themselves into machines, and to reduce their labour to the machine level; but so long as men work as men, putting their heart into what they do, and doing their best, it matters not how bad workmen they may be, there will be that in the handling which is above all price: it will be plainly seen that some places have been delighted in more than others—that there have been a pause and a care about them; and then there will come careless bits and fast bits; and here the chisel will have struck hard, and here lightly, and anon timidly; and if the man's mind as well as his heart went with his work, all this will be in the right places, and each part will set off the other; and the effect of the whole, as compared with the same design, cut by a machine or a lifeless hand, will be like that of poetry well read and deeply felt to that of the same verses jangled by rote. There are many to whom the difference is imperceptible, but to those who love poetry it is everything—they had rather not hear it at all than hear it ill read; and to those who love architecture, the life and accent of the hand are everything. They had rather not have ornament at all than see it ill cut—deadly cut, that is. I cannot too often repeat, it is not coarse cutting, it is not blunt cutting that is necessarily bad; but it is cold cutting—the look of equal trouble everywhere—the smooth diffused tranquillity of heartless pains—the regularity of a plough in a level field. The chill is more likely, indeed, to show

itself in finished work than in any other—men cool and tire as they complete : and if completeness is thought to be vested in polish and to be attainable by help of sand-paper, we may as well give the work to the engine lathe at once. But right finish is simply the full rendering of the intended impression ; and high finish is the rendering of a well-intended and vivid impression ; and it is oftener got by rough than fine handling.—RUSKIN.

156. UNITY OF IMPRESSION IN PURE ART

A WIT once said that “ *pretty* women had more features than *beautiful* women,” and though the expression may be criticised, the meaning is correct. Pretty women seem to have a great number of attractive points, each of which attracts your attention, and each one of which you remember afterwards ; yet these points have not *grown together*, their features have not linked themselves into a single inseparable whole. But a beautiful woman is a whole as she is ; you no more take her to pieces than a Greek statue ; she is not an aggregate of divisible charms, she is a charm in herself. Such ever is the dividing test of pure art ; if you catch yourself admiring its details, it is defective ; you ought to think of it as a single whole which you must remember, which you must admire, which somehow subdues you while you admire it, which is a “ possession ” to you “ for ever.”—BAGEHOT.

157. THE PROPER COLOURS OF ARCHITECTURE

THE true colours of architecture are those of natural stone, and I would fain see these taken advantage of to the full. Every variety of hue, from pale yellow to purple, passing through orange, red, and brown, is entirely at our command ; nearly every kind of green is also attainable ; and with these, and pure white, what harmonies might we not achieve ? Of stained and variegated stone the quantity is unlimited, the kinds innumerable ; where brighter colours are required, let

glass, and gold protected by glass, be used in mosaic—a kind of work as durable as the solid stone, and incapable of losing its lustre by time—and let the painter's work be reserved for the shadowed loggia and inner chamber. This is the true and faithful way of building ; where this cannot be, the device of external colouring may, indeed, be employed without dishonour ; but it must be with the warning reflection that a time will come when such aids must pass away, and when the building will be judged in its lifelessness, dying the death of the dolphin. Better the less bright, more enduring fabric. The transparent alabasters of San Miniato, and the mosaics of St. Mark's, are more warmly filled, and more brightly touched, by every return of morning and evening rays ; while the hues of our cathedrals have died like the iris out of the cloud ; and the temples whose azure and purple once flamed above Greek promontories stand in their faded whiteness, like snows which the sun has left cold.—RUSKIN.

158. MOSSES—I

WE have found beauty in the tree yielding fruit, and in the herb yielding seed. How of the herb yielding *no* seed, the fruitless, flowerless lichen of the rock ?

Lichen, and mosses (though these last in their luxuriance are deep and rich as herbage, yet both for the most part humblest of the green things that live)—how of these ? Meek creatures ! the first mercy of the earth, veiling with hushed softness its dintless rocks ; creatures full of pity, covering with strange and tender honour the scarred disgrace of ruin—laying quiet finger on the trembling stones, to teach them rest. No words, that I know of, will say what these mosses are. None are delicate enough, none perfect enough, none rich enough. How is one to tell of the rounded bosses of furred and beaming green, the starred divisions of rubied bloom, fine-filmed, as if the Rock Spirits could spin porphyry as we do glass—the traceries of intricate silver, and

fringes of amber lustrous, arborescent, burnished through every fibre into fitful brightness and glossy traverses of silken change, yet all subdued and pensive, and framed for simplest, sweetest offices of grace? They will not be gathered, like the flowers, for chaplet or love-token; but of these the wild bird will make its nest, and the wearied child his pillow.—RUSKIN.

159. MOSSES—II

AND, as the earth's first mercy, so they are its last gift to us. When all other service is vain, from plant and tree, the soft mosses and grey lichen take up their watch by the headstone. The woods, the blossoms, the gift-bearing grasses, have done their parts for a time, but these do service for ever. Trees for the builder's yard, flowers for the bride's chamber, corn for the granary, moss for the grave.

Yet as in one sense the humblest, in another they are the most honoured of the earth-children. Unfading, as motionless, the worm frets them not, and the autumn wastes not. Strong in lowliness, they neither blanch in heat nor pine in frost. To them, slow-fingered, constant-hearted, is entrusted the weaving of the dark, eternal tapestries of the hills; to them, slow-pencilled, iris-dyed, the tender framing of their endless imagery. Sharing the stillness of the unimpassioned rock, they share also its endurance; and while the winds of departing spring scatter the white hawthorn blossom like drifted snow, and summer dims on the parched meadow the drooping of its cowslip-gold—far above, among the mountains, the silver lichen-spots rest, star-like, on the stone; and the gathering orange stain upon the edge of yonder western peak reflects the sunsets of a thousand years.—RUSKIN.

160. THE EFFECT OF MUSIC

MUCH of the effect of musick, I am satisfied, is owing to the association of ideas. That air, which instantly and

irresistibly excites in the Swiss, when in a foreign land, the *maladie du pays*, has, I am told, no intrinsic power of sound. And I know from my own experience that Scotch reels, though brisk, make me melancholy, because I used to hear them in my early years, at a time when Mr. Pitt called for soldiers "from the mountains of the north," and numbers of brave Highlanders were going abroad, never to return. Whereas the airs in *The Beggar's Opera*, many of which are very soft, never fail to render me gay, because they are associated with the warm sensations and high spirits of London. This evening, while some of the tunes of ordinary composition were played with no great skill, my frame was agitated, and I was conscious of a generous attachment to Dr. Johnson, as my preceptor and friend, mixed with an affectionate regret that he was an old man, whom I should probably lose in a short time. I thought I could defend him at the point of my sword. My reverence and affection for him were in full glow. I said to him, "My dear sir, we must meet every year, if you don't quarrel with me." JOHNSON: "Nay, sir, you are more likely to quarrel with me than I with you. My regard for you is greater almost than I have words to express; but I do not choose to be always repeating it; write it down in the first leaf of your pocket-book, and never doubt of it again."—BOSWELL.

161. MUSIC—I

LET us take another instance of an outward and earthly form, or economy, under which great wonders unknown seem to be typified; I mean musical sounds, as they are exhibited most perfectly in instrumental harmony. There are seven notes in the scale; make them fourteen; yet what a slender outfit for so vast an enterprise! What science brings so much out of so little? Out of what poor elements does some great master in it create his new world! Shall we say that all this exuberant inventiveness is a mere ingenuity or trick of art, like

some game or fashion of the day, without reality, without meaning ? We may do so ; and then, perhaps, we shall also account the science of theology to be a matter of words ; yet, as there is a divinity in the theology of the Church, which those who feel cannot communicate, so is there also in the wonderful creation of sublimity and beauty of which I am speaking.—J. H. NEWMAN.

162. MUSIC—II

To many men the very names which the science employs are utterly incomprehensible. To speak of an idea or a subject seems to be fanciful or trifling, to speak of the views which it opens upon us to be childish extravagance ; yet is it possible that that inexhaustible evolution and disposition of notes, so rich yet so simple, so intricate yet so regulated, so various yet so majestic, should be a mere sound, which is gone and perishes ? Can it be that those mysterious stirrings of heart and keen emotions, and strange yearnings after we know not what, and awful impressions from we know not whence, should be wrought in us by what is unsubstantial, and comes and goes, and begins and ends in itself ? It is not so ; it cannot be. No ; they have escaped from some higher sphere ; they are the outpouring of eternal harmony in the medium of created sound ; they are echoes from our home ; they are the voice of angels, or the *Magnificat* of saints, or the living laws of divine governance, or the divine attributes ; something are they besides themselves, which we cannot compass, which we cannot utter, though mortal man, and he perhaps not otherwise distinguished above his fellows, has the gift of eliciting them.—J. H. NEWMAN.

163. THE TRUE PURPOSE OF KNOWLEDGE

BUT the greatest error of all the rest is the mistaking or misplacing of the last or furthest end of knowledge. For men have entered into a desire of learning and

knowledge, sometimes upon a natural curiosity and inquisitive appetite ; sometimes to entertain their minds with variety and delight ; sometimes for ornament and reputation ; and sometimes to enable them to victory of wit and contradiction ; and most times for lucre and profession ; and seldom sincerely to give a true account of their gift of reason, to the benefit and use of men : as if there were sought in knowledge a couch whereupon to rest a searching and restless spirit ; or a terrace for a wandering and variable mind to walk up and down with a fair prospect ; or a tower of state for a proud mind to raise itself upon ; or a fort or commanding ground for strife and contention ; or a shop for profit or sale ; and not a rich storehouse for the glory of the Creator and the relief of man's estate.—BACON.

REFLECTIVE, SOCIAL, POLITICAL

164. MEDITATION UPON A BROOMSTICK—I

THIS single stick, which you now behold ingloriously lying in that neglected corner, I once knew in a flourishing state in a forest ; it was full of sap, full of leaves, and full of boughs ; but now, in vain does the busy art of man pretend to vie with Nature by tying that withered bundle of twigs to its sapless trunk ; it is now, at best, but the reverse of what it was, a tree turned upside down, the branches on the earth, and the root in the air ; it is now handled by every dirty wench, condemned to do her drudgery, and, by a capricious kind of fate, destined to make other things clean and be nasty itself ; at length, worn to the stumps in the service of the maids, it is either thrown out of doors or condemned to the last use of kindling a fire. When I beheld this, I sighed, and said within myself : SURELY MAN IS A BROOMSTICK ; Nature sent him into the world strong and lusty, in a thriving condition, wearing his own hair on his head, the proper branches of this reasoning-vegetable, until the axe of intemperance has lopped his green boughs and left him a withered trunk ; he then flies to art and puts on a periwig, valuing himself upon an unnatural bundle of hairs (all covered with powder), that never grew on his head.—SWIFT.

165. MEDITATION UPON A BROOMSTICK—II

BUT now, should this our broomstick pretend to enter the scene, proud of those birchen spoils it never bore,

and all covered with dust, though the sweepings of the finest lady's chamber, we should be apt to ridicule and despise this vanity. Partial judges that we are of our own excellences and other men's defaults.

But a broomstick, perhaps you will say, is an emblem of a tree standing on its head; and pray what is man but a topsy-turvy creature, his animal faculties perpetually mounted on his rational, his head where his heels should be, grovelling on the earth! And yet, with all his faults, he sets up to be a universal reformer and corrector of abuses, a remover of grievances, rakes into every slut's corner of Nature, bringing hidden corruption to the light, and raises a mighty dust where there was none before; sharing deeply all the while in the very same pollutions he pretends to sweep away. His last days are spent in slavery to women, and generally the least deserving; till, worn out to the stumps, like his brother besom, he is either kicked out of doors, or made use of to kindle flames for others to warm themselves by.—SWIFT.

166. "DO IT WITH THY MIGHT"

WE have certain work to do for our bread, and that is to be done strenuously; other work to do for our delight, and that is to be done heartily: neither is to be done by halves and shifts, but with a will; and what is not worth this effort is not to be done at all. Perhaps all that we have to do is meant for nothing more than an exercise of the heart and of the will, and is useless in itself; but, at all events, the little use it has may well be spared if it is not worth putting our hands and our strength to. It does not become our immortality to take an ease inconsistent with its authority, nor to suffer any instruments with which it can dispense, to come between it and the things it rules: and he who would form the creations of his own mind by any other instrument than his own hand, would also, if he might, give grinding organs to Heaven's angels, to make their music easier. There is dreaming enough, and earthiness

enough, and sensuality enough in human existence, without our turning the few glowing moments of it into mechanism ; and since our life must be at the best but a vapour that appears for a little time and then vanishes away, let it at least appear as a cloud in the height of Heaven, not as the thick darkness that broods over the blast of the Furnace, and rolling of the Wheel.—RUSKIN.

167. LABOUR AND SLEEP

THERE is not a greater fallacy in the world than the common creed that sweet sleep is labour's guerdon. Mere regular corporeal labour may certainly procure us a good, sound, refreshing slumber, disturbed often by the consciousness of the monotonous duties of the morrow ; but how sleep the other great labourers of this laborious world ? Where is the sweet sleep of the politician ? After hours of fatigue in his office and hours of exhaustion in the House, he gains his pillow ; and a brief, feverish night, disturbed by the triumph of a cheer and the horrors of a reply. Where is the sweet sleep of the poet ? We all know how harassing are the common dreams which are made up of incoherent images of our daily life, in which the actors are individuals that we know, and whose conduct generally appears to be regulated by principles which we can comprehend. How much more enervating and destroying must be the slumber of that man who dreams of an imaginary world ! waking, with a heated and excited spirit, to mourn over some impressive incident of the night, which is nevertheless forgotten, or to collect some inexplicable plot which has been revealed in sleep, and has fled from the memory as the eyelids have opened. Where is the sweet sleep of the artist ? of the lawyer ? Where, indeed, of any human being to whom to-morrow brings its necessary duties ? Sleep is the enemy of Care, and Care is the constant companion of regular labour, mental or bodily.—DISRAELI.

168. SHYNESS

THE fancy that is easily moved to laughter is also somewhat susceptible of tears. A man of common sense, ashamed to own his tendency to such weak emotions, cloaks them under brevity of speech, rough carelessness of manner, and an appearance of confirmed insensibility, transparent enough to those who are in the habit of penetrating the affectations of their kind. It is your glib, plausible, well-spoken personage, generally voluble, always indifferent, and habitually polite, whose heart is as hard as the nether millstone. Abruptness of speech, hesitation in offering and accepting conventional courtesies, reserve with strangers, and diffidence among women, these drawbacks to social success are often the very offspring of generous feelings and a high tone of mind. It is a calumny to say that shyness arises from conceit. It is more generally the result of respect for others as well as self; and, though the example be rare as it is ridiculous, a man who is capable of blushing after his whiskers are grown, is usually a good fellow at bottom, and as honest as the day is long.—WHYTE MELVILLE.

169. EARLY EXPERIENCES

So the child of whom I am writing lived on there quietly; things without thus ministering to him, as he sat daily at the window with the birdcage hanging below it, and his mother taught him to read, wondering at the ease with which he learned, and at the quickness of his memory. The perfume of the little flowers of the lime-tree fell through the air upon them, like rain; while time seemed to move ever more slowly to the murmur of the bees in it, till it almost stood still on June afternoons. How insignificant, at the moment, seem the influences of the sensible things which are tossed and fall and lie about us, so, or so, in the environment of early childhood! How indelibly, as we afterwards discover, they affect us; with what capricious attractions and

associations they figure themselves on the white paper, the smooth wax, of our ingenuous souls, as "with lead in the rock for ever," giving form and feature, and as it were assigned house-room in our memory, to early experiences of feeling and thought, which abide with us ever afterwards, thus, and not otherwise!—WALTER PATER.

170. OLD AGE

By the time a man gets well into the seventies, his continued existence is a mere miracle; and when he lays his old bones in bed for the night, there is an overwhelming probability that he will never see the day. Do the old men mind it, as a matter of fact? Why, no. They were never merrier; they have their grog at night, and tell the raciest stories; they hear of the death of people about their own age, or even younger, not as if it was a grisly warning, but with a simple childlike pleasure at having outlived some one else; and when a draught might puff them out like a guttering candle, or a bit of a stumble shatter them like so much glass, their old hearts keep sound and unafrighted, and they go on, bubbling with laughter, through years of man's age compared to which the valley at Balaklava was as safe and peaceful as a village cricket-green on Sunday. It may fairly be questioned (if we look to the peril only) whether it was a much more daring feat for Curtius to plunge into the gulf, than for any old gentleman of ninety to doff his clothes and clamber into bed.—R. L. STEVENSON.

171. REFLECTIONS ON SOLITUDE

WE were in this place at ease and by choice, and had no evils to suffer or to fear; yet the imaginations excited by the view of an unknown and untravelled wilderness are not such as arise in the artificial solitude of parks and gardens, a flattering notion of self-

sufficiency, a placid indulgence of voluntary delusions, a secure expansion of the fancy, or a cool concentration of the mental powers. The phantoms which haunt a desert are want, and misery, and danger; the evils of dereliction rush upon the thoughts; man is made unwillingly acquainted with his own weakness, and meditation shows him only how little he can sustain, and how little he can perform. There were no traces of inhabitants, except perhaps a rude pile of clods called a summer hut, in which a herdsman had rested in the favourable seasons. Whoever had been in the place where I then sat, unprovided with provisions and ignorant of the country, might, at least before the roads were made, have wandered among the rocks, till he had perished with hardship, before he could have found either food or shelter. Yet what are these hillocks to the ridges of Taurus, or these spots of wildness to the deserts of America?—JOHNSON.

172. DESIRE FOR SOLITUDE

THERE are mysterious moments in some men's lives where the faces of human beings are very agony to them, and when the sound of the human voice is jarring as discordant music. These fits are not the consequence of violent or contending passions: they grow not out of sorrow, or joy, or hope, or fear, or hatred, or despair. For in the hour of affliction the tones of our fellow-creatures are ravishing as the most delicate lute; and in the flush moment of joy where is the smiler who loves not a witness to his revelry or a listener to his good fortune? Fear makes us feel our humanity, and then we fly to men, and Hope is the parent of kindness. The misanthrope and the reckless are neither agitated nor agonised. It is in these moments that men find in Nature that congeniality of spirit which they seek for in vain in their own species. It is in these moments that we sit by the side of a waterfall and listen to its music the live-long day. It is in these moments

that Nature becomes our Egeria ; and, refreshed and renovated by this beautiful communion, we return to the world better enabled to fight our parts in the hot war of passions, to perform the great duties for which man appeared to have been created, to love, to hate, to slander, and to slay.—DISRAELI.

173. COMPANIONSHIP ON A JOURNEY

I HAVE no objection to argue a point with any one for twenty miles of measured road, but not for pleasure. If you remark the scent of a beanfield crossing the road, perhaps your fellow-traveller has no smell. If you point to a distant object, perhaps he is short-sighted, and has to take out his glass to look at it. There is a feeling in the air, a tone in the colour of a cloud, which hits your fancy, but the effect of which you are unable to account for. There is then no sympathy, but an uneasy craving after it, and a dissatisfaction which pursues you on the way, and in the end probably produces ill-humour. Now I never quarrel with myself, and take all my conclusions for granted till I find it necessary to defend them against objections.—HAZLITT.

174. THE POET'S LIFE

WHERE should the scholar live ? In solitude, or in society ? In the green stillness of the country, where he can hear the heart of Nature beat ; or in the dark, grey city, where he can hear and feel the throbbing heart of man ? I will make answer for him, and say, in the dark, grey city. Oh, they do greatly err who think that the stars are all the poetry which cities have, and, therefore, that the poet's only dwelling should be in sylvan solitudes, under the green roof of trees. Beautiful, no doubt, are all the forms of Nature when transfigured by the miraculous power of poetry ; hamlets and harvest-fields, and nut-brown waters flowing ever under the forest vast and shadowy, with all the sights

and sounds of rural life. But, after all, what are these but the decorations and painted scenery in the great theatre of human life? Glorious, indeed, is the world of God around us, but more glorious the world of God within us. The river of life, that flows through streets tumultuous; the many homes and households, each a little world in itself, revolving round its fireside, as a central sun; all forms of human joy and suffering, brought into that narrow compass; to be in this and be a part of this—acting, thinking, rejoicing, sorrowing with his fellow-men—such should be the poet's life. If he would describe the world he should live in the world.—LONGFELLOW.

175. GENIUS NEGLECTED

To be thrown among people who care not for you, with whom you have no sympathies, forces the Mind upon its own resources, and leaves it free to make its speculations of the differences of human character and to class them with the calmness of a Botanist. An Indianman is a little world. One of the great reasons that the English have produced the finest writers in the world is, that the English world has ill-treated them during their lives and foster'd them after their deaths. They have in general been trampled aside into the bye paths of life and seen the festerings of Society. They have not been treated like the Raphaels of Italy. And where is the Englishman and Poet who has given a magnificent Entertainment at the christening of one of his Hero's Horses as Boyardo did? He had a Castle in the Apennine. He was a noble Poet of Romance; not a miserable and mighty Poet of the human Heart.—KEATS.

176. BAD TIMES

ON such days all sorts of things happen that never occurred before and perhaps never occur again, and every one who has had one or two such short and eventful periods of confusion can remember how a host of

unforeseen trifles thrust themselves forward to disturb him. It was as though nothing could turn out right, as if nobody could take a message without a mistake, as if the post and telegraph had conspired together to send letters and telegrams to wrong addresses, and altogether all things, including the most sober and reliable institutions, seem to work backwards against results instead of for them. Those are bad times. When they last long, people come to grief. When they are soon over, people laugh at them. When they decide a whole life, as they sometimes do, people can afterwards trace the causes of happiness or disaster, to some very small lucky coincidence or unfortunate mistake over which they themselves had no control.—F. MARION CRAWFORD.

177. HIGH LIFE—I

HOWEVER mean your life is, meet it and live it ; do not shun it and call it hard names. It is not so bad as you are. It looks poorest when you are richest. The fault-finder will find faults even in paradise. Love your life, poor as it is. You may perhaps have some pleasant, thrilling, glorious hours even in a poorhouse. That setting sun is reflected from the windows of the almshouse as brightly as from the rich man's abode ; the snow melts before its door as early in the spring. I do not see but a quiet mind may live as contentedly there, and have as cheering thoughts as in a palace. The town's poor seem to me often to live the most independent lives of any. Maybe they are simply great enough to receive without misgiving. Most think that they are above being supported by the town ; but oftener happens that they are not above supporting themselves by dishonest means, which should be more disreputable. Cultivate poverty like a garden herb, like sage. Do not trouble yourself much to get new things, whether clothes or friends. Turn the old ; return to them. Things do not change ; we change. Sell your clothes and keep your thoughts.—H. D. THOREAU.

178. HIGH LIFE—II

GOD will see that you do not want society. If I were confined to a corner of a garret all my days, like a spider, the world would be just as large to me while I had my thoughts about me. The philosopher said : From an army of three divisions one can take away its general and put it in disorder ; from the man, the most abject and vulgar, one cannot take away his thoughts.

Do not seek so anxiously to be developed, to subject yourself to many influences to be played on ; it is all dissipation. Humility, like darkness, reveals the heavenly lights. The shadows of poverty and meanness gather around us, *and lo ! creation widens to our view.* We are often reminded that if there were bestowed on us the wealth of Croesus our aims must still be the same, and our means essentially the same. Moreover, if you are restricted in your range by poverty, if you cannot buy books and newspapers, for instance, you are but confined to the most significant and vital experiences ; you are compelled to deal with the material which yields the most sugar and the most starch. It is life near the bone, where it is sweetest.—H. D. THOREAU.

179. EDUCATION

IN primitive times, when aggression and defence were the leading social activities, bodily vigour with its accompanying courage were the desiderata ; and then education was almost wholly physical : mental cultivation was little cared for, and, indeed, as in feudal ages, was often treated with contempt. But now that our state is relatively peaceful—now that muscular power is of use for little else than manual labour, while social success of nearly every kind depends very much on mental power, our education has become almost exclusively mental. Instead of respecting the body and ignoring the mind, we now respect the mind and ignore the body. Both these attitudes are wrong. We do

not yet realise the truth that, as in this life of ours the physical underlies the mental, the mental must not be developed at the expense of the physical. The ancient and modern conceptions must be combined. Perhaps nothing will so much hasten the time when body and mind will both be adequately cared for, as a diffusion of the belief that the preservation of health is a duty. Few seem conscious that there is such a thing as physical morality. Men's habitual words and acts imply the idea that they are at liberty to treat their bodies as they please. Disorders entailed by disobedience to Nature's dictates they regard simply as grievances, not as the effects of a conduct more or less flagitious. Though the evil consequences inflicted on their dependents, and on future generations, are often as great as those caused by crime, yet they do not think themselves in any degree criminal. It is true that, in the case of drunkenness, the viciousness of a bodily transgression is recognised; but none appear to infer that, if this bodily transgression is vicious, so too is every bodily transgression. The fact is, that all breaches of the laws of health are physical sins. When this is generally seen, then, and perhaps not till then, will the physical training of the young receive the attention it deserves.—HERBERT SPENCER.

180. THE NATURE OF RELIGION

RELIGION as a rule of life, neither is, nor can be, a record of events which once occurred on a corner of this planet. It is the expression and statement of our duties to one another, and of our relations to the Sovereign Power which has called us into existence. And these duties and these relations are not conditions which once were or which will be hereafter. They are conditions of our present being, as much as what we call the laws of nature. For the laws of bodily health we are not dependent on the observations of Galen, or the history of the plague at Athens. We learn from present experience,

as Galen himself learnt, and we refer to the records of the past only as a single chapter in the vast volumes of our instructions. The evidence of the truth of religion is not the testimony of this or that person who saw, or thought he saw, long ago, something which seemed to him an indication of a supernatural presence. The evidence is the power which lies in a religion to cope with moral disease, to conquer and bind the brutal appetites and intellectual perversities of man, and to lift him out of grossness and self-indulgence into higher and nobler desires.—FROUDE.

181. AN AGE OF IRRELIGION

WE have forgotten God ;—in the most modern dialect and very truth of the matter, we have taken up the fact of this universe as it is *not*. We have quietly closed our eyes to the eternal substance of things, and opened them only to the shows and shams of things. We quietly believe this universe to be, intrinsically, a great unintelligible PERHAPS ; extrinsically, clear enough, it is a great, most extensive cattlefold and workhouse, with most extensive kitchen - ranges, dining - tables,—whereat he is wise who can find a place ! All the truth of this universe is uncertain ; only the profit and loss of it, the pudding and praise of it, are, and remain very visible to the practical man.

There is no longer any God for us ! God's laws are become a greatest-happiness principle, a parliamentary expediency : the heavens overarch us only as an astronomical time-keeper, a butt for Herschel-telescopes to shoot science at, to shoot sentimentalities at. This is verily the plague-spot ; centre of the universal social gangrene, threatening all modern things with frightful death. To him that will consider it, here is the stem with its roots and tap-roots, with its world-wide upas boughs and accursed poison-exudations, under which the world lies writhing in atrophy and agony. You touch the focal-centre of all our disease, of our frightful

nosology of diseases, when you lay your hand on this. There is no religion ; there is no God ; man has lost his soul, and vainly seeks antiseptic salt. Vainly, in killing kings, in passing reform bills, in French revolutions, Manchester insurrections, is found no remedy. The foul elephantine leprosy, alleviated for an hour, reappears in new force and desperateness next hour.—CARLYLE.

182. THE RELIGION OF MARCUS AURELIUS—I

THE ideas of Stoicism, so precious to Marcus Aurelius, ideas of large generalisation, have sometimes induced, in those over whose intellects they have had real power, a coldness of heart. It was the distinction of Aurelius that he was able to harmonise them with the kindness, one might almost say, the amenities of a humorist, as also with the popular religion and its many gods. Those vasty conceptions of the later Greek philosophy had in them, in truth, the germ of a sort of austere opinionative "natural theology," and how often has that led to religious dryness—a hard contempt of everything in religion which touches the senses or charms the fancy, or really concerns the affections. Aurelius had made his own the secret of passing, naturally, and with no violence to his thought, to and fro, between the richly-coloured and romantic religion of those old gods, who had still been human beings, and a very abstract speculation upon the impassive, universal soul—that circle whose centre is everywhere, the circumference nowhere—of which a series of purely logical necessities had evolved the formula.—WALTER PATER.

183. THE RELIGION OF MARCUS AURELIUS—II

As in many another instance, those traditional pieties of the place and the hour had been derived by him from his mother. Purified, as all such religion of concrete time and place needs to be, by frequent confronting

with the ideal of godhead as revealed to that innate religious sense in the possession of which Aurelius differed from the people around him, it was the ground of many a sociability with their simpler souls, and for himself, certainly, a consolation whenever the wings of his own soul flagged in the trying atmosphere of purely intellectual vision. A host of companions, guides, helpers, about him from of old time, "the very court and company of heaven," objects for him of personal reverence and affection—the supposed presence of the ancient popular gods determined the character of much of his daily life, and might prove the last stay of human nature at its weakest. "In every time and place," he had said, "it rests with thyself to use the event of the hour religiously; at all seasons worship the gods." And when he said, "Worship the gods!" he did it as strenuously as everything else.—WALTER PATER.

184. THE LOVE OF HOME—I

IF ever household affections and loves are graceful things, they are graceful in the poor. The ties that bind the wealthy and the proud to home may be forged on earth, but those which link the poor man to his humble hearth are of the truer metal and bear the stamp of heaven. The man of high descent may love the halls and lands of his inheritance as a part of himself—as trophies of his birth and power; his associations with them are associations of pride and wealth and triumph. The poor man's attachment to the tenement he holds, which strangers have held before, and may to-morrow occupy again, has a worthier root, struck deep into a purer soil. His household gods are of flesh and blood, with no alloy of silver, gold, or precious stone; he has no property but in the affections of his own heart; and when they endear bare floors and walls, despite of rags and toil and scanty fare, that man has his love of home from God, and his rude hut becomes a solemn place.—DICKENS.

185. THE LOVE OF HOME—II

OH, if those who rule the destinies of nations would but remember this—if they would but think how hard it is for the very poor to have engendered in their hearts that love of home from which all domestic virtues spring, when they live in dense and squalid masses where social decency is lost, or rather never found—if they would but turn aside from the wide thoroughfares and great houses, and strive to improve the wretched dwellings in byways where only poverty may walk—many low roofs would point more truly to the sky than the loftiest steeple that now rears proudly up from the midst of guilt and crime and horrible disease, to mock them by its contrast. In hollow voices from workhouse, hospital, and jail, this truth is preached from day to day, and has been proclaimed for years. It is no light matter—no outcry from the working vulgar—no mere question of the people's health and comforts that may be whistled down on Wednesday nights. In love of home the love of country has its rise ; and who are the truer patriots, or the better in time of need—those who venerate the land, owning its wood, and stream, and earth, and all that they produce ; or those who love their country, boasting not a foot of ground in all its wide domain ?—DICKENS.

186. AN IDEAL LAND

WE will try to make some small piece of English ground beautiful, peaceful, and restful. We will have no steam-engines about it, and no railroads ; we will have no untended or unthought-of creatures on it ; none wretched but the sick ; none idle but the dead. We will have no liberty upon it ; but instant obedience to known law, and appointed persons : no equality upon it ; but recognition of every betterness that we can find, and reprobation of every worseness. When we want to go anywhere, we will go there quietly and safely, not at

forty miles an hour with risk of our lives ; when we want to carry anything anywhere, we will carry it either on the backs of beasts, or on our own, or in carts, or boats ; we will have plenty of flowers and vegetables in our gardens, plenty of corn and grass in our fields—and few bricks. We will have some music and poetry ; the children shall learn to dance to it and sing it ; perhaps some of the old people, in time, may also. We will have some art, moreover ; we will at least try if, like the Greeks, we can't make some pots. Little by little, some higher art and imagination may manifest themselves among us ; and feeble rays of science may dawn for us. Botany, though too dull to dispute the existence of flowers ; and history, though too simple to question the nativity of men ; nay—even perhaps an uncalculating and uncovetous wisdom, as of rude Magi, presenting, at such nativity, gifts of gold and frankincense.—RUSKIN.

187. HOPE OF PEACE

PEACE does not appear so distant as it did. I hope it will come soon, and come to stay ; and so come as to be worth the keeping in all future time. It will then have been proved that among free men there can be no successful appeal from the ballot to the bullet, and that they who take such appeal are sure to lose their case and pay the cost. And then there will be some black men who can remember that with silent tongue, and clenched teeth, and steady eye, and well-poised bayonet, they have helped mankind on to this great consummation, while I fear there will be some white ones unable to forget that with malignant heart and deceitful speech they strove to hinder it. Still, let us not be sanguine of a speedy, final triumph. Let us be quite sober. Let us diligently apply the means, never doubting that a just God, in His own good time, will give us the rightful result.—ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

188. THE DEATH OF NELSON

THE death of Nelson was felt in England as something more than a public calamity: men started at the intelligence, and turned pale, as if they had heard of the loss of a dear friend. An object of our admiration and affection, of our pride and of our hopes, was suddenly taken from us; and it seemed as if we had never, till then, known how deeply we loved and revered him. What the country had lost in its great naval hero—the greatest of our own, and of all former times—was scarcely taken into the account of grief. So perfectly, indeed, had he performed his part, that the maritime war, after the battle of Trafalgar, was considered at an end; the fleets of the enemy were not merely defeated, but destroyed; new navies must be built, and a new race of seamen reared for them, before the possibility of their invading our shores could again be contemplated. It was not, therefore, from any selfish reflection upon the magnitude of our loss that we mourned for him: the general sorrow was of a higher character. The people of England grieved that funeral ceremonies, public monuments, and posthumous rewards, were all which they could now bestow upon him, whom the king, the legislature, and the nation, would alike have delighted to honour; whom every tongue would have blessed; whose presence in every village through which he might have passed would have wakened the church bells, have given school-boys a holiday, have drawn children from their sports to gaze upon him, and “old men from the chimney corner,” to look upon Nelson ere they died.—SOUTHEY.

189. THE BOER WAR, 1880

WE are now fairly committed to a struggle which we cannot choose but carry through. The resistance of the Boers must be overcome, and the insurrection must be put down, at whatever cost. There can be no two opinions thus far. As for any notion that we shall be

dispirited at the somewhat unexpected difficulty of the task before us, and that we shall turn back from it at the first check, we need not waste words in talking about it. The danger rather is that the combative spirit of the country will be unduly roused, and that we shall fling ourselves into the miserable war with an eagerness and determination out of all proportion to the possible value of the results. The end is the great matter, and the country is thoroughly determined what the end of the Transvaal War shall be.

The time will come when all that the Boers will have to urge will be listened to, and will have due weight attached to it. But it is idle for the present to talk of terms. There can be no terms until our military disasters have been retrieved, and until the British authority over the Transvaal has been restored. It is to this task the country has now committed itself. We shall show by deeds as well as by words that we know what we are engaged upon, and that we are fully determined to carry it through. If the regiments already on their way to the front are not sufficient to ensure military success, more will be sent.—*The Times*.

190. MIGHT IS RIGHT

MIGHT is Right; but the sort of might which enables one nation to govern another in time of peace is very unlike the thrust of the war-engine. It is a power compounded of sympathy and justice. The English (it is admitted by many foreign critics) have studied justice and desired justice. They have inquired into and protected rights that were unfamiliar, and even grotesque, to their own ideas, because they believed them to be rights. In the matter of sympathy their reputation does not stand so high; they are chill in manner, and dislike all effusive demonstrations of feeling. Yet those who come to know them know that they are not unimaginative; they have a genius for equality; and they do try to put themselves in the other fellow's place,

to see how the position looks from that side. What has happened in India may perhaps be taken to prove, among many other things, that the inhabitants of India begin to know that England has done her best, and does not feel a disinterested solicitude for the peoples under her charge. She has long been a mother of nations, and is not frightened by the problems of adolescence.—
WALTER RALEIGH.

191. DEMOCRACY

WHAT does Democracy mean to us English in these years? Simply an equal chance for all; a fair field for the best men, let them start from where they will, to get to the front; a clearance out of sham governors, and of unjust privilege, in every department of human affairs. It cannot be too often repeated, that they who suppose the bulk of our people want less government, or fear the man who "can rule and dare not lie," know little of them. Ask any representative of a popular constituency, or other man with the means of judging, what the people are ready for in this direction. He will tell you that, in spite perhaps of all he can say or do, they *will* go for compulsory education, the organisation of labour (including therein the sharp extinction of able-bodied pauperism), the utilisation of public lands, and other reforms of an equally decided character. That for these purposes they desire more government, not less; will support with enthusiasm measures, the very thought of which takes away the breath and loosens the knees of ordinary politicians; will rally with loyalty and trustfulness to men who will undertake these things with courage and singleness of purpose.—THOMAS HUGHES.

192. POPULAR DISCONTENTS

I AM not one of those who think that the people are never in the wrong. They have been so, frequently and outrageously, both in other countries and in this. But I do say, that in all disputes between them and their

rulers, the presumption is at least upon a par in favour of the people. Experience may perhaps justify me in going farther. When popular discontents have been very prevalent, it may well be affirmed and supported, that there has been generally something found amiss in the constitution, or in the conduct of government. The people have no interest in disorder. When they do wrong, it is their error, and not their crime. But with the governing part of the State, it is far otherwise. They certainly may act ill by design, as well as by mistake.—BURKE.

193. CIVIL FREEDOM

CIVIL freedom, gentlemen, is not, as many have endeavoured to persuade you, a thing that lies in the depth of abstruse science. It is a blessing and a benefit, not an abstract speculation ; and all the just reasoning that can be put upon it is of so coarse a texture as perfectly to suit the ordinary capacities of those who are to enjoy, and of those who are to defend it. Far from any resemblance to those propositions in geometry and metaphysics, which admit no medium, but must be true or false in all their latitude, social and civil freedom, like all other things in common life, are variously mixed and modified, enjoyed in very different degrees, and shaped into an infinite diversity of forms, according to the temper and circumstances of every community. The *extreme* of liberty (which is its abstract perfection, but its real fault) obtains nowhere, nor ought to obtain anywhere ; because extremes, as we all know, in every point which relates either to our duties or satisfactions in life, are destructive both to virtue and enjoyment.—BURKE.

194. THE CLAIMS OF SOCIALISM—I

SOME contend for what they call the nationalisation of the means of communication, or, in other words, the appropriation of the railways and all other public conveyances by the State. If by this term is meant that

the Government should either construct, or purchase at a fair price, the railways within its dominion, there is no objection of principle to be raised. The system of State railways exists in many countries. In judging whether it is for the advantage of the nation as a whole, we have to consider a large number of conflicting and closely balanced advantages and disadvantages, and the preponderance in each country must be decided according to its own special economical circumstances. It is also universally admitted that the State, having given great privileges and powers to a railway company, is perfectly justified in imposing upon it many restrictions. But when it is claimed that the State may, without purchase, or at a rate of compensation below its real value, take possession of a railway, depriving of their property the shareholders at whose risk and cost it was made, it can only be answered that such a claim is simple and naked robbery. And the same thing may be confidently asserted of many other ambitious schemes for nationalising all great industrial undertakings and absorbing all capital into the State.—W. E. H. LECKY.

195. THE CLAIMS OF SOCIALISM—II

If the element of just purchase enters into these transactions, they would only result in a great financial catastrophe. If purchase or compensation be refused, the catastrophe would not be averted, but the process would be one of gigantic robbery.

Such schemes for turning the State into the universal landlord, the universal manufacturer, the universal shop-keeper, reorganising from its foundations the whole industrial system of the world, excluding from it all competition and all the play of individual emulation and ambition, can never, I believe, be even approximately realised ; but no one who watches the growth of Socialist opinion in nearly all countries can doubt that many steps will be taken in this direction in a not remote future.

The question in what degree and in what manner the

demands that are rising may be wisely met is of the utmost importance. Two things may here be said. One is, that in an overcrowded country like England, whose prosperity rests much less on great natural resources than on the continuance of a precarious and highly artificial commercial and manufacturing supremacy, any revolution that may lead to a migration of capital or the destruction of credit is more than commonly dangerous. The other is, that this class of questions is eminently one in which consequences that are obscure, intricate, indirect, and remote are often, in the long run, more important than those which are obvious and immediate.—W. E. H. LECKY.

196. THE HOUSING OF THE PAUPER

WHETHER these people be housed in cottage homes or in other buildings reserved exclusively for the deserving, is a matter of no great importance, so long as the rooms are small—only large enough to afford shelter for two persons, a man and his wife, or two old men. They should be furnished, of course as simply as possible, with the inmates' own belongings, if they have any; and if each room could have a little cubicle at either end, so much the better. Still, the great thing is that they who live in them should be allowed to go their own way without let or hindrance—to lie down when they like, to take their walks and see their friends just when the fancy seizes them. It is not luxuries they need, but freedom from irritating restraints: a life that depends on "a bell for this and a bell for that" is at best a dreary business. And as they would be old and thoroughly respectable, this freedom, as well as many other little privileges, might be granted them without harm being done or the ratepayers being one whit the poorer. Another matter of importance—of great importance—is that the officials responsible for them should study not only their comfort, but their feelings. I know old-age homes in other countries where the

inmates are as happy as the day is long, just because they are made much of—because their likes and dislikes are considered, deference is shown to their prejudices, and little attentions are lavished on them. And this entails no expense on any one, for a kind-hearted matron does not require a higher salary than a shrew.—EDITH SELLERS.

197. PARTY SPIRIT

IF we look at common patriotism, it will furnish an illustration of party spirit. One would think by an Englishman's hatred of the French, and his readiness to die fighting with and for his countrymen, that all the nation were united as one man, in heart and hand—and so they are in war-time and as an exercise of their loyalty and courage : but let the crises be over, and they cool wonderfully ; begin to feel the distinctions of English, Irish, and Scotch ; fall out among themselves upon some minor distinction ; the same hand that was eager to shed the blood of a Frenchman, will not give a crust of bread or a cup of cold water to a fellow countryman in distress ; and the heroes who defended the " wooden walls of old England " are left to expose their wounds and crippled limbs to gain a pittance from the passengers, or to perish of hunger, cold, and neglect, in our highways. Such is the effect of our boasted nationality : it is active, fierce in doing mischief ; dormant lukewarm in doing good. We may also see why the greatest stress is laid on trifles in religion, and why the most violent animosities arise out of the smallest differences, either in this or in politics.—HAZLITT.

198. THE CRISIS IN THE LIBERAL PARTY, 1901

THE real cause, in my judgment, of the weakness of the Liberal party is an honest and irreconcilable division of opinion on a group of questions of the first importance. This is not the fault of any leader, nor is it a personal matter. It is the isolation of our Empire and the

spread of Imperial feeling during the past twenty years which have produced this divergence. It could not perhaps have been avoided, and it cannot now be healed, or even concealed, by a party meeting. One school or the other must prevail if the Liberal party is once more to become a force. Until that time arrives it is of no use to speak of the grand old principles of the Liberal party. That is all very well for a peroration. But for practical or business purposes it is necessary to know what these principles are, as applied to the British Empire in the present condition of the world. This, however, may be considered to be a matter of purely party concern. Even this, in view of our party system, is serious enough. To me, however, it is a matter of national, and not of party, importance, or I should not attempt to deal with it. And to that great multitude who are not politicians at all it must, in any case, be a sorrow and an anxiety to see a weak Government faced by a weaker Opposition at a juncture of foreign hostility and international competition, which needs all the vigilance, power, and ability at our command. I believe that public opinion is becoming aware that there is a crisis in our history which may have an unlimited effect on our future, yet for the moment I see no favourable issue. The nation has only just chosen its Parliament, and so its Government, by an overwhelming majority. For five or six years, therefore, our domestic destinies seem to be fixed. But even then a homogeneous Opposition, strong in ability, however weak in numbers, might make itself felt in the wavering counsels of the country.—LORD ROSEBERY.

199. THE FRENCH REPUBLIC

WHATEVER else may be said of this Government, it has certainly not proved a brilliant one. Few French Governments have produced or attracted so little eminent talent, or have been, for the most part, carried on by men who, apart from their official positions, are

so little known, have so little weight in their country, and have hitherto appealed so feebly to the imaginations of the world. As it seems to me, one of the characteristic features of our time is the absence of any political ideal capable of exciting strong enthusiasm. Political restlessness and political innovation are abundantly displayed, but there is nothing resembling the fervid devotion and the boundless hopes which the advent of democracy excited at the close of the eighteenth century. Democracy has completely triumphed in two forms—the American and the French—and we see it fully working before us. Men may like it or dislike it, but only rare and very peculiarly moulded minds can find in the Government of either republic a subject for real enthusiasm. The French Revolution, in its earlier days, excited such an enthusiasm nearly to the point of madness, and in 1830 and 1848 French politics exercised an almost irresistible attraction over surrounding countries. It has been one of the achievements of the present Republic to destroy this fanaticism. With our closer insight into American and French democracy, forms of government seem to have lost their magnetic power. The ideals and utopias that float before the popular imagination are of another kind. They point rather to great social and industrial changes, to redistributions of wealth, to a dissolution of the present fabric of society.—LECKY.

200. O JOY ! that in our embers
 Is something that doth live,
 That nature yet remembers
 What was so fugitive !
 The thought of our past years in me doth breed
 Perpetual benediction : not indeed
 For that which is most worthy to be blest ;
 Delight and liberty, the simple creed
 Of childhood, whether busy or at rest,
 With new-fledged hope still fluttering in his breast :—
 Not for these I raise
 The song of thanks and praise ;

But for these obstinate questionings
 Of sense and outward things,
 Fallings from us, vanishings ;
 Blank misgivings of a Creature
 Moving about in worlds not realised,
 High instincts before which our mortal Nature
 Did tremble like a guilty thing surprised :
 But for those first affections,
 Those shadowy recollections,
 Which, be they what they may,
 Are yet the fountain light of all our day,
 Are yet a master light of all our seeing ;
 Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make
 Our noisy years seem moments in the being
 Of the eternal Silence : truths that wake,
 To perish never ;
 Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavour,
 Nor Man nor Boy,
 Nor all that is at enmity with joy,
 Can utterly abolish or destroy !
 Hence, in a season of calm weather,
 Though inland far we be,
 Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
 Which brought us hither,
 Can in a moment travel thither,
 And see the children sport upon the shore,
 And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

WORDSWORTH.

201. CALM

CALM is the morn without a sound,
 Calm as to suit a calmer grief,
 And only thro' the faded leaf
 The chestnut pattering to the ground :

Calm and deep peace on this high wold,
 And on these dews that drench the furze,

And all the silvery gossamers
 That twinkle into green and gold :
 Calm and still light on yon great plain
 That sweeps with all its autumn bowers,
 And crowded farms and lessening towers,
 To mingle with the bounding main :

Calm and deep peace in this wide air,
 These leaves that redden to the fall ;
 And in my heart, if calm at all,
 If any calm, a calm despair :

Calm on the seas, and silver sleep,
 And waves that sway themselves in rest,
 And dead calm in that noble breast
 Which heaves but with the heaving deep.

TENNYSON.

202. INVICTUS

Out of the night that covers me,
 Black as the Pit from pole to pole,
 I thank whatever gods may be
 For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance
 I have not winced nor cried aloud.
 Under the bludgeonings of chance
 My head is bloody, but unbowed.

Beyond this place of wrath and tears
 Looms but the Horror of the shade,
 And yet the menace of the years
 Finds and shall find me unafraid.

It matters not how strait the gate,
 How charged with punishments the scroll,
 I am the master of my fate :
 I am the captain of my soul.

W. E. HENLEY.

APPENDIX OF PIECES TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH

203. A BRETON CASTLE

THIS castle, situated on the brow of a kind of headland, was encircled and defended by two deep pools which allowed of no access to it except by a narrow causeway. From its courtyard, surrounded as it was by tall withered vegetation, furze, and dwarf or parasitic shrubs, all semblance of order and grandeur was excluded. The castle would seem to have been deserted long ago. The roofs appeared to bend beneath the weight of greenery that grew upon them ; while the walls, though built of the solid shaly stones in which the soil abounds, showed numerous chinks where ivy fixed its clinging grasp. The castle in its entirety consisted of two blocks of building at right angles connected by a lofty tower and running the length of the moat. Its rotting half-wrenched doors and shutters, its rusty balustrades, its dismantled windows, seemed likely to fall at the first breath of the storm. The wind whistled through the ruins of the castle, while the uncertain light of the moon gave it the character and outlines of a great spectre. Some lofty pines, that grew at the back of the house, swayed their dusky foliage above the roofs, and a few yew trees, trimmed so as to adorn the corners, framed it with gloomy festoons like the trappings of a hearse. The shape of the doors, the clumsiness of the decoration, the lack of unity in its parts, one and all proclaimed it to be one of those feudal manor-houses which are the pride of Brittany.—From BALZAC.

204. THE FORTRESSES OF THE MIDDLE AGES

BESIDES his suit of chain or plate armour, the nobleman of the middle ages had another defence, namely, his castle. From the eleventh century onwards there arose, by dint of master-mason's craft and serf's forced labour, those enormous strongholds, of which we may form some idea from the still extant castles of Coucy and Pierrefonds. The outer enclosure consists of walls built very thick to resist the attacks of battering rams, and very high in order to make scaling an impossibility. As a rule, this is flanked by round or square towers. Its approaches are guarded by wide and deep moats, which can be either flooded or strewn with iron contrivances of four spikes called caltrops. The moat can be crossed only by a drawbridge. A double door with iron fittings closes the gateway, behind which drops the portcullis. This forms a threefold barrier that is not easily passed. The whole length of the enclosure is topped with battlements, and behind these the men-at-arms lie hid. Arrows whiz through the loopholes, while boiling oil and pitch and molten lead pour down from the machicolations. Yet even if the enemy should clear all these obstacles, there remains still another fortress to be taken, within the fortress itself. This is the keep, a lofty tower, the door of which stands some twenty feet above the ground, so that the besiegers could only gain access to it if the besieged let down a ladder to them. Underneath the courtyards stretch vast underground passages leading sometimes to secret exits; in the basements of the towers are dug the cells, airless and sunless, where the prisoners are confined.—From A. RAMBAUD.

205. GREEK ARCHITECTURE

NEXT to their general harmony and their relation to their localities, and particularly their fitness for the uses for which they were intended, what calls for admiration in the buildings of Greece is the finish of every detail.

The parts not made to be seen are finished with as great care as the surface-work. The joints of the drums which form the columns in the temple of Athena are such that it requires the closest scrutiny to discover them, for they are not a hair's breadth in thickness. To arrive at such a height of perfection, the marble was first cut most accurately with the chisel; then the two pieces were revolved one upon the other, sand and water being thrown in where the friction took place. By this process the blocks were made to lie absolutely true.

The rosettes, the plinths, the mouldings, and all the details of the building exhibit the same perfection; the lines in the capitals and in the flutings of the columns in the Parthenon are so delicate that one is tempted to imagine that the entire column has been passed through the lathe. Ivory carvings could not be more exquisite than the Ionic ornamentation in the temple of Erechtheus; the caryatids of the Pandroseum are models of their kind. To conclude, if, after seeing the monuments of Rome, those of France seemed to me crude, the monuments of Rome in their turn appear barbaric, now that I have seen those of Greece. The comparison may readily be made at Athens where Greek and Roman architecture are often found side by side.—From CHÂTEAUBRIAND.

206. AN INN KITCHEN

It is a vast room; one wall is taken up with copper utensils, the other with crockery-ware. In the middle facing the windows stands the fireplace, a huge cavern filled by a blazing fire. The ceiling is a black interlacement of beams wonderfully smoke-begrimed, from which hang objects of all kinds—baskets, lamps, a meat safe, and in the centre a capacious open-work frame in which great flitches of bacon are displayed; in the fireplace, beside the spit, the pot-hanger, and the copper, there glitters a dazzling bunch of shovels and tongs of every shape and size. The glowing hearth darts rays of light

into every corner, cuts great shadows on the ceiling, lends a fresh rosy tint to the blue crockery, and makes the fantastic array of saucepans blaze like a wall of fire. Among the numerous objects that hang from the ceiling one particularly struck me on the evening of my arrival—a little bird asleep in a little cage. This bird seemed to me a striking picture of trustfulness. Confusion may be rife around it, men swear, women wrangle, children shout, dogs bark, cats mew, the clock strikes, the chopper chops, the frying-pan splutters, the spit grates, the tap drips, bottles gurgle, windows rattle, coaches drive under the archway with a sound of thunder; it makes no difference, the little bundle of feathers does not move.—
From V. HUGO.

207. A REHEARSAL AT THE COMÉDIE FRANÇAISE—I

THE theatre, wrapped in vast swathings of brown holland, is all in darkness—pitch darkness, except for the little square patches of fiery colour produced by the daylight filtering through the red curtains in the windows of the upper boxes, and the sapphire sparkling of the glass chandelier which hangs like a bunch of stalactites in the cold gloom of a glacier cave. No relief to the darkness but this and a pale wan light falling upon the caryatids of the proscenium, the faded mythological figures on the ceiling, and the neck of a double bass which sticks up above the footlights out of the dark depths of the orchestra. Nothing else is to be seen in the whole house, which is empty save for a solitary white cat walking along the edge of the balcony in the dress-circle. The stage, which is lighted from the wings by two lamps with reflectors, is almost as dark as the auditorium, but there are bluish patches of light in the gaps of the woodwork, such as one sees in scaffolding round a church steeple under the light of the moon.—
From E. DE GONCOURT.

208. A REHEARSAL AT THE COMÉDIE FRANÇAISE—II

THE huge foot-warmers—the traditional accessories of Molière's house—have been filled and placed beneath the feet of the actresses as they sit on the Louis XV. lounges which are part of the scenery of the piece that is to be played in the evening. The prompter has ensconced himself on the left of the stage at a small table, on which a lamp has been set; the old stage-manager is by his side, his back to a large baton with a red velvet handle hanging up on a nail between two of the wings. The manager of the theatre is on a sofa to the right. At the back of the stage stands an immense chimney-piece of carved wood belonging to a mediaeval play, while Racine's Hippolyte, with a very bad cold, muffled in a comforter up to his nose, is stamping up and down the boards.

"Shall we begin now? Are we all here?" calls the manager.

Just at this moment Thérāmène, delayed by an attack of rheumatism and supporting himself on a stick, comes on limping and making audible comments upon a doctor's prescription which he holds open in his hand.

"Come now, everybody here?" says the manager again.

"No," some one replies, "Œnone has not come yet."

"This is really more than one can stand. Let's begin anyhow; perhaps that'll make her come, especially as she's a good half-hour behind time."

And so they begin in the grey light, the stage seemingly enveloped in a morning fog, in which there is no white visible but the actors' collars, while the actresses go through their parts with their faces in shadow and their hands lighted up.—From E. DE GONCOURT.

209. PARIS AT SUNRISE

PARIS is a magnificent and charming sight, and especially the Paris of that time, as seen from the top of the towers

of Notre-Dame in the cool light of a summer dawn. The day might well have been a July day. The sky was perfectly serene; a few belated stars were fading away in different quarters, while a very bright one still remained in the east, in the clearest part of the sky. The sun was just rising; Paris was beginning to stir. A very white, very pure light threw into strong relief all the outlines which its countless houses present to the east. The gigantic shadows of the steeples stretched from roof to roof and up and down the whole length of the city. Certain quarters of the town were already alive with clatter and noise—here the clang of a bell, there the ring of a hammer, yonder the rattle and jingle of a passing cart. Volumes of smoke had begun to pour out here and there from the long lines of roofs, as from the fissures of a vast volcano. The river, that wrinkles its waters against the piers of so many bridges and so many jutting islands, was all rippled in silvery folds. Around the city, outside the ramparts, the view was lost in a wide wreath of fleecy vapour through which the undefined line of the plains and the graceful swell of the hills were vaguely discernible. Sounds of all kinds were wafted and dispersed over the half-awakened city. Eastwards, the morning breeze chased across the sky a few white shreds from the fleece of mist upon the hills.—FROM V. HUGO.

210. VENICE—I

FROM an antiquarian or panoramic point of view, Venice is a wonderful city, but in no way else; it should be seen as in a bird's-eye view. On hot summer days a sickly odour arises from the lagoons and mud beds; in everything there is an uncleanly taint; its magnificent palaces of marble and gold are strangely befouled about their lower parts. To these palaces cling—like a beggar to a rich man's cloak—low hovels, cracked and mildewed, leaning towards one another and propping themselves familiarly against the stone sides of their neighbours.

The streets—for streets there are in Venice, though people seem to find difficulty in believing it—are narrow and dark, with flagstone paving much the worse for wear. Old linen and mattresses are airing at the windows. As you go by, some wan restless face leans out to look at you. No noisy trade, no animation ; an occasional pedestrian glides silently over the smooth flags. Beyond the bounds of St. Mark's everything is dead, it is the very corpse of a city ; and why librettists and barcarollists persist in describing Venice to us as a gay wild place, it is hard to tell. "The chaste spouse of the sea" is in fact the dullest of towns, when once one has seen her pictures and palaces.—From TH. GAUTIER.

211. VENICE—II

THE town has retained its fifteenth-century appearance, there being no modern structures to strike a note of discord. This luxuriousness of habitation contrasts strangely with the poverty of the inhabitants ; they are regal residences tenanted by beggars ; it is as if a ruined family were compelled, for want of other dwelling-place, to keep up the establishment of their wealthy ancestors of long ago, and to run ragged and barefoot through the magnificent gilded and picture-decked rooms. Comfort is a thing which finds no place in Venice, for it is a town built in other times and adapted to other customs and ways of life. The life and customs are gone, but the town remains. To-day, Venice is a fine scenic display, a magnificent spectacular subject—nothing more. Everything is sacrificed to external appearance.—From TH. GAUTIER.

212. ST. ISAAC'S CATHEDRAL

WINTER in Russia has a poetry all its own ; its severities are counterbalanced by beauties, effects, and aspects of things which are extremely picturesque. The snow frosts over with silver the golden cupolas, picks out entablature and pediment with lines of sparkles, touches

with white the brazen acanthi, lights up the salient parts of the statues, and changes all the tone relations by magic transpositions. Seen under these conditions, St. Isaac's assumes an aspect quite peculiar to its surroundings. In colouring it is superb, whether, all set off with white, it stands out from a curtain of grey cloud or throws its clear-cut outline upon a sky of turquoise blue and pink, such as sheds its radiance upon St. Petersburg when there is a dry cold and the snow crackles under foot like powdered glass. Sometimes, after a thaw, an icy blast will fix in a single night the moisture that exudes from the marbles and granites of the pile. An interlacement of pearls, finer and rounder than the dewdrops on plants, envelops the giant columns of the peristyle. The red granite changes to the tenderest rosy pink, and takes at its edge a peach-like bloom. It is transformed into some unknown substance that may be likened to the stones of which the heavenly Jerusalem is built. The crystallised vapour covers the building with a diamond dust that glitters and sparkles when a sunbeam lights upon it; it might be a cathedral in the City of God built of precious stones.—From TH. GAUTIER.

213. CAIRO

CAIRO is a labyrinth; all the streets, save one or two, seem built at haphazard; not only are they nameless, not only are their houses placed at all manner of angles, but they have no beginning and no end; you enter by a gate and come out by a gap in a wall; they are intercepted by gardens, graveyards, bazaars, and precipices. Demolished buildings that no one dreams of restoring are met with everywhere. At the first glance it seems as though a good half of the town were in ruins. If, however, your place of observation is high up, your view will extend over a vast plain of dusty terraces, bristling here and there with minarets. It is true that the viceroy builds grand-looking palaces in which there is no stint of stone and marble; some rich merchants

erect houses in European style ; the municipal police set themselves resolutely to construct a long street in a straight line ; but the by-lanes, the hovels of houses, and the way of life which harmonises with those surroundings, are the work of many centuries. There the picturesque is in its place ; progress seems an intruder, it is an offence. A transformation of Cairo in less than a hundred years is not a likely occurrence. The fellahs who till the outlying districts, the small bazaar shop-keepers, the workmen belonging to the guilds, in a word, the bulk of the population, have simple tastes and elementary wants. What is the use of providing carriage roads for so many good folk who will never ride in carriages ?—From E. ABOUT.

214. ASIA MINOR

IN its colouring and in the general appearance of its landscape, Asia Minor reminds one of Italy, or of our own South in the latitude of Valence, or of Avignon. The European feels at home there, as he does not in Syria or Egypt. Water is plentiful ; the towns are almost flooded with it ; there are certain spots which are perfect Edens. The mountain slopes, ranging one upon another, which almost everywhere bound the horizon, present infinite varieties of form, and, at times, odd effects of light which would be regarded as mere flights of fancy if a painter ventured to copy them : the summits tooth-edged like a saw, the sides rent and slashed, the weird-looking cones and sheer precipices displaying with brilliant lustre every form of rocky beauty. Long lines of poplars, little clusters of plane trees in the broad beds made by the winter torrents, magnificent tree-tufts with their roots bathed in the springs and rising lofty in dark clumps from the foot of every mountain—these are the traveller's solace. . . . At every spring the caravan stops to drink. The march—lasting as it does for days and days along those narrow lines of ancient pavement, which for centuries

has borne travellers of such diverse kinds—is sometimes fatiguing; but the halts are delightfully refreshing. An hour's rest, a crust of bread eaten on the banks of those rivulets flowing limpidly over their pebbly beds, will sustain one for a long time.—From E. RENAN.

215. THE HORRORS OF WAR—I

As I passed through Kaya I beheld all the horrors of war. The village was a mere rubbish heap. Roofs had fallen in; at long intervals, the gables were all that remained standing; the beams and laths were broken down; as we looked through, we could see the little rooms with their recesses, their doors and staircases. Within, poor folk, women, children, and old men, went to and fro disconsolately; they went up and down as it might be in cages in the open air.

Sometimes, right at the top, there stood the fireplace of a little room, with its tiny looking-glass and twigs of box¹ above it, showing that in time of peace a young girl had once slept there. Ah! who could then foretell that one day all this happiness would be destroyed, not by the raging winds or the angry skies, but by the fury of men, a thing much more to be dreaded! Even the poor animals had a forlorn look amid these ruins. Pigeons were seeking their dovecotes; cows and goats were seeking their stables; in bewilderment they wandered homeless and desolate about the streets, bellowing and bleating plaintively; fowls perched upon the trees. There was nothing anywhere that bore not the mark of cannon-shot.—From ERCKMANN-CHATRIAN.

216. THE HORRORS OF WAR—II

At the last house we passed, an old man quite white-headed, sitting at the doorstep of his ruined dwelling,

¹ In France, twigs of box are commonly distributed on Palm Sunday as a substitute for palm, just as willow is sometimes in England. It is a popular custom to put these "palms" above bedroom mirrors until the following year.

was holding a little child between his knees. He gazed at us as we passed, gloomy and dejected. Whether he saw us I cannot tell; but despair was written on his forehead furrowed with deep wrinkles, and in his lifeless eyes. What years of toil, what thrift, what sufferings had been necessary that he might make sure of rest in his old age! Now all that was gone—he and the child had not so much as a roof above their heads!

And from the top of the hill at Kaya, I saw those huge graves half a league in length, at which all the people of the district were working with all haste to prevent the plague from wiping out the race completely. I saw them and I looked away in horror. But saddest of all was the long line of vehicles removing the wounded; those unfortunate creatures who die off in hospitals like flies, far from all those they love, while there is firing of cannon and singing in the churches for joy that thousands of men have been killed.—From ERCKMANN-CHATRIAN.

217. THE FLAG

THE regiment stood in line of battle on the slope of a railway embankment, a target for the whole Prussian army massed opposite in the wood. They were firing upon each other at eighty yards' distance; the officers shouted to their men to take cover, but none would obey, and the proud regiment remained standing rallied round their flag. This little cluster of men, in the midst of this broad landscape of setting sun, of fields of corn in the ear, and pasture land, seemed like a flock of sheep taken by surprise in the open country in the first wild rush of a terrible storm. Shot fell as thick as hail upon the embankment; nothing could be heard but the crackle of rifle fire, the hollow clatter of mess-tins as they rolled down into the ditch, and of the bullets as they quivered from end to end of the battle-field, like the tightened strings of some weird clanging instrument. From time to time the standard, which fluttered aloft in the breeze caused by the firing, sank down into the

smoke. Then a voice, rising stern and proud above the noise of the musketry, the last gasps of the dying, and the curses of the wounded, would cry, "The flag, men, the flag!" Instantly an officer would spring forward, a vague, shadowy form from out that red mist, and once more the noble ensign would hover above the battle. Twenty-two times it fell, and twenty-two times its staff, still warm as it dropped from a dying hand, was seized and set up once more; and when, at sunset, what remained of the regiment—a mere handful of men—beat a slow retreat, the flag was but a tattered remnant in the hands of a sergeant, the twenty-third standard-bearer in that day's fight.—From A. DAUDET.

218. A REVIEW

SEVERAL regiments of the line and of the rifles headed the march and filed past with a brisk easy stride. Then came a low rumbling sound as of distant thunder; the artillery had just started, and their approach, like that of a tidal wave, gave the impression of overwhelming might. Soon could be descried the scarlet streak formed by the red horse-hair crests which fell over the front of their shakos. Six abreast, axle-tree to axle-tree, the long field-pieces rolled past, carried along with so uniform a motion that they seemed as if welded together, and the wheels of each rank appeared to turn upon one and the same horizontal axis. Through a cloud of dust the artillery men could just be seen, sabre in hand, erect in their saddles like figures of horsemen moulded in bronze, and gunners seated motionless on the limbers, their carbines slung across their shoulders. The last of the batteries had almost passed, when a strident trumpet blast pealed forth, and the cavalry appeared, a dusky host glittering from end to end, suggesting some immense fantastic creature with shiny scales that glinted in the sun. At the sight of the sturdy iron-helmeted cuirassiers a cheer burst forth, more thrilling still and more sustained than that which had just

greeted the artillery. It would seem as though, from amid the dust which the horses raised, every spectator had seen the figure of his country rise up, now no longer humbled and fallen, but more powerful than she had ever been, and conscious of a new strength within her.—From G. DURUY.

219. THE CHARGE OF ILLY—I

THE trumpets rang out and the hosts set off, first of all at a trot. Prosper was in the front rank, but almost at the end of the right wing. The main danger lies in the centre, to which the enemy's fiercest fire is instinctively directed. When they reached the summit of the ridge and began to descend the other side towards the wide plain, he could quite clearly perceive, at a thousand yards' distance, the Prussian squares upon which they were being hurled. For the rest, however, he rode along as in a dream, with a sense of lightness and buoyancy as of one asleep. He was a mere machine working under an irresistible impulse. The order to close up was given again and again, so that by compressing the ranks as much as possible they might secure a rock-like resistance. Then as the trot grew faster and faster and changed to a wild gallop, the African chasseurs raised in Arab fashion their savage cries, which maddened their horses. It soon became a diabolical race at frantic speed, while to the fury of the gallop and the fierce howlings was added the crackling of the rifle fire, rattling like hail on all the metal-work, the cans, the pans, and the brass of uniforms and harness.—From ZOLA.

220. THE CHARGE OF ILLY—II

SUDDENLY a furious eddy, carrying all before it, threw Prosper from his horse. He caught Zephyr by the mane and managed to regain his saddle. The centre of the line, riddled and broken by the fusillade, had just given

way, and both wings whirled round and fell back, in order to re-form before rushing on again. Such was the annihilation, destined and foreseen, of the first squadron. Fallen horses blocked the way, some stricken dead on the spot, others kicking wildly in their death struggle; and dismounted riders could be seen running with all the might of their short legs in search of horses. The dead already strewed the plain. Many riderless horses went galloping on and, returning of their own accord to their place in the ranks, rushed again into action with mad speed, as though fascinated by the smell of the powder. The charge was resumed, and the second squadron advanced with increasing fury, the men bent upon horses' necks and holding their swords at their knees ready to strike. Another two hundred yards were covered amidst the deafening roar. But again in the storm of bullets the centre was broken, men and animals fell and stopped the rush with the inextricable entanglement of their dead bodies. And so the second squadron was in its turn mown down, annihilated, making room for those that followed after.

—From ZOLA.

221. A WRECK—I

ABOUT nine in the morning dreadful noises were heard coming from the direction of the sea, as though torrents of water had rolled down from the mountain-tops to the accompaniment of thunderclaps. Then came the cry, "The storm is upon us," and that very instant a terrible whirlwind lifted the mist that lay upon the island of Ambre and its channel. The *Saint Géran* was then revealed to sight, her deck crowded with passengers, her yards and topmasts hauled down upon the deck, her flag signalling distress, with four cables at the head and a relieving rope at the stern. She lay anchored between the island of Ambre and the mainland, on the near side of the circle of reefs surrounding the Île de France, which she had crossed at a point no ship had ever passed before. Her stem was towards the waves that came in

from the open sea, and with every billow that entered the channel the bows rose bodily, so that the keel was seen right in the air, while the stern plunged and disappeared up to the taffrail as if it were water-logged. It was thus impossible for the vessel, placed in a position in which she was driven to shore by wind and wave, either to retreat by the way she had come or to cut her cables and strand upon the beach, from which she was separated by reef-strewn shoals.—From BERNARDIN DE ST. PIERRE.

222. A WRECK—II

EVERY billow that broke on the shore came with a roar right up into the creeks, and threw shingle inland to a distance of more than fifty feet; then, as it receded, it laid bare a great part of the beach, the pebbles of which it rolled along with a terrible hoarse noise. The sea, tossed by the wind, grew every instant heavier, and the whole of the channel included between this island and the island of Ambre was one vast expanse of white foaming crests with deep black waves between. The horizon, where sky and sea seemed mingled, bore every token of a protracted storm. Clouds of fearful shape broke away in constant succession, crossing the zenith with the speed of birds in flight, whilst others remained there motionless, like great rocks. There was not a blue spot to be seen in the whole of heaven; a wan olive-green light was all that lit up the things of earth, of sky, and sea.

That now happened which had been apprehended from the tossing to and fro of the vessel. The fore cables parted, and being now left with only one hawser she was hurled upon the rocks at half a cable's length from the beach.—From BERNARDIN DE ST. PIERRE.

223. A TORNADO—I

THERE is a rise in the temperature, and the strong periodical evening winds have ceased to blow; the winter season is coming on, the season of oppressive

heats and deluging rains, the approach of which the Europeans of Senegal behold every year with dread, for it brings with it fever, anæmia, and often death.

But one must have lived in the "land of thirst" to know the deliciousness of this first rain, the joy one feels in getting wet with the big drops of the first storm-shower.

And that first tornado! In a leaden and motionless sky appears a strange sign—a kind of dark-coloured dome rising up from the horizon. Higher and higher it rises, taking unwonted and terrifying shapes. One's first thought is of the eruption of some giant volcano, the explosion of a whole world. Great semicircles become visible in the sky, ever rising and ranging themselves one above the other in thick, heavy, but clearly-defined masses, which give the impression of stone arches ready to sink down upon the world; the whole glowing beneath with metallic lustre, of livid, green, or coppery hue, and all mounting higher and yet higher.—From PIERRE LOTI.

224. A TORNADO—II

ARTISTS who have depicted the flood and the cataclysms of the primitive world, have never conceived aspects so fantastic nor skies so terrible. And all the while there is not a breath stirring in the air, not a quiver runs through the whole of overwhelmed Nature. Then of a sudden comes a great and awful gust, a tremendous sweep that lays low trees, plants, and birds, and whirls the mad vultures round and round, overturning everything in its path. The full force of the tornado is let loose; everything shakes and totters to its foundations; Nature writhes under the terrible might of the passing cyclone.

For the space of some twenty minutes all the windows of heaven are opened upon the earth, a deluge of rain revives the parched soil, and the wind blows furiously, strewing the earth with leaves, branches, and wreckage of all kinds.

And then without the least warning the storm subsides, and all is over. The cyclone is past, and the sky is once more clear, motionless, and blue.—From *PIERRE LOTI*.

225. THE LOCUSTS OF THE SAHARA

THIS morning songs of gladness hailed the northern wind; to-night cries of distress ring out on every side. I hurry up to my terrace, field-glasses in hand, and explore every quarter of the horizon, peering into the furthest recesses of the heavens. A grey cloud, dotted with points of light, as with myriads of tiny stars, hides from sight the azure of the sky. The cloud comes from the south and moves slowly northwards. And the cries of distress, arising from terraces, streets, and gardens, mingle in one clamour—a clamour in which there is nothing human. Throngs of men, women, and children, issuing from the town, plunge into the oasis, carrying with them iron kettles, old saucepans, and pieces of dried leather. Anon from every quarter comes an indescribable uproar, a hubbub infernal; and with the shouts of the multitude is mingled the din of all these improvised instruments, upon which they beat with might and main. That grey cloud, coming ever nearer and nearer, is one of the most dreaded scourges of the oases of the Sahara, which, enclosed as they are within narrow limits and encompassed by vast deserts, have not within reach the numerous means of staving off famine of which the settlements of the Tell¹ can boast. That grey cloud, those glittering points of light, are locusts, with their wings lit by the slanting rays of the setting sun, as they fall away from the main body and swoop down upon the oasis. Being caught by the winds of the lower strata of the atmosphere, they are unable to keep up with the bulk of the great host, and they fall to the ground like great storm-drops after hot summer days.—From *E. FROMENTIN*.

¹ The Tell is the region of Algeria and Morocco which lies between the Atlas mountains and the Mediterranean.

226. ANTS

THE mason ants, which work entirely underground, are difficult of observation ; but those which may be designated the "carpenters" can be studied with ease, at least in the upper portions of their structures. They are forced to be constantly erecting and repairing the dome of their building, which is liable to give way. With the small quantity of earth which they use, they mingle leaves, pine needles, and fir catkins. A crooked, bent, or knotty bit is a treasure ; it serves as an arcade or, better still, an ogive, for the pointed arch is the stronger of the two. The numerous avenues which lead outwards radiate fanwise, starting from a central point and widening out towards the circumference. The bulk of the building is divided up into low but spacious chambers ; the largest is in the middle underneath the dome, it being higher than the rest, and meant apparently for public intercourse. There is nothing more interesting to watch than the various labours and activities of this numerous people. While the providers are milking plant-lice, hunting for insects, or laying in a stock of materials, others of a sedentary habit are given up wholly to family cares and the bringing up of the young—a vast and unceasing occupation, to judge from the continual moving of the nurses about the cradles. If a drop of rain falls or the sun comes out, there is a general commotion and a removal of all the young of the colony, and that too with an energy that never tires. —From J. MICHELET.

227. A SCENE ON THE BANKS OF THE INDRE

WE are here in the heart of France, in a cool green valley on the banks of the Indre, at the foot of a slope shaded with beautiful walnut-trees and commanding a view perfectly restful to the eyes and mind. There are narrow strips of meadow land lined with willows, alders, ashes, and poplars ; a thatched cottage or two, dotted

here and there ; the Indre, a deep, silent-flowing stream, winding along like an adder asleep in the grass, and mysteriously shrouded by the motionless shadows of the thick-growing trees on either bank ; great cows solemnly chewing the cud ; colts leaping around their mothers ; a miller riding on a lean horse behind his sack, and singing to lighten the tedium of the dull stony way ; mills set at intervals along the river, with the smooth water of their bubbling sluices, and their pretty rustic bridges, that one would not cross perhaps without a tremor, for they are anything but strong and commodious ; an old woman plying her distaff as she crouches behind a bush, while her flock of geese plunders in hot haste the neighbour's meadow. Such are the features that mark this country scene.—From GEORGE SAND.

228. THE LIME-TREE

THE oak is the strength of the forest, the birch its grace, the fir its cradle music, but the lime is its inner poetry. The whole tree is mysteriously tender and seductive ; its grey, supple, perfumed bark bleeds at the slightest injury. In winter, its slender shoots become empurpled like a young girl's face in which the blood mantles with the cold ; in summer, its heart-shaped leaves make a rustling sound as of a caress. Go on a lovely June afternoon and rest beneath its shade, and you will feel enthralled as by a magic spell. All the forest beside is silent and drowsy ; afar off can be just heard the cooing of ringdoves ; only the domed summit of the lime-tree hums in the sunlight. Up and down its branches the pale yellow flowers are open in their thousands, and in each flower sings a bee. It makes a gladsome aerial music that slowly penetrates down into the shade beneath, where all is cool and peaceful. Every leaf the while drips a honey-sweet dew that is sprinkled upon the ground in an impalpable shower ; and the great butterflies of the woods (like magnificent winged flowers), allured by the sweet savour of this manna.

whirl slowly round in the half-light.—From A. THEURIET.

229. A NIGHT IN THE NEW WORLD—I

ONE evening I had strayed into a forest some distance from the falls of Niagara ; daylight soon began to fade away around me, and I feasted upon the glorious spectacle of a night in all its solitude amid the wilds of the New World.

An hour after sunset the moon showed herself above the trees on the horizon opposite. A balmy breeze, which the queen of night brought with her from the east, seemed like her cool breath going on before her into the woods. The solitary orb rose slowly up into the heavens ; sometimes she pursued her peaceful path of blue, sometimes she reposed on clusters of clouds like to the summits of lofty snow-topped mountains. The clouds, now staying in their course, now hastening on, spread out in transparent belts of satin white, were scattered in light foamy flakes, or heaped up in banks of dazzling whiteness, so pleasing to the eye that it seemed to perceive their softness and elasticity.—From CHÂTEAUBRIAND.

230. A NIGHT IN THE NEW WORLD—II

No less entrancing was the scene on earth. The bluish velvet light of the moon sank into the gaps among the trees and thrust sheaves of light down into the depths of thickest darkness. The stream flowing at my feet now lost itself in the wood, now reappeared glittering with the constellations of the night, which were mirrored on its bosom. In a savanna on the other side of the river the moonlight slept without movement upon the greensward ; birch-trees, dotted here and there, waved in the breeze, and cast isles of floating shadow on this motionless sea of light. Hard by, all had been silence and repose but for the fall of leaves, the rushing of a

sudden gust of wind, or the hoot of the owlet. Afar off was heard ever and anon the dull roar of the Niagara falls, which, in the calm of the night, was prolonged, from desert to desert till it sank to silence in the solitude of the forests.

The vastness, the wondrous melancholy of this scene can find no expression in human language; the most splendid of Europe's nights can give no conception of it. Among our tilled fields the imagination seeks in vain to rove; on all sides it is met by the habitations of men: but in these wild regions the soul delights to plunge into the sea of forests, to soar above the cataract's abyss, to muse upon the brink of lake and river, and feel itself alone as it were with God.—From CHÂTEAU-BRIAND.

231. MORAL TRUTHS

MORAL science, like other sciences, has its axioms, and these axioms are termed—and justly termed—in all languages, moral truths. Consider the axiom: “One should not be false to one's oath.” Is not that a truth? Is it not in fact a part of the truth of things that oaths should be kept—for is not that their sole purpose? Moral truths considered in themselves are no less certain than mathematical truths. Given the idea of a trust, is not the idea of keeping it faithfully inseparable therefrom, just as the equality of its angles to two right angles is inseparable from the idea of a triangle? You may violate a trust; but in violating it do not suppose you will alter the nature of things, or convert a trust into a possession. The two ideas are mutually exclusive. Yours will be but a false semblance of possession, and not all the efforts of the passion, not all the sophistries of self-interest, will break down these essential differences. That is why moral truth is so irksome—because, like all truth, it is what it is, and bows to no caprice. It is always the same; it is ever with us, in spite of all we may do; its voice is always heard (but not always listened to), condemning the rash and culpable will,

which, by denying or pretending to deny it, thinks to make it non-existent.—From V. COUSIN.

232. ENGLISH AND FRENCH REALISM—I

THE very essence of English realism is a deep-rooted feeling of sympathy with those monotonous lives and those common peasant-folk that it delights to picture to us. . French realism, on the other hand, finds expression for nothing but contempt for its Bouvards and its Pécuchets. If we take the immortal description of Yonville that Flaubert has left us, we feel that at every stroke of the pen inveterate hate, and rancour that will not be forgotten, are revelling and rejoicing together; whereas in the picture that George Eliot has drawn of the town of St. Ogg's or of Hayslope village, we see a great soul and a generous heart calmly realising that everything is as it should be, and that therefore it is the artist's true education to learn to love it, because it is, for what it is, and such as it is. . . .

But there is one thing which I fear our realists only half understand. ~~It~~ is this, that there exists perhaps some other standard of man's worth than that of learning or even intellect, and that the power she has over the senses, or even her beauty, may not be the only standard of woman's worth. Yet this conviction it is that gives dignity, depth, and true beauty to English realism, even to the portrayal of ugliness itself.—From F. BRUNETIÈRE.

233. ENGLISH AND FRENCH REALISM—II

Is it not true that the whole charm of Dutch painting would disappear if we could suspect, from one single ironical touch of the pencil, that the old woman standing on the doorstep, the sheep in the pasture, or the flowers on the window-sill, have not been painted with loving hands as things that are known, and loved because known, and because they are, as it were, woven into the woof of daily life, of each day's happy round? In

like manner would disappear the subtle thrilling charm of the masterpieces of English fiction, did we not feel that, instead of assuming that lordship over her characters, and that superiority of the artist to the matter which he condescends to employ—which is so usual with us French—George Eliot puts herself on a level with her characters, lives in their midst, strives to understand them, and loves them because she understands them.—From F. BRUNETIÈRE.

234. THE ENGLISH ARISTOCRACY IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

A STAUNCH and proud sense of duty, a genuine public spirit, and a liberal notion of what a gentleman owes to himself, gives them the moral superiority which sanctions their supremacy. Since the time of the ancient cities of Greece, there has perhaps been no education or condition of life in which the innate nobility of man has received a saner and fuller development. They are, in short, born magistrates and patrons, leaders in vast enterprises in which capital must be risked, furtherers of every kind of charitable giving, of every improvement and every reform, and while they take the honours of government they do not refuse its burdens.

For it must be observed that, in contrast with other aristocracies, they are well-informed and broad-minded, and march in the van and not in the rear of public civilisation. They are no drawing-room exquisites as were our marquises of the eighteenth century: a lord visits his fisheries, studies the liquid-manure system, and can talk to some purpose about cheese, while his son is a better rower, walker, and boxer than his tenants. They are not, like our own aristocracy, malcontents, behind the times, spending their time at whist and longing for the middle ages. They have travelled the whole of Europe and often further; they are conversant with languages and literatures; their daughters read Schiller, Manzoni, and Lamartine with ease. By means

of their reviews, newspapers, and countless books of geography, travel, and statistics, they have the world at their 'finger-ends. They support scientific societies and preside over them; and if the free inquirers of Oxford have been able to put out their interpretations of the Bible it is because they were known to be supported by enlightened laity of the highest rank.

Nor is there any danger of this select body becoming a clique; it is continually receiving fresh strength. A great doctor, a learned lawyer, an illustrious general,—such as these have noble rank conferred upon them and found families. When a manufacturer or a merchant has made a fortune, his first thought is of acquiring an estate; in two or three generations' time, his family has taken root and shares in the government of the country, and in this way the best saplings in the great forest of the people go to reinforce the nursery of the aristocracy.—From H. TAINE.

235. THE FRENCH MIND

THE Frenchman forms his conceptions of objects and events with rapidity and precision. In him there is no internal perturbation, no preliminary effervescence of wild unordered ideas, which, when finally concentrated and elaborated, burst forth as if with a shout. His intellect moves with the same deftness and alacrity as his limbs. At the very outset and without effort, he seizes upon his idea—and upon it alone; for he neglects all the deep and involved extensions by which it dips and branches into its related ideas. They do not trouble him, he does not give them a thought; he detaches, culls, skims the surface; that is all. He is devoid of, or shall we say rather he is free from, those sudden half-visions which perturb a man's mind and show him revelations of great depths and distant horizons. It is agitation of feeling that calls up visions; he is not agitated, and therefore sees no visions. His emotion is on the surface only; he is lacking in depth of sympathy.

He does not receive the impression of things as they are, in their entirety and complexity, but partially, with an understanding which is both discursive and superficial. For this reason the French is the least poetical of all European nations. . . . At this point we are met by a fresh characteristic of the French mind, and the most precious of all. In order that a Frenchman's comprehension of a subject may be complete, it is necessary that the second idea should be in direct contact with the first, else he is bewildered and comes to a stand. It is impossible for him to advance by irregular leaps and bounds; his progress must be step by step, along a straight path. His first act—without any previous study—is to dismember and dissect the particular object or event, whatever it may be, with all its intricacy and complexity, and to dispose its parts separately in due succession one after the other, according to their natural connexion.—From H. TAINÉ.

236. LAMARTINE

LAMARTINE is not one of those poets who, with marvellous art, hammer out their verses, as it were, like a plate of gold on a steel anvil, contracting the grain of the metal and impressing upon it accurate and clean-cut edges. With regard to such questions of form, he either does not know or does not care, and, with the negligent ease of a gentleman versifying at his leisure, he binds himself as little as may be by technical matters, and composes beautiful verse, whether on horseback riding through woods, in a boat along some shady shore, or leaning on his elbow at some castle window of his. His verses roll forth with harmonious murmur like the billows of an Italian or Grecian sea, which, in their volutes clear as crystal, revolve branches of laurel, golden fruits dropped from the shore, together with reflections of sky, bird, or sail, and break at last upon the strand in a glittering silvery fringe. They are the unfolding and succession one after another of wave-like forms, fleeting as water, yet

reaching their goal and bearing the idea on their liquid surface, as the sea bears its vessels, whether it be the frail skiff or the towering merchant-vessel.

There is a bewitching charm about this breathing of the verse, as it rises and falls like the bosom of the ocean. We are carried away by the melody sung by the choir of rhymes as if it were some distant chanting of sailors and sirens. Lamartine is perhaps the greatest musician in poetry.

This broad undefined manner is consonant with the lofty spirituality of his nature. The soul needs not to be sculptured like a Greek marble. Lights, sounds, whisperings, opal whitenesses, rainbow tints, moonlight blues, diaphanous gauzes, airy draperies lifted and swelled by the breezes, these suffice to depict and to clothe her.—From THÉOPHILE GAUTIER.

237. MILTON—I

RELEASED from affairs and consigned to oblivion, Milton now pressed on with the composition of his sublime work. He was fifty-six years of age, blind, and tortured with gout. A life of poverty and deprivation, a host of enemies, the bitter feeling born of disappointed hopes, the humiliating burden of public disfavour, sadness of mind and illness of body, all these things lay heavy upon him. Yet a sublime genius dwelt within him. All through his rarely interrupted days and long night watches, he thought out his poem on the subject long since stored away in his heart, and ripened, so to say, by all the events and emotional experiences of his life.

Severed from the world by the loss of the light of day and by the hatred of his fellow-men, he belonged now solely to that mysterious realm of whose wonders he was telling. "Give eyes to my soul!" he sang to his Muse. His sight was within himself, in the vast world of his thoughts and memories. His genius had been tried and assailed on all sides by the wild impulses of fanaticism, the enthusiasm of revolt, the gloomy joys

of victorious faction, and the intense hatred aroused by the civil war. The pulpits of the English churches and the Houses at Westminster, full as they were of sedition, and noisy threats, had brought to his ears that battle-cry against the powers which he loved to echo in his poems, and with which he armed Hell against the Celestial Monarchy. The Puritan's religion of independence, his mystic raptures, his burning piety unsupported by a definite creed, his arbitrary interpretation of Scripture, all this had succeeded in freeing his imagination from every kind of restraint, and had invested him with the impetuosity and uncontrollableness of the fanatic's dreams.—
From VILLEMMAIN.

238. MILTON—II

To all these sources of originality must be added that abundant imitation of ancient poetry which fed the fire of Milton's fancy. Next to the Bible, Homer had ever been his chief reading; he knew him by heart and studied him unremittingly. In his blind solitude, his time was divided between poetical writing and the continual recollection of the sublime beauties of Isaiah, Homer, Plato, and Euripides. He had taught his daughters to read Greek and Hebrew, and we are told that, long after, one of them recited verses from Homer which she had remembered without understanding them. Every day, on getting up, Milton had a chapter of the Hebrew Bible read to him; then he worked away at his poem, which he dictated to his wife, or occasionally to a friend or some stranger on a visit. Music was one of his diversions, and he played the organ and sang with taste. In a simple, busy life such as this, *Paradise Lost*, so long the object of his thoughts, was soon completed.—
From VILLEMMAIN.

239. THE YOUNG MEN OF 1870—I

Of the fatal causes which continued still to act as a solvent upon the French conscience, the foremost, the

most palpable, and the most immediate was the influence which for twenty years past had been exerted by the success of the Second Empire. From the day when a whole nation had given itself up to the man who had substituted for the beauty and authority of law and loyalty to the constitution, the brute force of the *fait accompli*, the country had witnessed a debauch of material prosperity, an apotheosis of wealth and pleasure, and an immoral sanction of success-at-any-price, to which few minds were prepared to offer resistance. To amass wealth as quickly as possible in order that the utmost possible enjoyment might be subsequently obtained—such was, in brief, the principle on which the life of the Second Empire was based, a principle essentially immoral, if it be true that neither the thirst for riches nor the craving for pleasure can bring gratification to any soul, and that the only source of peace and contentment is to be found in the inner life.

But the influence thus exerted by the Second Empire had its more remote and abstract origin in a body of philosophical and literary theories which had been slowly penetrating and disorganising French society. A revolution had taken place in the highest sphere of all, the domain of pure thought. The Kantian criticism and Anglo-French positivism, different as they were in origin and opposite in tendency, combined nevertheless to overthrow the axioms of the old metaphysic and to substitute for those axioms the notion of universal relativity. Science itself, which was gradually taking over the guidance of men's minds, declared that laws were the only realities, and that an iron network, the bonds of universal determinism, encircled the universe—the universe of souls and the universe of bodies alike.—
From HENRI BÉRENGER.

240. THE YOUNG MEN OF 1870—II

THE result of the revolution made itself felt immediately in literature and in history. To begin with, we have